ÆSOPIC'S:

OR

A Second COLLECTION

OF

FABLES,

Paraphras'd in Verse:

ADORN'D

WITH

SCULPTURE,

AND

ILLUSTRATED

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

BY

JOHN OGILBY, Esq;

Master of His MAJESTIES *Revells* in the Kingdom of

IRELAND.

LONDON,

Printed by THOMAS ROYCROFT,

for the Author, M DC LXVIII.

Bibl. Bodl.

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CHARLES R.

HARLES *by the grace of God, King of* England, Scotland, France, *and* Ireland, *Defender of the Faith*, &c. *To all Our loving Subjects, of what degree, condition or quality soever, within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, Greeting*: Whereas *it hath been manifested unto Us, that Our Trusty and Welbeloved,* John Ogilby, *Esq; Master of Our Revels in Our Kingdom of* Ireland, *hath at his great Charge, and expence of Time, Printed and Published, in fair Volumes, adorn'd with Sculptures,* Virgil *translated,* Homer's *Iliads,* Æsop *Paraphras'd, and Our* Entertainment *in passing through Our City of* London, *and* Coronation, *together with* Homer's *Odysses, and his former* Æsop, *with Additions and Annotations, in Folio.* Know *ye therefore, That it is Our Royal Pleasure, and We do by these Presents, upon the humble Request of Him the said* Ogilby, *streightly Charge, Prohibit, and Forbid all Our Subjects, to Reprint the said Books in any Volumes, or any of them; or to Copy or Counterfeit any the Sculptures or Ingravements therein, within the Term of Fifteen years next ensuing the date of these Presents, without the Consent and Approbation of the said* John Ogilby, *his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns, as they and every of them so offending, will answer the contrary at their utmost peril: Whereof the Wardens and Company of* Stationers *of Our City of* London *are to take particular notice, that due Obedience be given to this Our Royal Command. Given under Our Signet and Sign Manual, at Our Court at* White-hall, *the* 25th *day of* May, *in the* 17th *Year of Our Reign,* 1665.

By His Majesties Command,

ARLINGTON.

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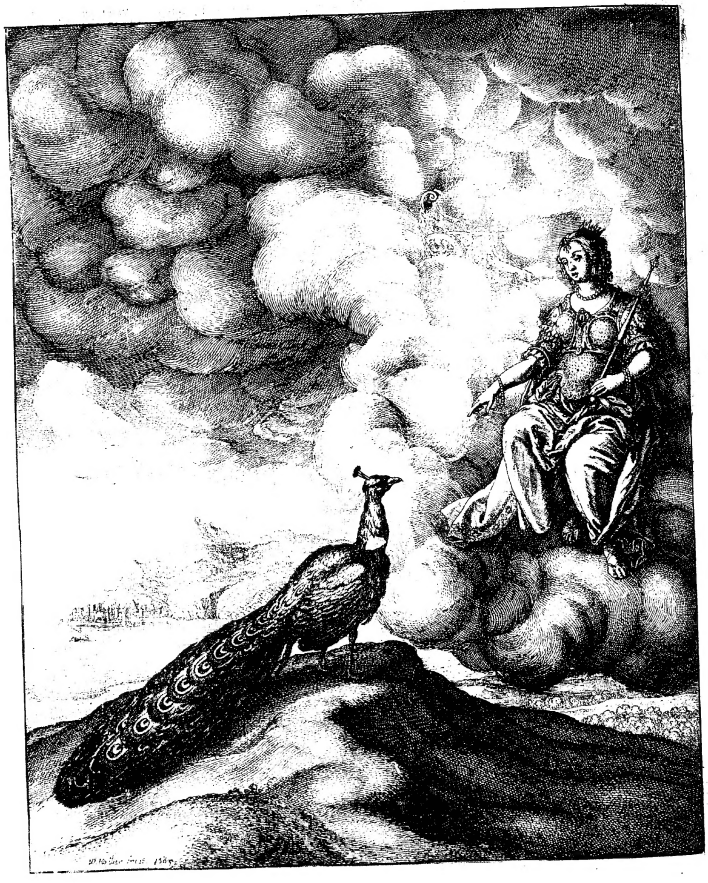


Fab: 1:

ÆSOPS FABLES.

The Second PART.

FAB. I.

Of Juno *and the* Peacock.

THUS on his Patronness her
Bird did call,
Oh thou that Emperess art of
Heavens *White-hall*,
Whom all the Gods in their Star-
Chamber sate
Court and consult like *Jove*, or sullen Fate;
Whom I so oft in dangers hurri'd by
(a) *Orion* the grand (b) *Hector* of the Sky,
The mighty Dragon, great and lesser Bears,
And all the Monsters in their several sphears,
Hear my request, lest wanting your relief,
I suffocate with overcharging grief.

(a) *Orion* was son to *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Mercury*, slain by a Scorpion, for his insolence towards *Diana*, then assum'd into the number of Constellations, whereof one bears his name. The rising of *Orion*, which as well as *Arcturus*, and the *Pleiades*, presag'd Storms, *Plin.* 18. 28.

(b) *Hector* of the Sky, for when he riseth the debauchery of the Heavens and tempestuous weather begins. As

Virgil. Æneid. lib. 1.

Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion
In vada cæca tulit, penitusque procacibus Austris
Perque undas superante salo, perque invia saxa
Dispulit; hunc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.

When blustering *Orion* guilt the Skies,
Tumultuous Storms us suddenly surprise,
And upon dangerous shelves prevailing bore,
Only a few were driven on your shore.

Then

Then *Juno* said, You my old Servant are,
And long your business well perform'd with care;
What e'e you ask, assure your self of me,
If feasible, if in my power it be,
If yet not granted by my Husband *Jove*,
Nor any other Deity above:
I owe you for your service in that night,
When all Heavens houses set not out one light,
The Sky in black to the *Horizon* hung,
When in a jealous fit Mad forth I flung,
Had'st not thou heard his waves my Brother rate,
Realms in commotion forming to a State,
We in the Hurly burly had been dipt,
And or'e our Stern rebellious Surges shipt;
When with a *Canceleere* thou drew'st to land,
Where his fine Mistress felt my heavy hand:
No more durst she me in my bed supplant,
Nor *Jove*, though arm'd with thunder, her Gallant.
Her in good humour finding, the glad Bird,
Thus his Petition to Heavens Queen preferr'd:
Now many years have circkling periods fill'd,
Since that the summon'd Gods a Council held,
When *Jove* and you were crown'd in Starrie Robes,
Or'e the celestial and terrestrial Globes,
Old *Saturn* faln, (a) cov'nanting (b) Gyants slain,
Government chang'd, began your Silver Raign:
Then, Madam, I commanded forth by You,
Through milky pathes your golden (c) Chariot drew,
New Conquests visiting from Sphere to Sphere,
In this your Livery, which now I wear,
Lac'd with all colours deck both Earth and Skies,
Imbroider'd with a hundred *Argus* Eyes;
Yet I would prouder be of coursest Rags,
Than be the scorn of Linnets, Stares, and Mags;

My

(a) *Georg. lib. 1.*
—Conjurati cœlum rescindere fratres
Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum,
Ter pater extrullos disjecit fulmine montes.
The Covenanting Brethren thrice assai'd
To pull down Heaven, *Ossa* on *Pelion* laid,
On *Ossa* green *Olympus* would have thrown:
Thrice *Jove* with Thunder threw those Mountains down.

(b) *Claudian, l. 3. De raptu Proserpinæ.*
—Phlegræis silvis superbit
Exuviis, totumq; nemus victoria vestit.
Hic patuli rictus, hic prodigiosa Gigantum
Tergora dependent, & adhuc crudele minantur
Affixa facies truncis, immaniaq; ossa
Serpentum passim tumulis exanguibus albent,
Et rigidæ multo suffiriant fulmine pelles,
Nullaque non magni jactat se nominis arbor, &c.
——The Woods in Spoils *Phlegræan* pride,
The whole Grove Vict'ry cloath'd, Here, Gapings wide
Of horrid Jaws; there, Backs of hideous size
Hung, and stak'd faces threatning still the Skyes:
Huge Serpents Skeletons in bloodless Piles,
There, bleaching white lay in voluminous Coyls,
Whose Scaly Sloughs smell with Sulphureous Flame:
No Tree but boasts some mighty Giant's Name.
This, loaden, under stern *Ægaon* yields,
Who us'd an hundred Swords, as many Shields;
That, brags bold *Corus* bloody Spoils: this, bears
The Arms of *Mimas*; that, *Ophion's* wears.
But higher than the rest, with spreading shade,
A Firr *Enceladus* Crest and Corslet lade,
The Giants King; which with its weight had broke,
If not supported by a neighb'ring Oak.
Hence a Religious Aw preserves the Woods,
And none dare wrong the Trophies of the Gods.

(c) *Juno* is said to have her Chariot drawn by Peacocks. *Ovid. Met. lib. 2.*
——habili Saturnia curru
Ingreditur liquidum pavonibus æthera pillis.
Hence the *Samii* have the portraiture of this Bird stampt upon their Coins, because *Juno*, to whom this Bird is dedicated, was by them adored.

My ill set Musick Wrens and Robins mock,
Nay Buzzards make my Notes their laughing stock.
Oh grant me *Philomel*'s inchanting Voice,
That I may You, and Gods, and Men rejoyce.
Then angry *Juno*, This no farther move,
Peculiar Gifts long since were past by *Jove*,
Perquisets, Fees, and their Immoluments,
And ratified with all the Gods consents:
To beg what is anothers Patent wave;
They to the Eagle strength, thee (a) beauty gave,
The (b) Raven fate, the (c) Crow ill luck to tell,
Chief (d) *Chorister* conferr'd on *Philomel*:
Take heed, lest I transform you to a Coot,
And sute your Livery to your Note and Foot.

(a) *Ælian* saith, that this Bird was transported from the *Barbarians* to the *Grecians*, at the beginning so rare, that amongst the *Athenians* it was not to be seen without money.
And further he relates, that *Alexander* the Great having seen this Bird among the *Indians*, was so much taken up in the admiration of it, that he laid a heavy punishment upon all those that should dare to kill it. Whence *Martial.*
Miraris quoties geminatas explicat alas,
Et potes hunc sævo tradere, dure, Coco?
When thou admiring on his wings dost look
Him would'st thou kill, and send unto the Cook?

(b) *Pierius* reports the Ravens to portend future enmity between two friends: wherefore he saith that two of them persecuting an Eagle, which sat upon the Palace of *Augustus*, were by her cast to the ground, even at that time when he transferred the bands of the *Triumvirs* into *Bononia*, they presaged and foretold the civil wars and fatal battel at *Philippi*.

(c) *Virgil Eclog. 1.*
Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab Ilice cornix.
Ah! had we not been blind, the unlucky Crow
Oft from th' old Elme this mischief did forethow.

(d) *Isidorus* saith, that she is called *Luscinia*, as if *Lucinia*, because by her singing she doth denote day breaking.

MORAL.

Some, all Injoyments slight, what they have not,
Though mean the Augmentation, must be got;
So those, that in felicity may dwell,
In quest of trifles make their Heaven a Hell.

FAB.

Fab. II.

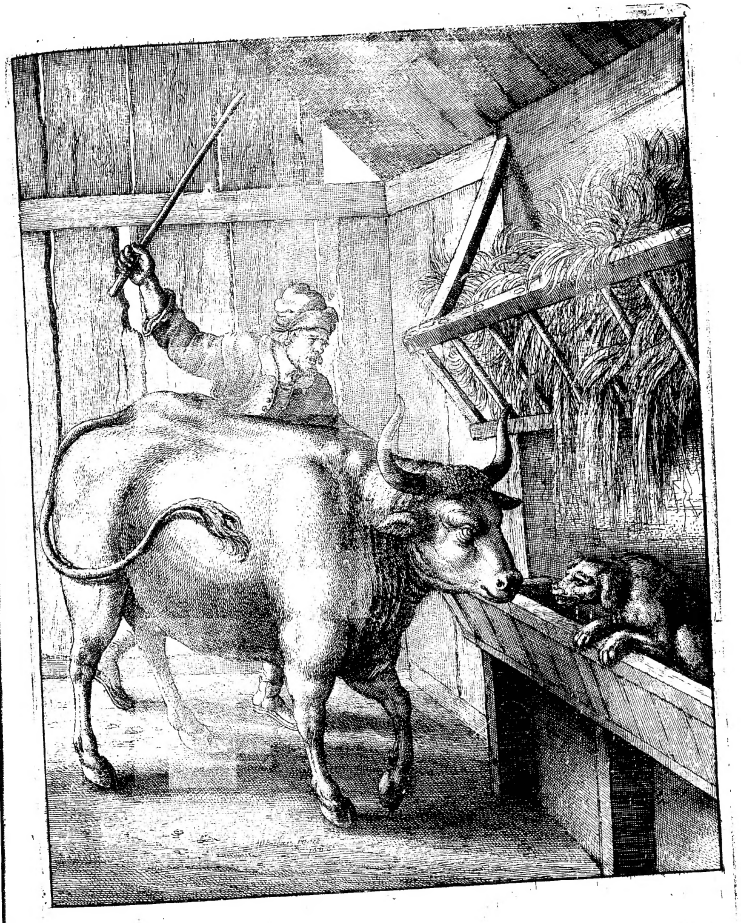
Of the Oxe *and* Dog *in the Manger.*

TO day this Oxe gave more than ample proofs
Of patient (a) labour by his gravel'd Hoofs,
His back and sides pinck'd o're with nettling Goads,
Turning hard Gleab in ridges wide as Roads,
Who late, and tyr'd, unyoak'd went to his Stall,
Not doubting there he should to supper fall,
Seeing full Mangers, and his well known place,
When up a Fury started in his face,
Jaws dropping foam, his fierce eyes darting flame,
A cursed Curr, *Cromwell* his loathed name;
Dutch *Cromwell* a vild (b) *Sooterkin* his Sire,
The Off-spring of a Stove and smothering Fire;
Whom, e're the Nurse or Midwife could atatch
To stifle, pregnant made his Mothers Brach;
She in her pangs had all the *Vfroes* help,
When her whole Litter prov'd this single *Whelp*,
Who snarling kept the Oxe thus at a bay,
Not suffering him to touch one lock of Hay.
Then said the troubled Oxe, Pray Sir forbear,
I know you stand for no Protector here;
Why then thus drive you me from Cates prepar'd?
Who toyl, from Victuals should not be debar'd.
Soon as the Dawn vermil'd her paler Brow,
I and my Yoaks-mate Harness'd were at plough,
Where Clods and Stones we up in Furrows tore,
Fallow had layn at least nine years before;
My Brother quite wrought out, harrass'd and tyr'd,
Fainting, dropt down, and suddenly expir'd:

They

(a) *Pierius* reports, that amongst the Greek Authors the Oxe is called ταῦρος, because he is ordained and appointed to labour about the earth. The Mathematicians observe, that those Children which are born, when the Sun enters into *Taurus*, are condemned to perpetual servitude; for which cause the *Tyrians*, having entred upon the building of *Carthage*, broke off their work upon the finding of an Oxe's head, which strange sight portended nothing but anxious labour: until such time as they found a Horse's head, which being not long after, they renewed their former resolution.

(b) One of which kind of monstrous after-Births there is an Anatomy to be seen at *Amsterdam*.



They swore he fain'd, I sigh'd to see him fall,
Yet rest expected at his Funeral:
But then our cruel Goader put me to
A double task, the work that both should do.
I know you at your Masters elbow wait,
And seldom shift, I'm sure, an empty Plate;
Know, in the Hall, Kitchin, and Larder, you,
Besides your Vails, take more than what's your due;
How in the Beggars Dole you go a snip,
And I have seen you miching after Sheep.
Why drive you me then from my well known Crib,
And from what you disdain to touch, thus snib?
Who growling thus reply'd, **Erre, erre,** I hate
Wretches maintain themselves by toyl and sweat;
My Mother told me once, to her reproach,
A Whelp she drew a little (a) *Todpolls* Coach;
No Idlers suffer'd in United Bogs,
There they turn Spits, draw water, plough with Dogs;
Those who are born to beat their Brains and toil,
Their fortunes despicable are and vile.
Whil'st the poor Oxe stood chewing a reply,
Their Master, well observing them, drew nigh,
And with a Cudgel spightful *Cromwell* bang'd,
And after, for like misdemeanors, hang'd.

(a) Alluding to the Paraphras'd Fable of the Frogs inform'd that the Sun would marry; beginning thus;

Low Countrey Provinces, United Bogs,
Once distress'd States, now Bogen Bogen Frogs, &c.

MORAL.

Who others drive from that themselves not use,
Those Dogs in dublets worse than Turks *or* Jews,
Such cross-grain'd Currs, may they in want implore,
Finding no pity, Bread from Dore to Dore.

FAB. III.

Of the Leopard, *the* Fox, *and the* Asse.

SOon as the Sun, dayes glorious Lamp, arose,
Nights glittering Guards retir'd to their repose,
The new made Master of the Royal Game,
Lord Leopard, to a Chrystal Fountain came,
Where he the Fox and Ass at watering met,
Not of his new Imployment hearing yet;
To whom he said, Congees forbear and Caps,
I hate all Complements and formal Fops;
You are my Tenants, at this living Spring
Let's *tope* a while, a Health, here's to the King,
Who last night graciously my Warrant sign'd,
You know my place, but I'll to you be kind,
Your former Walks shall all confirmed be,
Onely my Secretary pay his Fee:
And since the morning smiles, no sign of change,
Let's take the Air, and through the Forrest range,
And if by chance on a fat Buck we fall,
We'll share alike, and be hail fellows all.
They take his word, at the first motion joyn'd,
As if Indentures tripartite were sign'd;
And singling out a well fed Dear they slew,
Expecting, as agreed upon, their due.

Then spake the Leopard in a rougher stile;
You (a) Ass come hither and divide the spoil:
(b) *Reynard*'s a cunning snap, you may be Just,
But ah! in this bad world whom shall we trust?
When Beasts call'd Saints, that only have a form
Of Godliness, rage with a greedy Worm.

The Ass commission'd thus, as soon as said,
The *Quarrie* out in three divisions laid,

His

(a) *Ovid* brings in *Midas*, for his præferring *Pan*'s rustick Song before the divine Hymne of *Apollo*, thus by the Gods to be punished, that those Humane ears which erred in Judgment might be transformed into an Ass's.

(b) *Horat. De Arte Poetica.*
Nunquam te fallent animi sub Vulpe latentes.
Let none Thee like a cunning Fox deceive.
Lucretius saith, that this Creature is naturally crafty and subtile.
Varro saith, that such is the subtlety of this creature, that from thence the word *Vulpinari* was made, which the *Greeks* call ἀλωπεκίζειν.

Fab: 3.

His Honour then beſeeching firſt to chuſe;
A while he pondring ſtood, as in a Muſe;
Voleys of Oaths at laſt a paſſage found,
That made Earth tremble, and the Groves reſound:
Thus cloſing all; Now by the Lyons Head,
Thou wert in ſome Malignant City bred,
Thus learn'ſt thou there to weigh out, ſlice, and mince,
Thus meaſur'd they Rebellion 'gainſt their Prince,
Dividing in the late unnatural ſtirs
The Lyons Ermine, and his Nobles Furs;
Skinners on Stalls, took in their cruel Toils,
Hung Panthers Veſts, and Leopards (c) gaudy Spoils:
Thus raving, at the Innocent he flyes,
Soon guiltleſs blood the ſalvage Monſter dyes.
Then turning to the Fox, bids him divide;
At his Friends fortune ſtrangely terrifi'd:
Soon as the Shares he up in one could get,
Himſelf and them caſts humbly at his feet;
Who ſmiling ſaid, The Court you underſtand,
And Great ones Power well as Law Caſes ſcand:
How could you hit, at what he ſhot ſo wide?
I took my aim from him, the Fox repli'd;
Here lyes the Preſident ſhall bear your Cauſe,
And fetch you off with honour and applauſe
In any Court, prove this a mild rebuke,
And how the ſawcie Beaſt himſelf miſtook.
Then ſaid the Leopard, You to purpoſe ſpeak,
Lay the whole burthen on the Aſſes back,
Then ſhall the Countrey, and the City too,
Bring thee more work than all the Inns can do,
For ſuch a Lawyer, active, wiſe and ſtout,
That labours well, can bring what's what about,
Blanch Crows, turn Cat in Pan a thouſand wayes,
Who will not ſuch to Wealth and Honour raiſe?

(c) *Oppian.*
Verſicolor pellis nitido micat aurea fuſco
Interfuſa nigris maculis candore nitente.
The various-Colour'd Leopards Skin behold,
Whoſe black Gown ſhines with Silver Studs and Gold.

But

But he who e're to this fat Buck pretends,
Had better, *Dam Me*, eat his Trotters ends.

MORAL.

'Tis dangerous to deal with Hect'ring Lords,
That seldom pay but such as carry Swords,
Bonds, Bills, not signifie when sure's the Debt,
If due at l' Hombre, *or a Game at* Beat.

Bibl. Bodl.

Fab: 4.

Fab. IV.

Of the Fox and the Porcupine.

SIr *Reynard's* Pregnant Madam now grown big,
Long'd to Eat Swine's flesh, Bacon, Pork, or Pig;
T' inspect the Haslet and the bleeding Heart,
Else with her quickning *Embrio* she must part:
Thus hastned forth, to store with fresh supplies
His Fainting Wife, a *Porcupine* he spies;
Then joyful, said; What need I farther prog?
Yon Urchin, that small parcel of a Hog,
Will ease her Fit: But how shall I take in
This Armorors Hall, this thwack'd up Magazeene?
To storm a Fort so fortifi'd, decline;
When *Reynard* thus began to undermine.
Oft have I seen you, Sir, and wondred long,
How like an Army forty thousand strong
You brandisht Pikes, Shafts ready drawn to shoot,
Would dim the Sun, and rout both Horse and Foot;
Such moving Towers that so could Javlins spend
The *Lion's* Army might entrench'd defend.
Had th' (a) *Okeland* Fleet, in every Vessel two
Such Engins quivers could unload like you,
Useless were bouncing Broad-sides, without noyse
Decks would be cleer'd of big bon'd *Belgick* Boys:
But why where Quiet reigns, in such a Heat
Walk you the sultry Streets in Arms compleat?
Sweat with a Load would break a Camels back:
When your grand *Cutters*, and your greatest *Heck*
On each Punctilio fight as they would Play,
And lightly Arm'd with Whittles, Kill and Slay.
Devided parties after a thrown Glass,
About, a Straw, a Feather, or a Lass,

(a) Alluding to Great *Britain*, in the Map Form'd like an *Oaken* leaf; as *Ireland* a Bears Foot, and *Italy* resembling a Man's Leg. *Strabo.*

Fiercely engage, and warm with *Gallick* bouls,
Tap with ſteel Spigots one anothers Souls;
Oft, as by Night, Glaſs Windows go to wrack,
When they the Watch and Conſtable attack,
Though fractures happen, and brains beaten out,
Th' are not ſo often Routed as they Rout.
But the *French Ape* the Urchin *Turk* ore-threw,
Each loaden with a Magazeene like you;
Your *Jeffries* mounted with ſhort Swords and Daggs,
Cleer'd the Champaigne of ſilver creſted Flags:
Wear, Sir, a Veſt, like perſons of your Note,
A Golden Bauldrick over-thwart your Coate,
Which from Affronts you better ſhall ſecure:
This Load once laid aſide you'll ne'r endure.
When thus the ſurly *Porcupine* Replies;
I ſmell a *Fox*! ſtand farther I adviſe!
No nearer draw! You like a Bailiff look,
And I ſtand charg'd upon the Taylor's Book:
I that have made of Alleys and By-wayes,
Maps of this City, and no mean Eſſaies
Of places Privileg'd, each Nook and Lane
A War Defenſive better to maintain,
Hardly will now into Arreſt be gull'd,
By Dogs in Doublets to the Counter pull'd;
A red Beard Sergeant, Pewter-button'd too!
More Cruel are than Devil, Turk, or Jew.

MORAL.

Thoſe ſubtleſt are, beſt know how to Trepan
Into belief, the Apprehenſive Man:
Yet oft their Labours but ſmall Audits make,
Daſh'd by ſome Surly Fool, or groſs Miſtake.

FAB.

Bibl. Bodl.

Fab. 5

Fab. V.

Of the Swan and Stork.

THat Formal Fowl, the grand *Canary-Bird*,
Who first in our so late Rebellion stird;
Prime Leader of the Hypocritick Crew,
Who Swearing hate, as much as telling True;
Th' Antimonarchical Republick (a) *Stork*,
Steps forth be-moded, now your only Spark:
His Steeple-Hat reduc'd, and treacherous Ruff,
To a Low crown, short Sword, Vest, Coat, and Muff;
Struck into fresh Imployment, new his place
Chang'd, with his Habit, Character and Face:
Who after Scepter-rifling, Wealthie grown,
His Nest well Feather'd, Pluming of the Crown:
The long-bill'd Bird his old Note changing sings,
I am the King's Canary-Bird! the Kings!
Who stalking through the Strand, thus to a (b) *Swan*
Meeting by chance, facetiously began.
Oh my kind Foe, my old Antagonist,
We shall no more enter the Wrangling List,
And there in hot Disputes, and testie jars,
Fight Tooth and Nail, the *Stork's* and *Eagle's* Wars;
I in those Counter-scuffles plai'd the Wag,
Dang'rous to whisper then, what now I brag:
I sent the King good store of Plate and Coyn,
From Friends Collected, and no small part Myne;
And now intrust am with my Gracious Prince:
But what Preferment, Friend, may Yours be since:
Your Loyal Pen not only merits Praise,
But some Preferment, well as Wind and Baies.
Who thus reply'd; I'm glad you look so brisk,
No danger Running now, the Royal Risk,

(a) *Storks* are observ'd to breed only in Republicks, as *Venice*, *Switzerland*, *Genova*, *Helvetia*, and the *Low-Countreys*.

(b) *Swans* are Birds Royal, and so the King's Game.

Your Garb and Weeds are alter'd much! how big
Your *Storkship* looks! Owl'd in a Periwig!
But wearing Time makes alterations strange,
And to Extreams Fashions and Humors change;
What Crimes were Love-locks and long hair of late,
When who e'r came before a Magistrate,
Proud of exuperant Curles, his Cause, what e'r
Till those he had reform'd, they would not hear.
That frenzie o'r these Persecutors were
Themselves not only for a Cap of Hair,
But ranker Harvests reapt from Damsels Heads,
Curl'd Tresses flowing to their Girdle-steads:
And some believe e'r long, who look not big,
Before the peruck'd Bench, Wig facing Wig,
Shall run th' old Ruffians Risk, his Knights o'th' Post,
And good Cause larded well with Bribes, be lost.
But as for me, and *Swan's* Affairs, the *Thames*
Few *Signets* breeds, low run his famous streams;
Banks, once resounding notes more sweet and higher
Than *Rome* ere boasted, or the *Grecian* Quire
Ring with Rime dogrel, Travestes, so loose
They would not serve a Ballad gagling (a) *Goose*;
No heats of Love, no points of Honour rage,
But soft Alternate whynings cool the Stage,
Debosh'd Nocturnals belch'd by toping Owls,
Decoy in flocks both Court and City Fowls,
Where Hect'ring Castrills 'mongst young Merlins sit,
Admiring Non-sense, little, or no wit.
And you, Sir *Stork*, that hated once a Play,
As Fiends, and Birds of Night to see the day,
Grin at chang'd Scenes, and edifying *Jocks*,
'Mongst Knighted *Daws*, and Parlimental flocks.
Then said the *Stork*, Birds of my Coat and feather,
Like Steeple-Cocks, turn round with wind and weather;
And

(a) Alluding to a foolish Poet named *Anser*, an Æmulator of *Virgil*, whom *Servius* takes notice of, in *Eclog.* 7. and again in *Eclog.* 9. thus he writes,

——*Argutos Anser strepit inter olores.*

——The *Goose* 'mongst warbling *Swans* appears.

and affirms, that he writ the Acts of *Anthony*, and therefore the more malign'd by our Author.

And I that late at Directories sate
Hearing demurely tedious Pulpit-prate;
Am pleas'd with wit, and Sanctifie as well,
When pretty Ducklings Dance like *Mis* or *Nell*.
I care not so my self not tumble down,
Who gets the best, the Copper or the Crown:
All Winds serve us, we Tack to every Port,
Committee-Birds, *Canary* now at Court.
Kings Chambers open lye, the *Eagle* Knights
Daws, *Rooks*, and *Owls*, 'mongst gentle *Falcons*, *Kites*.

MORAL.

Princes should cast a serene Look on all,
But if Preferments on the wrong side fall,
Those who present them, lesser they should trust;
Kings ne'r, but Favourites may be unjust.

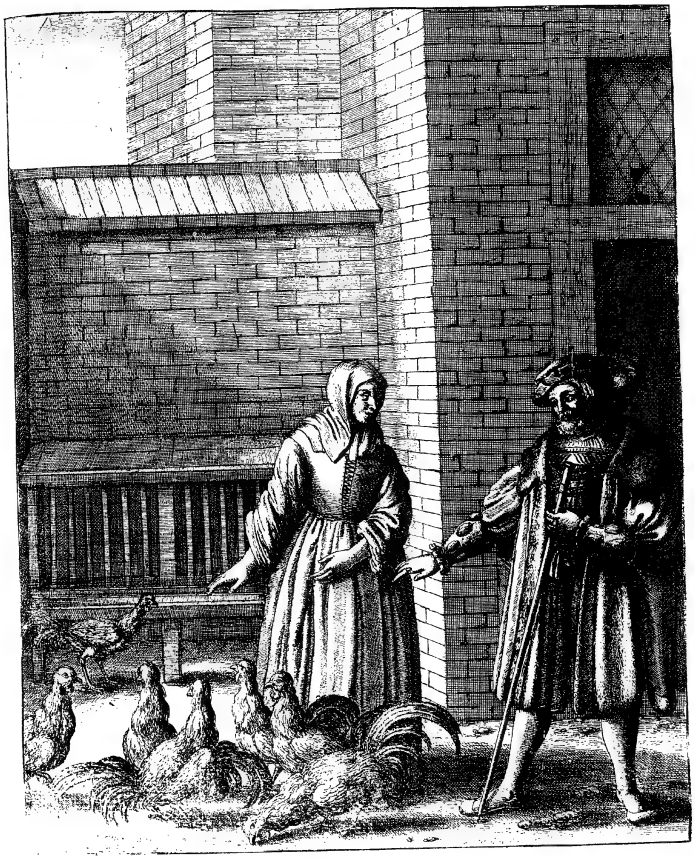
Fab. VI.

Of the Cramb'd Capons and the Lean one.

COck-chickens *Mars* his brood, birds of the game,
By Decastration freed from *Venus* flame,
And Duel Heats; no more these little *Hecks*
Spurs yet but burgeond use, or tender Beaks,
Disputing sensless jars on slender scores,
For Crums, a barly Corn, or vain Amours:
But pen'd up live an Abby Lubbers life,
Where to be Fattest was their only strife:
With Rice and Reasons cramb'd in several Pastes,
Large Capons strut with *Hogen Mogen* Wastes!
Whose Leg *Pierce Plowman* would a Meal afford,
Like (a) *Brussels* breed, or a *Geneva* Bird!
Yet one of these, *Jean de Capoon*, who made
Them all the sport, grew pensative and sad;
Feasts feed not him, he dwindling pines away,
Fearing that Scores would be, and Sawce to pay;
Th s took all Relish from his Cates and Jokes,
When *Jack a Lent* mop't like a *John an Okes*:
The Corpulent Fraternitie thus charg'd.
What ailst thou? that with us still over gorg'd,
Liv'st at full Pleasure in a plenteous coupe,
Yet like the Picture dost of Famine droop;
Since cur'd of Love, which keeps poor Mortals low,
Why lookst thou like a *Rook*, or Carrion *Crow*?
Thy Mirth that fed us more than all our Feasts,
So in abusive and such savorie jests
No clintch drie bobs nor borrow'd, good-wits jump,
Lyes silenc'd in a Melancholy dump.

(a) *Brussels*, and *Geneva*, Famous for large Poultry.

Who



Fab. 6.

Who now grown ſerious, gravely thus repli'd;
The Steward Audits will for us provide:
He muſt be backwards read, if underſtood,
His Treatments ſignifie your Fleſh and Blood;
He on our Bodies and Eſtates will fall,
And bring us under *Præmunire* all:
Oft in he peeps, and counts us with his Staff,
You may, but I ſmall reaſon ſee to laugh:
In his ſowre Looks I read ſome dire Deſign,
Which makes poor *John* to languiſh thus, and pine.
Juſt as he ſpake, the *Major Domo* comes,
At one breath thus pronouncing all their Dooms.
Grannie, theſe *Capons* muſt one Charger fill,
That Raſcal ſpare, but all the fat ones kill.
My Lord to morrow a grand *Monſieur* treats;
That diſh'd, like *Larks*, on *Chapoones Boulie* eats:
But we muſt have an *Oleo* and a *Bisk*;
For Fin-fan *Madam*, and faſtideous *Brisk*,
Potages, grounds for Sawce, will coſt my Lord
What a whole Month would keep a Country-board;
Chick-peepers muſt be had, all ſorts of Squabs,
For our Dames Gallants, and his Lady Drabs;
They for ſweet change upon each other wink:
Whileſt Rents comes ſlowly in, thus flys the Chink.
This ſaid, he *exits*, huffing with a Curſe,
Whileſt to make ready, hobbles *Granny Nurſe*.
Poor *Capon John*, though for his brethren ſad,
This ſhort Survey of both their Fortunes made.

MORAL.

A Short Life and a Merry, many cry,
Yet curſe rich Wine and Surfeits e'r they dy.
Others long Poverty ſpin out till Age,
Their Lives whole buſineſs ſcarce worth one Potage.

Fab. VII.

Of the Fox and Bush.

SWains forth, and Masters, Lords and Tenants
Fox-hal beleagur'd e'r the purpling dawn;(drawn,
Resolv'd for Injuries both to Man and Beast,
Themselves with Sport and sweet Revenge to Feast,
Reynard Alarm'd, feeling shady Roofs
Shaken with clamors, Dogs, and thundring Hoofs;
With mazing Terror struck, Life at the stake,
No use could of his Quirks and Quidits make;
He that his Country Neighbours, kept in Awe,
With *Fox-fur* only, and the name of Law:
In Court too, so much Power and Interest gain'd,
That some said *Reynard*, not the *Lion* Raign'd;
Who hanging on the King by either ear,
Made *Isgrim* wait, *Bruine* his Dancing Bear,
Attending when his Leisure would vouchsave
They, or their Clients might Admittance have,
Who now from beat up quarters takes his flight,
And a Course shews them twenty Miles out-right.(a)
To him much tir'd, his Spirits almost spent,
A sheltring *Bush* her self seems to present;
Thorn-Castle, in for Safety he retires,
Forcing his passage through a stand of Briers,
With some small bussle, and a little scratch,
Mastering a surly and assiduous Watch;
Who when Pursuers he no more could hear,
His Wits recovering stupifi'd with Fear;
Thus threatned he the Captain of the Fort:
Of your Behaviour I'll inform the Court.
How dare you keep a Privy-Couns'ler out?
When open lyes to Robbers your Redoubt,

(a) The *Fox* is observ'd to be the subtilest Beast in preying, and most discompos'd and silly when in danger of his life, then trusting only to his Heels.

Town

Fab 7

Town *Bulls* and *Goats* by you unqueſtion'd, Sin,
And make this Brothel-houſe their conſtant Inn;
To thoſe ſhun Juſtice, or the Kings Impreſs,
You grant Protection in this dark Receſs:
But Loyal Subjects, when purſu'd by Foes,
Thus to their cruel Mercie you expoſe.
To whom the Captain of the Caſtle ſpake;
You are Sir *Reynard*, if I not miſtake,
Such Counſelors the *Lion* may have ſtore:
To take the Scepter, You advis'd the *Boare*,
His Brawnie Shields, with Ermine to infold,
And Swiniſh Temples Crown with ſacred Gold;
That Writs and Pleas might run as erſt they were,
No matter who contaminates the Chair!
What *Dog*? what curſed Cur or Hel-hound Raign'd?
So Lawyers Props and timber-work remain'd:
I ſcorn your Threats, and though my Spear fell ſhort,
I wiſh thee all theſe Javelins in thy Heart.

MORAL.

The Proud, and Rich, Death knocking at their Gates,
Oft for a Horſe will offer their Eſtates:
The Fear once o'r, they to themſelves return,
Reſuming ſoon their former Pride and Scorn.

FAB.

Fab. VIII.

Of the Fox and the Crow.

THis *Crow* a dainty piece of Cheese had nim'd,
Most Authors say, all of Newmilk unskim'd;
But of what kind or sort scarce one agrees,
Whether our Home-made, or else Forein Cheese:
Yet both sides hearken to, a Reverend *Bard*,
Who *Cambrian* styles the Theft, so rank and hard,
Since it not melted in her watry Mouth,
'Mongst humid Vapours and the Wind at South,
And Smell, which through the ambient Air convey'd
To *Reynard's* nostrils, so quick passage made;
Whose Nose at random mounted, thence he hies,
And running, plots how to obtain the Prize:
Nor long he for the *Crow* nor Morsel search'd,
But found her on a branching *Alder* pearch'd.

To whom he said; O thou most Heavenly Fair,
Whose Plumes like Peacocks trains, or Rainbows are!
Th' imbroider'd Lights and Shadows of thy Wings
Richer than Coronation Suits of Kings:
I thought you Black, when in a Mourning Gown
And Vizard-mask you lately came to Town:
But now that shade, and envious Curtain drawn,
So *Venus* glitters ushering in the Dawn.

Ah could you sing! To these add Heavenly Notes,
I should procure you both the Houses Votes
To be the King's *White Crow*; He keeps fine Birds,
That please him with new Songs, and well-set VVords,
VVhen he from burthening care himself unloads,
Musick and Beauty conquer Men and Gods.

But, *Madam*, if at no such heights you aim
Not first to soar, yet covetous of Fame,

You

You, I'll my self, and all my Friends engage,
To make the Prop and Glory of the Stage;
Where in the Comik and the Tragick Scene
You Women shall undoe, as well as Men;
Those daies you Act, what Worlds will there resort?
Both from the Country, City, and the Court.
The fond Bird at the Court and Stages Name;
Straight dreamt her self a Beauty of the Game;
The Glory of the Scene, the King's White Bird:
Why may not she be Married to a Lord?
Thus wandring in her own Fools Paradise;
Offering to Sing, down drops the savourie Slice;
Which *Reynard* seiz'd, streight swallowing as his own;
Then said, Foul Witch, in that *French* russet Gown,
Thought'st thou thy self the *Phœnix*? ugly Toad!
More like Old *Nick's* Neece in that mouldy Hood.
This said; he fleering, leaves her full of woe,
Remembring then her self a Carion *Crow*.

MORAL.

Flatterie wide doors to Climbing Spirits opes,
Beneath their Scorn, then seem all former Hopes;
Dreaming to great Preferments they aspire,
Awak'd with Dun, *th' are stabled in the Mire.*

FAB.

FAB. IX.

Of the Crab and her Mother.

HAd ever *Hielding Crabat* ſuch a *Miene*?
Stil hobling ſide-ward, thy foul claws turn'd in!
Baſe Maggots in a Magnifying Glaſs
'Mongſt Chedar Common-wealths more comly pace,
Conducting buſie *Mites* from Grange to Grange,
Forts raiſing or to build their new Exchange.
How wouldſt thou of Step-ſtately Ladies learn,
To raiſe a Duſt, trailing thy Silken ſtern;
Couldſt thou but get into the City Vain,
To trip up *Maiden*, or down *Mincing-Lane*;
I might be pleas'd with ſuch a decent Sight,
Though Modeſty be out of faſhion quite.
Thus Beldam *Crab*, her *Crablin* Daughter chid,
Becauſe ſhe hirpl'd as her Mother did.
When thus her ill-pac'd Little one reply'd;
Still you lie Baiting, alwayes Braul and Chide;
Examples are beſt Precepts, Talk's but talk,
Leave finding fault, and ſhew me how to Walk.
The Mother then; Daughter y' are very ſhort,
Though Blows more fit than Words are, to retort;
I'll take advice; Come! bridle cloſe your Chin,
Thruſt out your Breaſt, and keep your Belly in.
When I was Young, and little as thou art,
I led a *Bevie* fir'd by *Cupid's* Dart,
From Mountain Seats to pay accuſtom'd Scores
In *Thetis* VVatery Court to brisk Amours;
VVith ſteady and Majeſtick pace we walk'd,
Nor (a) Precipices, Rocks, nor Rivers baulk'd,

(a) The *Crabs* are obſerv'd at Spawning-time, in the *Weſtern-Iſles*, to come down from the Mountains to the Sea in a direct Line, not baulking Houſes, Rocks, or whatever obſtructs their paſſage.

Ne

Fab. 9.

Ne'r deviating ſtep, till in the Main,
Briſk Males attending us did entertain.
Come, follow me, I once did learn to Dance;
Walk'd ſtately meaſures that ne'r came from *France*;
The *Fairy* Court admir'd me, and Queen *Mab*
Grew Jealous, though grown now a wither'd *Crab*;
So! to the Right, nor to the Left hand ſwerve,
But me your Mother, punctually obſerve.
Th' old Beldam thus, Hipſhotten and Bunch back,
Deni'd by Nature, Amble, Trot, or Rack,
Her Daughter taught, to whom at laſt ſhe ſaid;
You tread awry, and I move Retrograde:
My ſteps like yours, as Coyn drops from the Mint,
With like Impreſſions yielding ſand imprint:
But if my Obſervations be true,
Court Madams waddle now like me or you;
Who ſhould Exemplars be, give others Rules,
Waving Formalities of Boarding-Schools,
Taking proud freedoms ſcorn reſtraintive Law,
Like Ships in Storms at Anchor rowl and Yaw,
No more 'gainſt me and my Behaviour preach,
Firſt learn your ſelf, and then your Daughter teach;
Who beſt are ſtor'd with Ignorance and Pride,
Moſt others Imbecillities Deride.

MORAL.

Age, Youth Inſtructs, Vices whate'r to ſhun,
Whilſt Children o'r their Parents Footſteps run:
Mothers their Daughters in the Oven find
Where once They bid; and Cat will after Kind.

Fab. X.

Of the Bald Man and the Fly.

THe *Sun* and *Syrius* in Combuſtion joyn'd,
Broil'd Rivers, and gave Fiery breath to wind;
Whilſt ſultry Atoms moving from the South
The Air inflam'd as from an Ovens Mouth,
Which Heat on broody moyſture Inſects forms,
Buzzing about on Sarſnet Wings in Swarms.

A weary Swain with ſweltering beams grown Faint,
Ready almoſt in his own brine to taint;
Down in a Checkering Bower and frett-work ſhade
Sate to Repoſe, and by his Bonnet laid,
Rubs his high Forhead where had once been Hair,
Now many luſters; *Oberon's* Bowling Bare,
Where 'mongſt the fringing Purlues oft Queen *Mab*,
With her Gallant *Pigwiggen* play'd the Drab.

On this ſtrange Spectacle Sir *Cranion* look'd:
As on a Calves-head in the Shambles Cook'd,
By Heat, and Drowth, and *Phœbus* buſie Raies,
Made fit for his impregnating Eſſaies;
The *Fly* in high caſe novel beauty warms,
They Death and Danger ſlight, that Cupid arms.
The fierce Amour falls on like Mad or Drunk,
And eager thruſts in his bane-breathing Trunk.

The Swain at once a tickling felt, and ſmart
From Poyſon of th' injected venom'd Dart;
Plotting Revenge, the *Fly* how to diſpatch,
At once the Criminal Puniſh and Attach,
He lifts his Hand up ſoftly, with a rap,
To diſſipate him like a Butcher's Flap;
Which coming down ſwift as the Ax and Lead,
That falls upon the Malefactor's Head;

Yet

Fab. 10.

Yet he on Wings expanded makes Escape,
Triumphing at the bravery of the Rape;
And that the Rustick he had so trepan'd,
To make him hurt himself with his own Hand.
Then said the *Swain*, Laugh'st thou that thee I mist?
Bruising my Forehead with my falling Fist;
If I had catch'd thee, I had beat as flat
Thy boneless body as a limber Groat;
Thou that hast drunk my Blood and pierc'd my Flesh,
And thus insult'st, hadst now been made a Mesh.
Who thus reply'd; Such Swains, be who thou wilt,
I scorn not able their bald Crowns to quilt;
Old *Daws* and wrinkled *Rooks* here sheath their heads,
In Life-hair Perucks to their girdle-steads:
But you with unthatch'd Sconce, give thanks to Fate,
That I have done my business on your Pate;
Before your empty Noddle now is sped,
You ne'r shall want a Maggot in your Head,
There you will find Ingredients, that shall
Tickle your addle Brains both Spring and Fall.

MORAL.

When you enrag'd, Revenge for Injuries Plot,
Take special care your self you Injure not;
Lest Scoffers fall on you with less remorse,
Than those that can with Jeering kill a Horse.

Fab. XI.

Of the Rustick and his Ox.

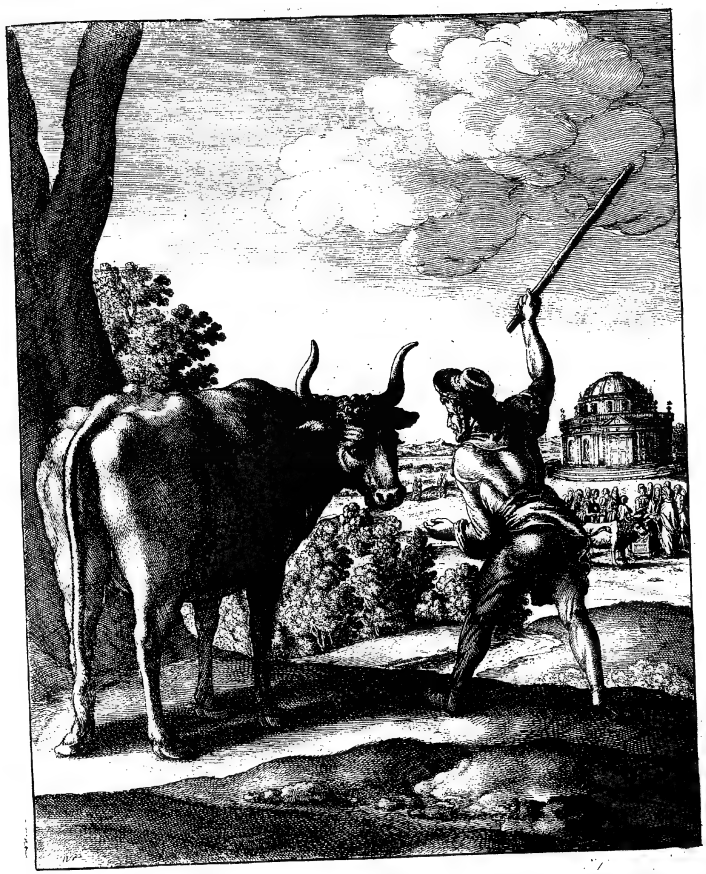
OH most despightful and unworthy Beast!
What? wilt thou never work, yet always feast?
There must be Audits, if you'l nothing doe;
Or Sweat, or Pay; Why who are you Sir? you;
Go'st thou not daily to the Eyes in Grass?
What must your Dung for satisfaction pass?
Are not your Mangers stuff'd? brim-full your Crib?
I'll fetch my pen'orths from these Larded Ribs.
Thus said the *Swain* to his Rebellious *Ox*,
Who butts for Blows returns, and spurns for Knocks.
Then spake the Beast; Art not asham'd to beat
Me for not Working, and our Master Cheat?
How can they Service do that want their Pay?
Fed with Danck Provender and Musty Hay?
Whilst I am sterv'd, like one of *Pharoh's* Kine,
What should my Belly fill, your Coffers line:
But this not all the Quarrel, though all truth,
Thou rob'st me of my Dowcets in my Youth;
Which odious Injury so ill I brook,
That now stand by, forsooth, and only look;
I could well wish, such my Revenge should be
Day through both sides thy treacherous heart may see.
Brave are those flames that kindle in the Male,
Viewing a beauteous Heifer in the Vale;
Sure 'tis a Heavenly War, delightful Rage!
When (a) *Bulls*, spurr'd on by Rivalship, engage:
Far off the *Bulls* alone are feeding
side
Behind a Mountain, or beyond
some Flood,
Shut up at plenteous stalls with pleasant food:
For seeing of the Female wasts their
strength.
Who burning, mind nor Grass, nor
Groves, at length;
She with her swee. inticements oft
provokes
Proud Rivals, till their fury turn to
strokes.
In pleasant Groves the beautous Heifer feeds;
But they joyn Battel, and in warlike
deeds
Gain many wounds, their bodies
bath'd in gore,
Closing their Horns most dreadfully
they rore;
The mighty woods, and heavens vast
court resound.
No more these Warriours pasture in
one ground;
Exil'd to Coasts unknown, the Vanquish'd goes,
Mourning his shame, and the proud
Conqueror's blows,
That unrevenge'd from him his Love
was took.
Viewing his Halls, and native Realms
forsook.
Then carefully recruits his force, being laid
On a hard Rock, a bed but roughly
made,
Feeds on harsh leaves, and bristly
Cacix eats;
His Horns then exercising, Anger
whets
Against a Tree, venting on th' Air his
spight,
Scattering the sand as Prologue to the
fight.
His force recruited, on the foe he sees,
And boldly up his careless Quarters
bears.
As when at Sea the mutiny Waves
grow white,
And rowling from the Ocean gather
height;
And rowse at land, 'gainst Rocks they
strangely roar,
Nor less than Mountains break upon
the shore;
The deep floods boyl, whirl'd with the
foaming tide,
And working cast up sand on every
side.

(a) See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 3.
At, ne Ideo Tauro procul, atque in sola relegant
Pascua post montem oppositum, & transflumina lata
Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servent.
Carpit enim vires paulatim, uriique viaendo
Fœmina——

See *Virgil Æneid.* lib 12.
Cum duo conversis inimica prælia tauri
Frontibus incurrunt, pavidi cessere magistri,
Stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque juvencæ,
Quis pecori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur
Illi inter sese multâ vi vulnera miscent, (tur;
Cornuâ; obnixi infigunt; & sanguine largo
Colla armôsq; lavant, gemitu nemus omne remugit.

So when from *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we
Two Bulls engag'd in bloody Battel see;
Their frighted Owners fly; silent with fear,
The Cattel stand, the Heifers doubtful are
Who shall Command, whom must the Herd (obey
They gore each other in the dreadful fray,
Till streams of Blood their necks and shoul-
(ders drown'd,
And ecchoing Woods the Bellowers eccho re-
(sound.

The



Fab. 11.

The Herds amazed ſtand, the Grove reſounds,
The bellowing *Hectors* dealing wounds for wounds.
By this I might have been the *Parſon's* Bull,
And like him round, Choice beauties pick and cull;
Had ſweet-breath'd Wives, and black-ey'd Concubines,
And a Fair Iſſue ſprung from my own Loyns,
Who now thus live a ſolitary life,
Barr'd from the dear enjoyments of a Wife.
Then ſaid the *Swain*; Fond beaſt, is that the cauſe?
How many know I, could they find a Clauſe
To be Divorc'd, their whole Eſtates would ſpend,
Who ſee now of their Miſeries no end:
Hadſt thou a curſt Cow, though her Horns were ſhort,
Evening and Morn ſhe'll gore thee to the Heart;
Ne'r let thee reſt, until Commanding all,
She Rule at Rack and Manger in thy Stall:
Know thou dull Lump, know inconſiderate *Ox*,
I have a Wife, am Married with a Pox;
Who never reſting, either Eare alarms
VVith ſuddain Tempeſts, and aſſiduous ſtorms;
At Promiſes, and Marriage Vows ſhe ſpurns,
To Rogue and Raſcal, Lord and Maſter turns;
As Law and Goſpel, her own will Tranſlates:
Cold Comforts freeze my Bed, and froſt my Cates;
That I believe thee Happier in thy Stall,
Than I with ſuch a Partner in my Hall.
Once I her baitings not ſo well could brook,
Long-ſuffering Patience over-power'd, I ſtruck;
My hand rais'd high, and with a knotty Crab,
At once to Humble and Chaſtiſe the Drab;
Tipſi'd with Ale, Slipp'ry the Floor, I fell,
And ſtraight the Devil my VVife, mounts *Michael*:
Ne'r lay fal'n Husband ſo be-*Belzebub'd*,
My Checks ſhe Rubrick'd, and my Temples drub'd;

My

My Head new moulding, pummel'd into Pap:
Mobbled nine dayes in my Considering-cap;
Before my Eyes beheld the blessed Day,
Mourning in Black and Blew, on Flocks I lay:
Thus sighing oft, I better ten to one,
Though Arm'd with Ale, had let the Fiend alone:
Whilest *Skimmington* my neerest Neighbour strode
A manag'd Coll-staff, and in Pennance rode;
But one not serves your turn, a single Spouse,
One Devil is too little for your House,
You for a Legion are. Ah! hadst thou half
Of mine, and shar'dst my Miseries, sensless Calf,
Thou smarting, worse than bitten by a (a) *Gad*,
Wouldst, Bellowing, thy Country fly Horn-mad:
But since such Paradoxes you dispute,
Art such a Rebell, and a Fool to boote,
I'll beat new Principles into thy Pate,
Shall from course Flesh thy duller Soul translate;
Since Decastration will not mend thy Head,
Death shall, much better than my Marriage-bed.

(a) A kind of *Fly* that vexeth Beasts, named by the *Greeks Oestron*, which hath its signification and derivation from ἴστρος, *to be mad*, because it makes them furious. See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 3.

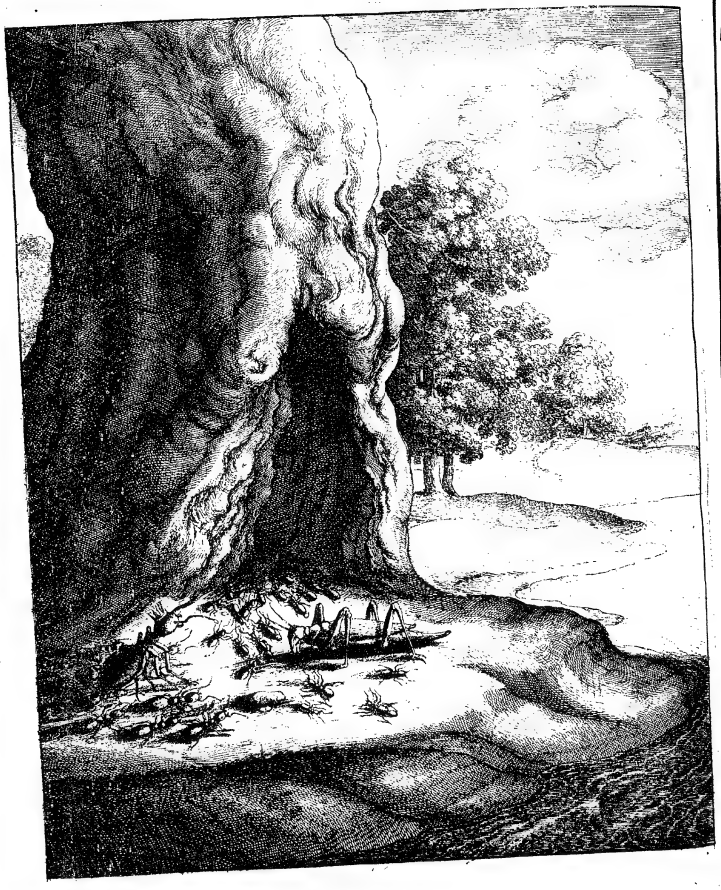
Est lucus Silari circa, ilicibus, que virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo
Romanum est; Oestrum Graii vertêre vocantes:
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta, &c.

A Fly about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,
And high *Alburnus*, green with stately plants,
Asilus call'd by *Romans*. but the same
The *Greeks* style *Oestron* by an ancient name;
Extremely fierce and loud, whose spight to shun,
To sheltring Woods affrighted Cattel run,
And with their Bellowings strike Heavens arched round,
Which Groves, and shallow *Tanagrus* resound.
With this dire Monster, *Juno*, long ago,
Her spight did on th' *Inachian* Heifer show:
This, for it rages in the scorching heat,
Thou must with care from teeming Cattel beat,
And feeding Herds, both when the Sun shall rise,
Or Night with glorious Stars adorn the Skies.

MORAL.

Dull are intestine Wars, and civil Strife,
To lowd Divisions betwixt Man and Wife;
Gentle Usurpers mild the Tyrant's rod,
To a Smock-Rampant, and to be Hen-trod.

FAB.



Fab. 12.

Fab. XII.

Of the Ant and Grashopper.

THe King of *Anthil* and *Pismirian* Lords,
Each mounted on their own peculiar Hoards;
Sate so distinguish'd Earls, Marqees, and Dukes:
And not by Blazonrie in Heralds books,
Where Worthy Sires produce less worthy Sons,
Such as long Patience teach unwearied Duns,
At base Mechanicks sawcineſs admire,
Just Debts beseeching, Ruin'd by the Fire;
Who scorn all Principles accounted Just,
Indulging Sloth, Pride, Ignorance, and Lust:
But these advanc'd by Industry and Care,
Were to themselves both Ancestor and Heir,
Their Purchase for th'insuing Winters store,
Entitledd them to Honours less or more.
An Envoy from the *Grashoperian* States,
Thus had Conven'd these pettie Potentates,
When to the Monarch and his small Devan,
Thus humbly their Ambassador began.
Ambillian Soveraign, and *Emetian* Peers,
Enrich'd with wealth from *Ceres* golden ears!
Who in these Penetralia's under ground,
Not hear rough Winter, flaws and Storms resound,
Nor prices minding of rais'd Wood and Coals,
Sit warm and feasting, cocker up your Souls:
Live happy still, and be for ever blest,
So you will pitty a poor State distrest;
Who had while Summer lasted, plenteous Boards,
Meads, Flowrie Vallies of their own accords,
Serv'd up choice Cates, but when the Sun declin'd,
And Days did up in shorter periods wind,

Usherring

Ushering cold blasts, and bleak Autumnal showers,
Which Trees disrob'd of Leaves, Fields of their flowers
Winters approach threatning to Ruin all,
Discharg'd upon us *Jove's* cold Arsenal;
All forage thus destroyd, all green below
Left naked, Pennanc'd in cold sheets of Snow;
All sorts of Herbage, Fruits, whatever Corn,
Are in by Peasants or your People born:
Assistance from your Granaries we crave,
Let not a Nation Perish, you may save,
For which next Harvest, they will make return,
Our Lusty Long-shanks shall help in your Corn:
Thus grateful they propose to pay their Score,
And double by their pains your next years Store.
When the *Anthillian* Heroe thus reply'd;
In Summer we 'gainst Winter storms provide;
How could you Golden Harvest idly spend?
Could you believe those Joys would never end?
Who thus return'd; Sir, we were over-reach'd,
By one to us New-fangled Doctrine teach'd,
Holding forth, *Phœbus* our Protector would
Translate us from all Hunger, Thirst, and Cold
To *Ægypt*, and the fruitful banks of *Nile*,
To endless Feastings without Care or Toyl.
So him we treated, and in Sunshine sung,
Living as Merry as the day was long,
Expecting when a Western wind would rise,
Should bear us to our promis'd Paradise;
But when the time, and long'd for hour was come,
That we believ'd should be the (a) *Day of Doom*;
No Storm appear'd, no thick condensed Crack,
With Thunder rose, Heavens Turrets to attack,
But prov'd all Fair, so universal Cleer,
That Day stands Crown'd the Glory of the Year;
No

(a) Which Story in *Germany*, is at large set down in that Treatise concerning the *Lutherian* War. *Sleiden.*

Nor more our false Enthusiast we beheld,
Who us to this sad Embassie compell'd.
When thus the (b) King to the starv'd Envoy said;
We know no Manufacture, use no Trade;
In Spring we Sowe not, nor in Winter Reap,
Yet stuff'd our Granges are, our Markets cheap;
Rather than we would Prince implore, or State,
Or hang poor Clients at an Emperor's Gate,
I, and my swarthy Legions should not spare,
(c) *Alcinous* Fruit, but Camps revictual there,
Hort-yards o'r-run, our bowells never yearn
At havock made, minding our own Concern,
Choice Plants and Flowers destroy, we ne'r make halt,
Unless we Scalding water feel, or Salt.
Say to your Lords, I not deplore their chance,
You who in Summer Sung, in Winter Dance,
So fill your bellies, so your bodies arm,
'Gainst wants approaching, and th' insuing storm.
Begon, who to *Phanaticks* credit give,
Fifth-Monarchie People I shall ne'r relieve;
Besides, You term your Self a State Distrest,
Antimonarchal Locust, I detest.

(b) See *Virg.* Æneid. lib. 4.
Ac veluti ingentem formica farris acervum
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt,
Est nigrum campis agmen, prædamque per herbas
Convehunt calle angusto; pars agminis cogunt,
Castigantque moras: opere omnis semita fervet.

So theerful Ants plundring a heap of Wheat,
And minding Winter, to their Granges get;
The black Bands march, a Convoy guards the spoyl
Through narrow tracts, some with joyn'd forces toyl
To bear one pondrous Grain, whilest others beat
The tardy Troops; all paths with labour heat.

(c) See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 2.

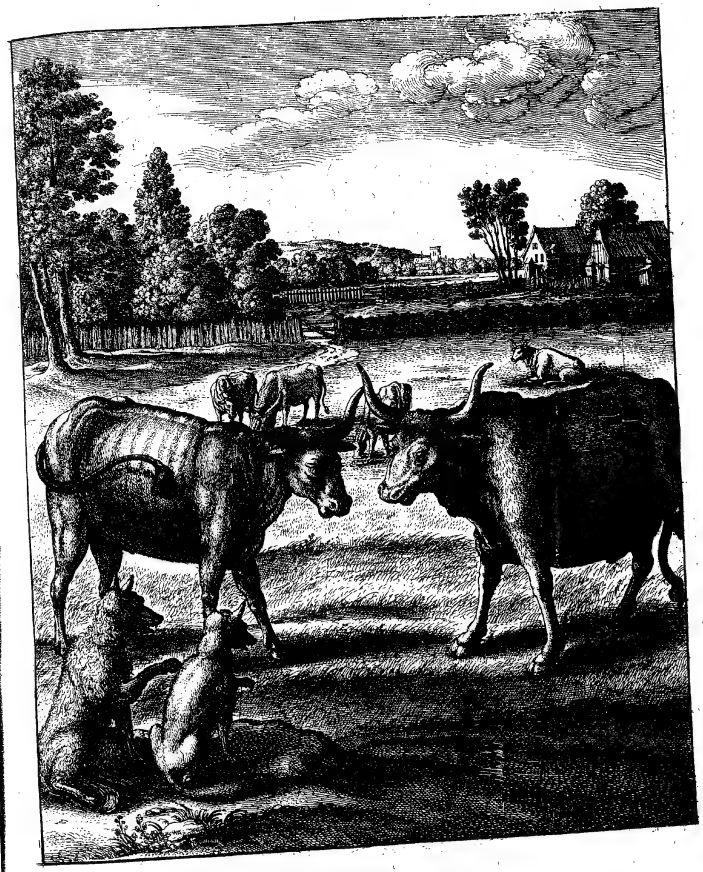
MORAL.

Some always Feast, make Court, sing, play and Dance;
And never fear the turns of fickle Chance:
Provide for Age, whilst Young get Lands and Money;
Left Old and Poor, the Dogs do pisse upon ye.

Fab. XIII.

Of the Ox and Steer.

THus to a labouring *Ox* turn'd out to feed,
Himself recruiting in a verdant Mead,
In Ralyarie, a well-fed Bullock said;
Welcome old Uncle, you drive on your trade,
Whilst I in sweetest grass keep Fat and Plump,
Your Ribs like Billows threat your Rocky Rump;
Why waste you thus your self, and health destroy?
Sweating for that which others must enjoy?
Fill up your hollow Flanks, and craggy Chine,
Feast all the Evening, all the Morning Dine;
Powder your Hair, sullied with Sweat and Dust,
Nor more with back and belly run a trust,
And though unfit to get your self an Heir,
Keep Company with Heifers fat and Fair,
Them, and their Town-bulls, bellowing Hectors treat,
So your Executors whate'r defeat,
And me 'mongst Madam white-fac'd Calves invite,
Spending your lives remainder in Delight.
When gravely thus the sober *Ox* reply'd;
Thus the Industrious, Idle Beasts deride,
Each guzling Bulchin, Buffle-headed Calf,
At all indeavours whatsoever, laugh;
Business they hate, pursuing no Design,
But what concerns the Belly, or the Groyn;
Rather than I my precious time would wast,
And winged Minutes spur, that fly too fast,
Lead to *Spring-Gardens*, *Mulberry* shades, and Parks,
Vizard-Mask'd Heifers, and their pye-bald Sparks,
Proud giggling Females still unveil'd attend,
And be on Duty, my Estate to spend,



would endure both ſtinging Flys, and Goads,
And Yoak'd hot Summers draw in duſty Roads.
Whileſt gravely thus Diſcours'd the Labouring *Ox*,
The *Lion's* Purveyors, the *Wolf* and *Fox*,
The Prey ſurveying, to each other ſpake;
Leave that Lean ſterveling, the Fat Bullock take,
He will become the Boyler and the Spit,
Or barrell'd, help to furniſh out the Fleet.
This ſaid; The *Steer* they to a Covert drew,
And in the *Lion's* Name Arreſting, ſlew.
Then *Praiſe-Jove Bare-bones* ſpake; Thou mayſt be (glad,
Poor pay no Poll-money, nor Royal-Aid,
No Subſidies, their no-lands raiſe no Tax,
I ſhall be ſtill the ſame, a Labouring *Ox*;
So long as they can thus count up theſe Ribs,
I ſhall in ſafety be at Empty Cribs.

MORAL.

One mounted on the wings of Youth and Wealth,
Ne'r dreams of Poverty, or loſs of Health:
Who whilſt he dallying lies in Fortune's Lap,
The Strumpet gives her young Gallant a Clap.

Fab. XIV.

Of the Lyon and the Kid.

THe *Lion* clemb'd with hunger, choak'd with (thirst
Of all diſeaſes Empty boards the worſt;
On a ſteep Summet jutting o'r the woulds,
Cropping Heath-buds, and Briers, a Kid beholds.
To whom the Monarch ſaid; My pretty *Kid*,
Come hither, I'm your King! Do as I bid;
Survey Our plenties, ſee a glorious ſight,
To which my little Subject I Invite;
Here flowrie Meads, ſhades are, and Golden Plains,
Here Vineyards full of Walks, and winding Lanes;
Harſh Juniper forſake, and bramble boughs,
And here on tender (a) Vines ſoft branches brouſe:
Why ſtandſt thou frighted? why look'ſt thou ſo pale
To ſee my ſhaggy Main, and buſhie Tail?
'Mongſt Calves and Colts, if not a Counſel-day
Tir'd with State-works, I for diverſion play;
The Crown Affairs, and ſerious buſineſs ſours,
Not ſweetned by ſome recreating hours:
He is no King that at his leiſure wants
His Drolls, Buffoons, and fawning Sycophants,
Rich Wine, ſweet Muſick, choyce of beauteous Dames,
To kindle, and to quench Loves pleaſing flames.
I once made captive, driven from my Crown,
Was as a Wonder, ſhew'd from Town to Town;
A *Lamb* and I, Companions there did play
To freſh Spectators the whole Summers day,
He my ſharp Teeth not fear'd, nor griping Paws,
Would run his Head into my open Jaws:
Come, leave that barren Rock, and hungry Air,
And to my Palace in yon Wood repair.

(a) See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 2.

Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Cædtur, & vetres incunt proscenia Iudi.

Onely for this crime we on Altars pay
Bacchus a Goat, and Act the antient play.

Gri

Grim Sir, be you the King! The *Kid* replyes,
Though you Speak mildly, dreadful are your Eyes!
Should I your Favourite be, and very near,
I ſtill ſhould Tremble when you, Sir, appear!
Princes as well as Courtiers, now, they ſay,
Sign Debts, make Grants, Promiſe and ſeldome pay;
They talk abroad, Exchequers are lock'd up;
At Court no Tables, ſcarce a Cheering Cup:
Rather than to Neceſſities aſpire,
I'll tarry here, and feed on humble Brier;
Who well are ſetled, though in Mean eſtate,
Their Chang'd condition may repent too late.

MORAL.

Better be Captain in the ſmalleſt Fort,
Than be Commanded in a Princes Court:
Yet the Ambitious that Preferment prize
Run through the meaneſt Offices to riſe.

Fab. XV.

Of the Satyr and the Sword.

A *Satyr* paſſant by a Forreſt ſide,
A *Sword* 'mongſt checkring Foliage eſpy'd,
Firſt ſtartled at the dreadful Blade and Hilt;
With Antique figures hatch'd, and rarely gilt,
Off Diſcompos'd he drew, then undiſmaid,
Loſt Spirits recovering, thus th' Admirer ſaid.
Wonder whate'r! ſince I did ne'r behold
Such dazling Silver, nor ſuch lightning Gold!
Thy Country, Name, and Character impart,
That thee I Value may at thy deſert.
The *Pomel* then, caſt like a *Hero's* Head,
From Brazen Lips with Gold enamell'd, ſaid;
You ſee a *Sword*, an Inſtrument of Death!
This ſhining Coat of ſteel is *Hector's* Sheath,
Whoſe Soul through ſeveral Tranſmigrations paſt,
Lyes penn'd up in this Cut-throat Inne at laſt:
When firſt within this Iron cage confin'd
I in a Monarch's Hand in Battel ſhin'd,
Pruning rank Rebels with a tender Edge,
That choak'd Prerogative with Priviledge;
Mildly he us'd me, lopping Weeds with care,
Though ſtubborn Traitors they his ſubjects were,
When fickle Fortune, who dethrones or Crowns,
Kings topſie turvies, and advanceth Clowns,
With a damn'd Oath, and Covenanting *Kirk*,
Out-weigh'd the Right, and ſettled a bad Work;
Of Royal Ermins did the Meek diſrobe,
Seiz'd *Sword* and Scepter and Terreſtrial Globe,
Whileſt deluges of tears his pious Soul
In briny Billows wafted to the Pole:

Then

Then Guarded I a one Nights upstart *Gourds*,
Parliament Govern'd without King or Lords;
Me from that throng a Copper Captain gain'd,
Who Rul'd in Purple of three Realms distain'd;
This bloody Monster greedy of bad Fame,
Only of Kingship, wanting but the Name,
Resolv'd to be a Monarch; when kind Fate
Left he should antient Thrones contaminate;
To Seats of Furys with a Tempest hurl'd,
This demie Fiend, and Troubler of the World:
Then change of Government each minute spawn'd,
Me shuffling here and there, from Hand to Hand,
When from the rising (a) Sun and glorious Right,
A guilty Flyer dropt me in his flight.

Art thou that Hector, said the *Satyr*, who
So oft the *Greeks* in that long War o'rthrew?
By Prowess purchasing immortal Fame:
We hear that many now goe by your Name,
That in the Suburbs exercise their Rage,
The Taverns and the Ord'naries, the Stage;
Be they like you, when you imbodied were,
Routing whole Squadrons with your single Spear?
If so, why thus prepare we 'gainst the tall
Barbarians, or their *Amadis de Gaule*?
Had there been two such (b) Hectors, Stories say,
Troy might have stood and flourish'd to this day.

Then said the *Sword*; Those Hectors that are there,
Ne'r saw a Field, never in Battel were;
They arm'd by *Bacchus*, use for Warlike Tools,
Edg'd Pots and Bottles, Trenchers, Chairs, and Stools;
One like me living, one so Strong and Stout,
Would thousands of such shadow-Hectors rout:
But here wants time these Braggarts to unmask,
Their Character would more than Volumes ask,

(a) The King's happy Restauration.

(b) See *Virgil.* Æneid. lib. 8.

---Ductores primi, Messapus & Ufens,
Contemptorque deûm Mezentius, undique cogunt
Auxilia, & latos vastant cultoribus agros.
Mittitur & magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem,
Qui petat Auxilium, &c.

Messapus and bold *Ufens*, Generals were,
With proud *Mezentius*, who no God did fear;
Each where they press, and empty spacious Plains,
To fill their Regiments with sturdy Swains.
They *Venulus* send to great *Titides* Seat,
Against the *Trojans* landed, Aid t'intreat,
And tell, *Æneas* vanquish'd Gods did bring,
Who styles himself, by Fates Decree, a King;
That many Nations with the *Dardan* side,
His Name through *Latium* spreading far and wide.
Of such Beginnings, what may be the End?
If favouring Fortune should his Sword attend;
Was far more evident to him alone,
Than to King *Turnus*, or *Latinus*, known

But

But now take Pitty, if thou haſt eſteem,
For the true Hector, him inclos'd redeem;
My Brazen Head hath ſpoke, Time will be paſt,
This day for my Redemption is the laſt:
Thou demie Deity me elſewhere diſpoſe,
He that is more than Man, than Man more knows.
Then ſaid the *Satyr*; True, I have a Spell
Shall free thee, if thou Priſoner wert in Hell:
But firſt I'll ſweat this Blade, ſoften the Edge,
And at the Point purge a ſteel powder ſcege,
Then Vomiting, eject thee at the Hilt,
Go after to the Devil, if thou wilt.
This ſaid, he haſtens home, and kept his Word,
Making the Senſitive a Senſleſs *Sword.*

MORAL.

Princes to Laws and Policie may truſt,
Be Merciful, Religious, Wiſe, and Juſt:
But Swords muſt ſtubborn Subjects keep in awe,
All other Tyes not valu'd at a ſtraw.

Fab. 16

Fab. XVI.

Of the Heathen and his Idol.

OH thou! whom 'mongst our *Lars* and houſhold (Gods
My Anceſtors tranſported through the floods,
From burning *Troy*, and ſettled here to be
Happy in their Poſterity and Thee:
Yet now with contrite heart and blubber'd Eys,
Though daily I Invoke and Sacrifice;
No means neglected, doing what I can,
Want comes upon me like an Armed Man,
And the poor Remnant of my torn Eſtate,
One in Rebellion with the King of late,
Calls his Inheritance, lays Claim unto;
Which if he carry, me muſt quite undoe:
Yet my wiſe Father made a fair accord,
He Purchas'd what was gotten by the Sword,
But ſcrupling Lawyers have enough pickt out
To put my Title and his Sale in doubt;
Yet I my Counſel have, and Witneſs Feed,
To Plead and Swear th' irrevocable deed:
But ah! my Wants will ſterve my Cauſe, all's loſt,
None *gratis* Damn themſelves, not Knights o'th' poſt;
Help now, or never, help elſe comes too late!
And I muſt Alms crave at anothers Gate.
Thus Pray'd the Superſtitious, when a (a) Nod
Blind zeal preſents from his conſenting God.
Now joyning Iſſue they to Hearing came,
Great concourſe thither drawn by pratling Fame,
Juries impannel'd, Witneſs ſworn, and all
Suppos'd the Plaintiff's Cauſe would to the wall,
When his grave Counſel drew their latter Card,
And one ſhort proof a well-pack'd buſines mar'd;

(a) See *Virg: Æneid.* lib. 9.

—*idque ratum Stigii per flumina fratris,*
Per pice torrentes, atraque voraginé ripas,
Annuit, totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

This by his Brother's *Stygian* ſtreams he ſwore,
And by the brimſtone lake, and diſmal ſhore,
By the black Gulph, and the Infernal Pit;
Whoſe Nod *Olympus* ſhook, confirming it.

Jupiter did all things, *nutu & renut*, with Nodding, whence the word *Numen*, *Turneb. l. 26. c. 30.* See *Scaliger l. 5. c. 3. Nannius Miſcel. l. 7. c. 14.* obſerves, that what in Men is a Nod, in *Jupiter* and *Juno* is Thunder.

Fal'n from his Hopes, thus thrown down in a trice,
Undone for ever, ne'r again to rise;
He from the Court went Sweating in a Rage;
On his damn'd God his Fury to aswage;
When thus upon him the incensed fell.
If I had serv'd the Fiends, the Devil in Hell,
With half that Zeal and fervour Thee I serv'd,
He would not thus have left me to be sterv'd,
Turn'd out of all, naked a begging go,
Furies may melt, Stocks, no Compassion know.
What made my Ignorant Parents thee implore?
And with such Reverential awe Adore?
Whose deaf Ears Marble are, whose Bowels rock,
A Humane shape, but Headed like a (b) Shock.
But *Dog's face*, now thy weakness I'll detect,
And this foul form of Godliness dissect;
Beaten to powder thee I'll level lay,
For my undoing, and this dismal day.
This said; he takes him Pedistal and all,
And with strange Fury hurls against the Wall,
In pieces dash'd like brittle glass, then trod
To Morter, scattered fragments of his god:
When a new Light the dustie mists unfold;
Out of the Head and Ruptur'd-belly, Gold,
Reverberating rung the *Idol's* Knell,
And Lightnings midst a Rubish Tempest fell;
Whilest through a Cloud of Witnesses he spies,
Gemms, Jewels, Ingots, a no little Prize!
Which he at first an idle Vision thought,
But feeling what he found and never sought;
So huge a Treasure, such prodigious store,
That those that thirst for Gold could ask no more;
Smiling, he said; Ah miserable Hound!
Why didst thou thus conceal what I have found?
Wouldst

(b) Those Houshold Gods or *Penates*, had Humane shapes, but Headed like *Dogs*.

Wouldst not to thy Devoted torn with Want
And greedy Lawyers, one small Penny grant?
The tythe of this had my undoing Cause
Brought off, and me with Honour and applause;
But thus recruited I'll recover Cost,
And all my Land in *Forma Pauperis* lost.

MORAL.

Madness oft helps the Desperate, sometimes Chance
Others Debaucherie and full Cups advance;
Some dive the Seas, search Mines, Coffers to load,
These Sell their King, and that Betrayes his God.

Fab. XVII.

Of Phœbus, the Covetous and Envious Man.

(a) See *Virg. Æneid*, lib. 10.

Pandi tur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi;
Concilium que vocat divûm pater, atq; hominum Rex,
Sideream in sedem; terras unde arduus omnes,
Castra que Dardanidum aspectat, populosque Latinos.
Considunt tectis bipatentibus; incipit ipse.

Mean while Heavens spacious Court spreads open, when
The Father of the Gods, and King of Men,
A Council call'd, where from his Starry Throne,
Th' *Ausonian* quarters, and beleaguered Town,
With the whole Worlds vast Regions he survey'd,
Then to his House of Deities thus said.

SUmmon'd by (a) *Jove* to his great Counsel, all
The Gods Assembling in Heavens Starry Hall,
In Chrystal Nieches order'd places take;
When thus the *Sire* in nipping Language spake.
Cœlestials, Convocated here you sit,
Enacting things nor handsome, just, nor fit,
You private Pieks and self-concerns debate,
Whilst Fallow lies the grand Affairs of State;
And if by chance some wholsome Laws we make,
Such care you of the Execution take;
That *Man* Our Chief Authority contemns,
Looking on Gods as Poets idle Dreams,
That now their Crimes reach such a brazen height,
Unmask'd Day sees the darkest deeds of Night;
Nay, more on Us each Malefactor pins,
His venial, greater and more hainous Sins:
Mars Protects Murther, and Rebellious Swarms
Influenc'd by him, 'gainst Princes take up Arms:
On *Bacchus* lay they the Abuse of Grapes;
And *Venus* Pillows all their loose Escapes;
The City-Cheat, and Highway-Robber too,
Hermes, they boast their Signatures from you;
With *Lampoones*, *Phœbus*, and burlesk Reproach,
And *Juno* for *Dame Haughties* Golden Coach:
Neither scape I, that Heaven and Earth Command,
When Surley People are to be trepan'd;
Clandestine Plots for open Action ripe,
Striking at Kings that are of Gods, the Type,
When down must come Religion, and all Laws,
In my Name Arm they, and Attest their Cause:

Therefore

Fab. 17.

Therefore let *Phœbus* take a ſtrict review
And make Report, if what we hear be true;
Mercy We rather would than Wrath imploy,
Not drown bad Cities, nor with Fire deſtroy.
The God thus ordered, leaves his ſhining Robe,
Veſted in Clouds, and makes the Terrene Globe
Swifter than Thought, ſwift as the quickeſt Eyes,
Through Empires, Kingdoms, and Republicks flyes;
Saw the ſeven deadly Champions Flags unfurl'd,
And open Vice Encampt about the World;
Finding Crimes much alike, as on a Stage,
Here, Act they Comick Shifts, there, Tragick Rage;
Though he no Gyants found, 'gainſt Heaven to fight,
Nor Rigg out fifty (a) Chambermaids a night;
Nor blazing-Comets, Drinkers that could ſwill
Whole Oceans off, and yet be Thirſty ſtill;
Yet All well-wiſhers were, did what they could,
And each where ſwarm'd Offenders, Young and Old.
An accurate Survey thus having made,
Of Men and Manners, to himſelf he ſaid;
Why ſhould I more incenſed *Jove* provoke?
I'll turn this ſerious buſineſs to a Joke,
No end of Crimes, Offenders every where,
And ſeveral Laws, ſufficiently ſevere;
From two comes yonder, Humane Creatures ſcarce,
Matter of Moment ſhall become a Farce,
That ſpightful Dog, and Avaritious Chuff,
Shall make for Laughter Argument enough:
To whom he ſaid; Accept from Heaven a Grant,
That you, nor yours hereafter never Want,
But he that firſt implores, be ſure to crave
Whole Mines of Gold, ſince 'tis but Ask, and Have;
He who e'r ſecond begs, *Jove* will not grutch
Summes doubled: his enjoyments twice as much.

(a) Alluding to *Hercules* greateſt Labour, Devirgining fifty Maids in one Night.

This

This Riddle put the Wretches to a ſtand,
That he ſhould Happieſt be, did Laſt Demand!
The *Avaritious* judg'd himſelf accurſt
To loſe a Moyetie by begging Firſt;
When double Miſchief th' *Envious* thus deſigns,
Jove take this Eye, and keep thy promis'd Mines;
Then of his Purchaſe let the Greedy boaſt,
When I but One, and he both Eyes hath loſt.
Then *Phœbus* ſaid; This ſeems a ſubtle Plot,
To be two loſers, when both might have got;
By this you each had Miriads enjoy'd,
This Spightful Wretch hath all your hopes deſtroy'd;
Since here *Jove's* Grant, and my Commiſſion ends,
Kindneſs not Harme, to Mortals he intends;
This ſaid, he ſcales Cœleſtial Aboads,
And told this pleaſant Story to the Gods.

MORAL.

Foul Avarice with Gold and Silver nurs'd,
Cryes ſtill more yet, and never quencheth thirſt:
The Envious wretch whoſe eye makes others ſmart,
Feel hungry Adders baiting on his Heart.

FAB.

Fab. XVIII.

Of Jupiter and the Bee.

THe Gods thus put upon a merry pin,
Wav'd pruning Vices, and vain Cure of Sin,
Remembring they themſelves had often
And for like Crimes juſt Puniſhment deſerv'd; (ſwerv'd,
When *Jove* thus ſpake; Lay by the Earth's Affairs'
Man little for Our Acts and Statutes cares;
Princes Edicts not Executed, they
Like Cobwebs force, and make their King's high-way;
Bring Nectral Goblets ſwoln above the edge,
Hang, buſineſs, let us Gods each other pledge.
This ſaid, Cœleſtial Tables ſtraight were ſpread,
Nectar their Tope, *Ambroſia* their Bread.
When the *Hyblean* Monarch, King of *Bees*,
A Hony-comb, thus *Jove* upon his knees,
Humbly preſents: Take, Emperour of the Skies,
A Nations Work, the load of many Thighs;
Extracted Quinteſſence from various Flowers,
Which deck *May's* boſome, big with *April* ſhowers,
Their King *Grand-bee* the Offering ſoon as ſaid,
In humble poſture at *Jove's* Footſtool laid.
Who thus reply'd; I well reſent your gift,
Who for himſelf an Infant, could not ſhift,
Left in a *Cretan* Cave hem'd in with Woods,
Obſcur'd from Mortals and Immortal Gods,
When I for Milk, the Teat long wanting, cry'd,
With ſweeter Food your Grandſires me ſupply'd;
Betwixt my thirſty Lips they Hony ſtiv'd,
Which my faint ſp'rits nigh yielding up retriv'd;
Starving I ſcap'd, condemned to be ſlain,
And then a Caſt-away, in Heaven now raign.

This

This ſaid; he bids ſtraight *Ganymed* infuſe
Amongſt Cœleſtial, this Tereſtrial Juce:
Who ſweet tears cruſhing from the yielding Wax,
Of rougher Nectar pleaſing Liquor makes;
Whilſt ſilver foam margents the ſparkling Cup,
Jove he preſents, *Jove* turns the bottome up:
Thus ſaying, Since I Rul'd all beneath the Cope,
I never taſted more delicious Tope:
Then bids him round to all the Table skinck,
Both Gods and Goddeſſes much praiſe the Drink;
But when that *Bacchus* ſaw the liquor foam,
Firment, he cryes, *Moloſſus* or elſe *Stome*,
Poor and rich Widows ſmile, or mourn in black,
Praiſing or Curſing medicated Sack,
Or balder'd *Gallick* Wines, that took away
Their poyſon'd Husbands in a drinking day:
But if that you ſhould Countenance ſuch traſh,
Gods be Exemplars, tipling Balderdaſh;
Who me will Worſhip, and pure Wine adore?
Or eat ſalt Pilchers on my Altars more?
Then *Jove* reply'd; Buſineſs when we Carowſe,
What! *Bacchus*, break the Orders of the Houſe?
Your Grievances whate'r you muſt report,
When we Sit faſting in a frequent Court:
Then to the *Hony-bird* he turning ſpake,
But I this gift of yours ſo kindly take,
That you muſt ask, what may your State Improve,
And teſtifie Our gratitude and Love.
When *King Hive* ſaid; O *Jove* if thou haſt grace
For Inſects (though [a] *Bees* boaſt Cœleſtial Race)
Let not baſe Villagers our Stocks deſtroy,
And what you ſo are pleas'd to like, injoy;
Who Drown whole Nations, or with ſtifling Smoke,
Eſtabliſh'd Kingdoms in a minute Choke;

(a) See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 4.

His quidam ſignis, atque hæc exempla ſequuti,
Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, & hauſtus
Æthereos dixere, &c.

From theſe examples ſome there are maintain,
That *Bees* derive from a Cœleſtial ſtrain,
And Heavenly race; they ſay the Deity
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and loſty Skie;
Hence Men, and Beaſts, both wild and tame, derive
And whatſoe'r by breathing Air ſurvive;
To this they after are diſſolv'd, and then
They re aſſume firſt principles agen:
Nor is there place for death; their Spirits fly,
To the great Stars, and plant the loſty Sky.

Sweet

Sweet Treaſure ſeize, laid up in VVaxen Forts,
Let deadly Poyſon arm our little Darts,
That if the skin we pierce, no Scorpions bite
Shall ſooner kill, nor ſharpeſt *Aconite*.
Then *Jove* reply'd; You know not what you ask;
Your Malice to our Minion you unmask;
Fool! ſhould I grant what Man would ſo annoy,
You and your Progeny ſoon they would deſtroy:
Therefore whoe'r ſhall waſpiſh thruſt his Sting,
In Humane Fleſh, a Peaſant, or a King
Diſarm'd, ſhall turn a Drone, nor more ſhall toyl,
But in Rebellion live upon the Spoyl.

MORAL.

A handſome treat, a Bottle of good Wine,
May more prevail than Jewels, Plate, or Coyn:
To flowing Bowls your buſineſs well appli'd,
Your Suit is bad, if then you be deny'd.

Fab. XIX.

Of the Covetous Man and his Goose.

THat greedy worm who ſtood in his own light,
And firſt let th'envious ask to wreak his ſpight,
Had now a buſineſs faln into his Lap,
That he to Fortune ought t' have veil'd his Cap;
Had he been thankful, but bad Natures will
Ne'r return good for good, though ill for ill;
This anſwer'd all, he of the Gods could beg,
Each day his *Gooſe* laid him a Golden Egg;
Moſt ſtrange! yet true, though ſcarce believ'd when told,
The Yelk not only, but the White was Gold:
Fearing his precious Bird, now in her Prime,
Might Old grow barren, and he looſe his time,
Nor of the Bleſſing preſent Profit make,
His Opportunity he now will take;
To ſwell his Bags, improvments to enlarge,
When thus he gives his Golden Bird a Charge:
You daily me a handſome Egg produce,
For beauty valued, elſe of little uſe;
Though *Creſſus* ſuch bright Images ador'd,
Yet he to Iron bended, and the Sword;
Ah! of this gaudy toy, to quench their thirſt,
Make Man unhappy, and the World accurſt.
But to the point, though at my own Barn-door,
You Diet have, yet run you on the ſcore,
Contrary to our Covenant, oft you get,
Into my Corn, and ſpoyl whole Fields of Wheat,

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri ſacra fames?——

There

There you not only Feast, but undertake,
For others, which no little havock make;
But howsoe'r to ballance all Accounts,
Since not your Wages to so much amounts,
Double your task, lay me two Eggs a day,
So will the surplus justed Audits pay.
Then said the Dame; Your Judgement Sir, consult,
Lay not on me a duplicated Mulct;
Forc'd *Embrios* may your Golden Mine consume,
And Births imperfect, perish in the Womb.
At these words Avarice and Choler mix'd,
The hinges of Right reason quite unfix'd;
When thus her Death resolving on, he said;
I shall be happy, and for ever made!
'Tis beyond scruple, past uncertain Hope,
She hath the Stone, th' *Elixer* in her Crop,
Or else it lodgeth in her Heart or Soale:
Fly Lymbecks! fly, lent fires and Beechen Coal!
Whole years of Toyl, Tryals of Skill and Wit,
To make the Medicine for projection fit,
O'r is that Voyage, past those dangerous Seas,
And we Arriv'd in the *Hesperides*;
Nor need we mix with Copper, Steel, or Brass,
Cooperate with a stiff unyielding Mass;
But on green Corn like this despightful Bird,
Who Wheat-blade-milk converts to glittering Curd;
So at one touch Fitches, and Fields of Tares,
Shall Mettal shine, and wave with Golden Ears.
This said, he kills the *Goose*, and then dissects,
From a bad Cause, but follow sad Effects,
Inspection through her panting Entrails made,
He found no *Indian* Mines, nor *Guiny* trade:

He his injoyments loſt, and hop'd for Pelf,
Though dear, a Halter bought, and Hang'dhimſelf.

MORAL.

O'r-weening Hopes are portalis to Deſpair,
Who climb a Præcipice, let them beware:
Higher they mount, the lower is their Fall:
Some catch at Heaven and Hell, the Devil and All.

FAB.

Fab: 20.

Fab. XX.

Of the Sheep and the Butcher.

VV*Ethers* a dozen, all of ſpecial Note,
Each in a Golden-fleece, or ſilver coat;
Fed in one ſtall, rich in their numerous (flocks,
Free from incurſions of the *Wolf* and *Fox*;
Where they long proſpering ſecurely dwelt,
And never frown of fickle Fortune felt;
Whom from their golden Dream a *Butcher* wakes,
And a fat Brother from *Sheep College* takes.
Much at this unexpected Chance diſmaid,
Infrequent Council, thus *Bell-wether* ſaid.
How are we fall'n whom Pride and Riches ſwell'd?
Who ſuch a Conſternation e'r beheld?
We in Gold Tunicks and ſtrip'd ſilver Veſts,
For Nuptials fitted, look like Funeral Gueſts;
With our Surpriſal ſtruck, each face did ſhow
A Map of Miſery and enſuing woe;
Wher's former Strength and courage, where our vaunt?
No fortune could the *Sheepiſh* Nation daunt;
But now our buſineſs mind, no time neglect,
VVe muſt be ſuddain Stout, and circumſpect;
Apparent danger's neer, by one conſent,
Our Ruin by defenſive Arms prevent:
VVhat fool on us imbodied, once dares fall?
VVhoſe Heads may batter down a brazen VVall?
But if you ſuffer thus, the ſubtle Foe,
To ſeize us ſingle, and unqueſtion'd goe,
Thus unarraid let him the Fatteſt cull,
And at once ſtrip us both of Skin and Wooll.

We

We inch by inch ſhall like a Taper melt,
Loſt in deſtruction, e'r one Blow be dealt;
Wars are begun, and yet no War Proclaim'd;
No Trumpet ſounding, why ſhould we be blam'd
To take up Arms, and ſo Revenge our Wrong?
Surprizal makes us Forty thouſand ſtrong;
In *Belin's* Name, next entring him Arreſt,
And beat the Breath out of his wicked breaſt,
This bloody *Butcher* kill, and then ſit down
In Peace, and once more Maſters of your own.
This ſaid, a byas'd Brother riſing ſpoke,
And thus in pieces his grave Councel took:
We may your Courage, not your Prudence praiſe,
Would us perſuade a dangerous War to raiſe
Upon ſuch ſlender grounds, before we know
If this Invaſion be, or he a Foe:
Under Attainder and to Priſon lead,
Muſt him we reſcue, private quarrels wed?
Engage Republick on ſo ſlight a ſcore,
Be all undone rather than one grow poor?
A Province ſeiz'd, the Fact will never reach
To make upon the Empires Peace a Breach;
Whilſt you enjoy what e'r makes Mortals bleſt,
To help a Neighbour nere your ſelves moleſt;
Some with their Blood may water *Fleur-de Liece*,
Others re-gild pale-growing Golden Fleece;
But who e'r takes up Arms, the Die once thrown,
May call their proper goods no more their own;
Let their Allies and Friends the better get,
United States may in a Province ſet:
But to the Point, the Foe you would Surprize,
He watches with his own, not others Eyes;
His preparations he will never ſlack,
But ſtill be ready at the firſt attack,

Not

Not Sloth nor Avarice ſhall e'r abuſe,
Being a Maſter of his own Reviews;
So fall on when you pleaſe, you ſoon ſhall feel
'Gainſt your unpractis'd Arms, his ready Steel;
Though twelve to one, he in prepared bowls,
Will cool this Feaver in your purple Souls;
So in one action we ſhall periſh all.
The worſt that may betide, fall what may fall!
We ſhall have time, whilſt us he ſingly takes,
Each poſting minute alterations makes;
Whilſt preſent Junctures may our Cauſe advance,
Wonders the Boſome fill, of Time and Chance,
And this encroaching Tyrant may, perhaps,
On falſe pretenſions Levying War, relaps:
Therefore be patient, Live whilſt live we may,
Nor to a deſperate hazzard all betray.
This Counſel taking, they diſpiſe the firſt,
And none there Contradicting, choſe the worſt;
When in the Slaughterer comes, juſt as before,
And their full Dozen ſhrunk to half a ſcore:
So daily picks and culls, making no Noyſe,
Till of twice ſix, remains not any Choice;
Only his Orator, whom forth he draws,
Laſt to Reward, who ſo Preach'd up his Cauſe;
Who not ſuſpected Cutting of his Throat,
But to be *Duke* and *Peer* made of the Coat;
Falſe and Ambitious Councellors, then ſaid he;
May they be paid their Puniſhment like Me.

MORAL.

Few publick Spirits, Common Counſels find;
Theſe Fathom Wants, thoſe Private Intereſt blind:
Moſt for the Preſent, and their own Affairs:
Suddain Calamities ſeizeth unawares.

FAB.

Fab. XXI.

Of the Wolf and the Fox.

A River by a Thunder-Tempeſt ſwell'd,
Would not in bounds of Modeſty be held;
But with an Inroad o'r-runs bordering ſtrands
Retreat then ſounding, Plaſhes leaves, and Ponds:
'Mongſt which a tardie *Salmon*, *Reynard* ſpies,
And without Net or Angle, makes his Prize.
The *Wolf* hard by, obſerv'd the lucky Hit,
And thus puts in to ſhare the dainty bit.
Halves; half I cry! what you ſeiz'd, firſt I ſaw,
And claym the Moyetie by Partners Law;
In happy time this Creature-comfort came,
My queaſie Stomach checks, at Kid or Lamb,
Taſtleſs ſeems Humane blood; I from a Drab
Laſt night made ſeizure of a tender Squab,
Thought on the Infant, warm, my ſelf to treat,
And ſcarce the Liver and the Heart could eat.
Come, let's to Breakfaſt, and at Night with me
You ſhall Co-partner of my Fortune be;
I at *Hog's-Norton* twinckling of a Jigg
On prophane Organs took a Popiſh Pig,
I'll only Feaſt you with that ſingle diſh,
By that time well we ſhall digeſt our Fiſh.
Then *Reynard* thus; What e'r this Lenten fare,
For a ſmall purchaſe I releaſe my ſhare;
My peeviſh Madam ready to cry out,
Nothing will ſerve her, but a *Salmon-trout*,
VVhich brought not, when expected, ſhe will riſe,
Bedung my Face, and Urine in my Eyes.
But learn to Fiſh, I'll ſoon your VVolfſhip teach,
Both for your ſelf and Friends, enough to catch;

Bring

Fab. 21:22:23

Bring yonder Basket tackled to that Rope,
Which you ſhall ſatisfie beyond your Hope:
That Wicker laden will be ſuch a Heap;
Shall Markets make ſo much now riſen, Cheap.
This ſaid; *Iſgrim* though ſurley, draws the Tools,
Which tying to his ſterne, thus *Reynard* fools:
Now to the River bring the faſtned Paile,
Which I'll ſo ſettle that you ſhall not fail;
But you by no means till I give the Word,
Muſt not look back, nor your drag-Net be ſtirr'd.
The greedy *Wolf*, this ſaid; obeys Command,
And as the *Fox* directed, takes his ſtand;
Whilſt he the Wicker with huge pibbles thwacks,
Until the circling ſallow-belly cracks:
This done, he calls; Now pleaſe your *Wolf-ſhip* pull!
Well you are hanſel'd, your new Engin's full,
The River's drain'd, what Fiſh, how fat, and fair!
Now I demand with you a Partners ſhare;
Put all your ſtrength, your Cordage ſtrong, and Dock
So well United, may remove a Rock.
This ſaid; glad *Iſgrim* gives a luſty hale,
Until he tenter'd out both Rope and Tail;
But faſt, the work ſtood fix'd, nor more would jogg
Than ſtuborn Rock, or a perverſer Log:
When *Reynard* calls, I ſee we need ſome help,
I'll fetch my Eldeſt Son, an able Whelp,
Who joyn'd with you, the task ſhall undertake;
But till we come by no means, Sir, look back:
The *Wolf* perſuaded, *Fox* bears home his Trout,
Then muſtering thus the Villages about.
Swains, Come away! and Arm with ſpeed, the *Wolf*
Your Flocks devourer, that all-ſwallowing Gulph,
Now drains your River, and what havock there
May Sheep-skin Doublets make that never Sweat,

Pure Zeal pretenders; to your grief you know,
Now, now aveng'd be on the Common Foe! (throng,
Straight from the neighbouring Dorps, bold Rusticks
And like a gather'd Tempest, Old and Young
Upon his quarters falling, him assail,
With Batts, and Staves, and Stones as thick as hail;
No way to save himself, of Life no hope,
He quits his Rudder fastned to the Rope,
To neerest Coverts bare-breech'd *Isgrim* flies,
Whilst mingled Shouts and Clamours Scale the Skies.

Moral.

Those that at Private, or at Publick Feasts,
Use to invite themselves 'mongst bidden Guests:
Often upon them such Affronts are put,
They had been better at the Three-peny-Cut.

Fab. XXII.

2. *Of the same Wolf and Fox.*

GLad of the Mercy and Escape so fair,
Though with no little smart and Gascoins bare,
Whilst he lay licking whole, his scarce no stump,
Rusticks in Tryumph bearing round the Rump:
Thus *Isgrim* did his bosome disembogue;
How shall I be Reveng'd upon this Rogue?
Who me in Danger put, and utter shame,
To be thus despicable as I am;
Where shall I wander now? where shew my face?
Bearing about the brand of my Disgrace?
How shall I be disguis'd, or which way drest,
Unless I wear a Tunick and a Vest?
I that abhorr'd all Fashions, what e'r New,
Must bid to those my dogging modes adieu;
I'll lay my Vizzard by, a *Hector* turn,
And my too Formal Sanctity adjourn;
Fall on this subtle *Fox* where e'r we meet:
No, 'twill not do, Wit must encounter Wit;
Thus Clad I'll to the Court, the *Lion's* Sick,
Mint on my Brains, and shew him Trick for Trick.
This said; he lays aside his formal shape,
His Sheep skin Cloak, and Mutton-Velvet Cape,
Puts on a Vest, that cover'd his Disgrace,
And with a Peruke owl'd his *Wolvish* Face;
Low-crown'd his Hat, not the same Beast he show'd,
So forth he walks, a New Old *A-la-mode*:
Entring the Court, he in the Royal Hall,
The King and Queen saw, sitting at a Ball;
Dancing *Baboons*, and Singing *Parachitts*,
The *Lion* eas'd in Melancholly sits;

Up in a Bower his Cats and Fiddles ſtood,
The band twice Twelve, made Galiards in the blood.
The Paſtime over, *Iſgrim* did appear,
And going forth, deſir'd his Royal Ear,
He his old Counſellor, though diſguis'd, not balks,
But a turn with him in the Gallerie walks:
Then he himſelf applying, from his Forge,
New Anvil'd Spleen and Malice did diſcharge.
I from a populous City came of late,
Where all Diſeaſes ſell at any Rate,
Who Golden ſhowers poure in a *Danae's* Lap,
Only to purchaſe a ſufficient Clap:
Small-pox is little valued, leſſer Swine,
All ſeek the beſt, they barter may for Coyn;
About your Health inquiſitive, I found
Thoſe that kept Patients Sick, could make them ſound,
At Spring and Fall their bloods did ſo firment,
To pay them twice a Year their conſtant Rent;
I 'mongſt thoſe Doctors met a Reverend Sage,
And told him your Diſtemper, Sir, and Age,
Not only truſting Practiſe, down he took
From Shelves with Learning loaden, an Old Book,
The Text and ſtuff'd up Margents long ſurvey'd,
And thus from *Gallen's* Obſervations, ſaid;
The Perſon diſaffected, vext with Fumes,
Vertiginous, Vapours, and diſtilling Rhumes,
Muſt Purge, muſt Dyet, and muſt Iſſues make:
But Old, take care leſt any Cold he take:
Get him warm Furs, his Garments line and face,
Nothing more Soveraign than a *Foxes* Caſe;
That only will, if Rich, ſoather all flawes
Of Wintry Age, and quite remove the Cauſe.
Then ſaid the *Lion*; A *Fox* skin ſo good
Youth to renew, and circulate the blood!

King

King Craft, and graveſt Counſellors alledge
That *Foxes* Tails beſt Royal Ermin edge.
Then *Iſgrim* ſaid; Sir *Reynard* now gone down,
That in late Turmoils fought againſt your Crown,
And Knighted ſince by You, get him to Court,
And your dear Life to lengthen, cut his ſhort.
The *Lion* likes th' Advice, and Orders ſtraight
That on Emergencies, Affairs of State,
He ſhould attend the King, whom more to blind,
His Gracious Letter he both Seal'd and Sign'd;
No Common Meſſenger, nor uſual Poſt,
Were ſent, by which the buſineſs might be loſt,
But a ſwift *Tyger*, that like Lightning flew,
The Work thus perfected, the King withdrew;
And *Iſgrim* joyful of his well plaid part,
Goes to his Lodgings with a Merry Heart.

MORAL.

He that receives a Wrong ſhould bear it too;
Are they too Subtle, or too Strong for you?
Better ſit down, Loſs and Affronts diſgeſt,
Then Riſing, tread upon a Serpents Neſt.

FAB.

Fab. XXIII.

3. *Of the ſame Wolf and Fox.*

THis Cloſet-ſecret, the whole Juncto two,
Early next morning, ſly Sir *Reynard* knew,
His Penſioners, Intelligencers there,
Pick'd out each Whiſper from the King's own Ear;
Such as their Prince and Countrey, ſuch as would
Their Wives! their Wives and Children ſell for Gold:
Who Publick Spirits count both weak and baſe;
Let Private Intereſt, ſelf-concern take place:
What care they if whole Kingdoms ſinck or ſwim,
So they buoy up and float above the brim.
Startl'd at firſt, a conſternating Cold
Agu'd his Joynts, attack'd lifes warmer Hold,
Soon as his better Spirits cleer'd the Damp,
And ſparks of Courage, lightned Reaſons Lamp;
Then *Reynard* ſpake; Be circumſpect, and quick,
Miſchief prevent, and ſhew him Trick for Trick;
To Cure the *Lion*, muſt I be uncas'd?
You may be met with, *Wolf*, for all your haſt.
This ſaid, he all bemires his Back and Head,
In Carrion rowls, where *Rooks* and *Ravens* fed,
So to Court goes, ſo Arm'd with this Diſguiſe
And noyſome ſtench, to play his Maſter-Prize;
And ſoon he came where the Old *Lion* ſate,
Bemelancholled and Diſconſolate.
But when he ſaw Sir *Reynard* there, he ſaid;
Couſin! draw neer, to ſee you I am glad;
You muſt for me, a buſineſs undertake,
Concerns my Life, and Crown! why draw'ſt thou back?
Come

Come neer, and me your King advice afford,
The work's too knotty for our Council-Board:
They only follow Sport, Eat, Drink, and Droll,
Scarce one a Learned or a Knowing Soul.
Then *Reynard* ſaid; Ah my moſt gracious Liege!
I thus beſpatter'd with foul dung and ſiege,
Sir, ought not in your Royal Preſence ſtand,
But that I bring you from a Forreign Land,
Fair Overtures of Health, nay, certain Cure,
For lingring Sickneſs worſe than Calenture;
What Comfort boaſts the Emperour of the World?
Whoſe Cheeks bear pale Diſtempers, Flags unfurl'd;
When *Hypocondrick* fumes, more ſtrong than ſpells,
Or Pulpits, Conjure up ten thouſand Hells,
Legions of Devils, and as many Saints,
Breathing Rebellion, Oaths, and Covenants;
Tortur'd with Fancy worſe than his Diſeaſe,
He Lives or Dyes, as Court Phyſicians pleaſe.
Obſerving Sir, that all in Phyſick dealt,
Oftner our Purſes than our Pulſes felt;
And whenſoeve. Double Fees not drop,
They leave their Patient then in little Hope;
Gallenick this, *Chymiſtrie* that pretends,
Their chiefeſt Learning *Greek* and *Latine* ends:
So I at laſt, a great Magician found,
That only dealt with Spirits under-ground;
By me importun'd much, he call'd from Reſt,
Old *Æſop*, that Renown'd Methologiſt;
Who firſt to buſineſs found the neareſt way,
What in long Sermons, Orators could ſay
Of State Affairs, of Moral, or Divine,
His *Cock* and *Bull* contracts all in a Line.
Whoſe pale Shade told me, vain were Med'cines all,
You might perhaps, linger a Spring, and Fall;
But

But you your course must finish e'r the Sun
Could through the Ecliptick, Annual periods run.
I grieving much, straight made this sad reply;
Ah! must my dear and Royal Master dye?
When thus he spake in few and pithy words,
One only Med'cine the whole World affords,
Whose Soveraign Power can o'r his Fits prevail;
And that's a *Wolf*, a *Wolf* without a Tail;
Whose brisly Skin must gird him Back and Side,
This in seven dayes shall Cure, if well apply'd.
This said, the Vision fled the dazling light,
Since when I neither rested Day, nor Night,
To bring from Shadows, and the Gates of Hell,
What us must Happy make, and You, Sir, Well.
My hast and your Necessity, hath made
Me venture in your Presence, thus bewray'd.
Whose there? the King said; On your lives not fail,
But fetch me straight a *Wolf* without a Tail.
When one reply'd; *Isgrim* late come to Court,
A Rudder wants, or else 'tis wondrous short:
To hide his wants, thus he himself hath drest,
His *Sheep-skin* Cloak turn'd to a Coat and Vest:
Ha, said the Monarch; Bid him hither straight;
No sooner entered, but he met his Fate.
The *Lion* throws him back upon the floor,
And off his Skin, and out his Bowels tore.
No sooner *Reynard* saw thus *Isgrim* strip'd,
But to *Fox-hall* the sly Insulter slip'd.

MORAL.

Not he who First, but Last, the King's Ear gets,
At subtle Plots, and counterminings beats:
Yet they who Foremost Charge, cry Traytor first,
Play a fore-game, and seldome get the worst.

FAB.

Fab. XXIV.
Of the Camel and the Fly.

THat Emblem of Impertinence, the *Fly*.
Mounted upon a *Camel* Steeple-high;
Becauſe the laden Monſter ſlowly went,
Her petulant humour ſtirr'd up, did firment,
Who pitch'd upon a Turbant o'r a Pack,
In a high Chaſe thus Arrogantly ſpake.
Why? Bunch-back, creep'ſt thou in ſo ſmooth a (Road?
Am I ſo great a Lady? ſuch a Load?
This Tiffany Whisk, and Sarſnet Cloak of mine,
Ne'r Navel gall'd, nor broke a Horſes Chine;
Haſte thou dull Lump of fleſh, why doſt not goe?
This Morning is Sir *Cranion* Wedded know,
To Madam *Lady-Bird*, more Fair and gay
Than *May* her ſelf, and all the Flowers in *May*;
There will be painted *Flyes* of all Degrees,
Prime Courtiers, and the King himſelf, of *Bees*;
Gnats, *Humbles*, *Hornets*, twenty four his Band,
(a) *Hybleans* Conſort ready at Command;
Who late Preſented *Jove* a Hony-comb,
Sent with Gifts loaden, and great Honours home;
His (b) Waxen Realms to Strengthen and advance,
Above the Power of Change, or fickle Chance;
The Married Pair preſent their Royal Gueſt
A ſtately Maſque, after a ſumptuous Feaſt;
And I my Self, whoſe Name you needs muſt know,
Dame *Gadfly*, am Invited to the ſhow:
Had I a Switch or Spur, I'd pay your coat,
That thus with Calling make ſo Hoarce my Throat.
The *Camel* hearing from his Fardle come
Vexatious buzzes, and ſo loud a Hum,

(a) Which Epithite is derived from *Hybla*, a City in *Sicily*, where is great ſtore of *Thyme*, which is the cauſe why that Hony is the moſt pleaſant.

(b) See *Virg: Georg.* lib. 4.

Illum adò placuiſſe apibus mirabere morem,
Quod nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpore ſegnes
In ventrem ſolvunt, aut fœtus nixibus edunt:
Verum ipſæ foliis natos, & ſuavibus herbis
Ore legunt: ipſæ regem parvoſque quirites
Sufficiunt, aulaſque & cerea regna refingunt.

'Tis ſtrange that Bees ſuch cuſtomes ſhould maintain,
Venus to ſcorn, in wanton Luſt diſdain
To waſte their ſtrength: and without throws they breed,
But cull from leaves, and various flowers, their ſeed.
Their Kings and petty Princes they proclaim,
Then Palaces, and Waxen Kingdoms frame.

Thought that ſome Spirit Ranted in the Sky;
But when he ſaw there but a Summer *Fly*,
Why Madam *Gad*? why all this ſtir? he ſaid;
My Maſter for your place you never paid:
If I could reach thee with my Train or Teeth,
I'd make thee far unfit to Roaſt, or Seeth;
You that ſo poor and Proud are; one ſmall laſh,
Would turn thee boneleſs Nothing to a Haſh.

MORAL.

The noyſe of Wrangling Gameſters at their Games,
Makes Heavenly Muſick to your All-tongu'd-Dames:
Eccho a Voyce without a Body ſtrange!
Let Silent Women 'mongſt ſuch Wonders range!

FAB. XXV.

2. *Of the ſame Camel and Fly.*

DAme *Gad-fly* now that ſuch a puther kept,
Returning home, on the ſame *Camel* ſtept;
Weary with Dancing at the Bridal, where
So many Fleſh-*Flys* and hot Courtiers were;
The laden Beaſt through beaten Tracts jog'd on,
Till both his Journy and the Day were done;
The *Fly* warm ſitting in bright *Phœbus* beams,
Pav'd all her paſſage with delightful Dreams;
Whilſt through deep waies on went the burthen'd Slug
His Reins and Harneſs rattling, ſhe ſate ſnug:
But when the *Sun* behind th' opacous Globe
Suffer'd Ecclipſe, Cold, pierc'd her ſlender Robe;
At which ſhe waking, bruſles up her Tail,
Then lighting pearch'd upon the neighbouring Pale;
With Curtſies after Curtſies, Lady *Gad*,
Thus to the *Camel*, oft repeating, ſaid:
Sir, I'll no farther trouble you to Night,
In Compaſſion of your Burthen light,
My many ſhanks I ne'r ſo eaſie rode,
You muſt be Weary ſure, with ſuch a Load!
I ſlept all day, thoſe ſleep ſit Heavyer far,
Than thoſe that wake, and talk, and jocund are;
Your humble Servant; thouſand kiſs'd hands, pray
Make uſe of my Houſe when you come that way.
The *Camel* then; Pox on thee, art thou there?
Did ever any ſuch a Goſſip hear?
Excuſive Complements vex ten times more
Than all your petulant ranting talk before;
Begon, elſe ſomething on thee I'll beſtow
You'll thank me for, ſince you I nothing owe;

I feel no Ladys weight, th' are all so light,
But words may load me, that a Ship would fraight;
The Hills and Dales I past, Plashes and Banks,
Not so much tir'd me, as your vexing thanks;
Strange trouble are your Complemental *Gnats*!
That neither Mony, Manners have, nor Sprats.

MORAL.

Poor and low breeding makes Phanatick Elves,
Competitors with Kings conceive themselves:
Porters may think they bear a Kingdoms waight,
And are the only Atlasses *of State.*

FAB. XXVI.

3. *Of the same Camel and Jupiter.*

OUr *Camel*, he that bore Dame *Fly* of late,
Had got a Maggot now in his own Pate;
Long-fed in Pasture, and at plenteous Stalls
Fat, in a fit of Melancholly falls;
Prick'd up with Provender and swelling Pride,
To *Jove* thus sadly he himself apply'd.
O thou that Rul'st the lower and upper World!
Where nightly thy bright Ensigns fly unfurl'd;
On me a wretched Beast, take some Remorse,
That under-valued am beneath a Horse!
I am become to all the Field a Scorn,
What Taste hath tender Grass, or purest Corn?
What all my Ease? what my continued Feasts?
Imbitter'd still with Jeers and biting Jests?
They say, I bear a Fardle on my Back,
And only need behind, a Pedlars Pack;
Tell me betwixt my Belly and my Brains,
A gutter falls as deep as two long Lanes;
To set out my Deformity and Want,
Honour and Arms upon my Temples plant;
Adorn my Frontispiece with stately Horns,
Not with Ram *Belin's*, but the *Unicorn's*;
Then I shall keep *Monkeys* and *Apes* in awe,
And from his perch bring down the jeering *Daw*;
Then I shall be a stately Beast indeed,
And all those Scoffers at my pleasure Feed.
Then *Jove* said, smiling at his fond Request;
Thou mak'st thy self the same deformed beast,
By your Petition, and as foolish too,
As when in Lampoones they decypher you:

Horns on that Head already rais'd so high !
Sure thou hast some Design upon the Sky !
To strike down Constellations in their March,
Unhinge our Throne on Heavens supremest Arch ?
Storm our Twelve Houses (a) Watches rout, and
Eternal Centreys and Nocturnal Guards : (Wards,
Since thou for Arms and such additions prayst,
I'll take from thee those Ornaments thou hast ;
Hermes straight fetch, said *Jove*, yon Monster's Ears,
And in Our Hall 'mongst Crests and Hoods of *Bears*,
'Mongst other Forfeitures to Us that fall
On like occasions, nail them to the Wall.
This said, the God Descends through Chrystal
And with a blast of Lightning crops his Ears; (Sphears
Heavens Court the *Camel* oft in vain implor'd,
But they the Gates of Hearing ne'r restor'd.

(a) See *Virg. Æneid.* lib. 2.

Invadunt Urbem somno, vinoque sepultam ;
Cadunturvigiles, portisque patentibus omnis
Accipiunt socios, atque agmina conscia jungunt.

They take the Town, buried in Sleep and Wine ;
They kill the Watch, and straight at open Gates,
Receive their Friends, and joyn to their known Mates.

MORAL.

Should Princes grant what e'r their Subjects ask,
They soon would put them to a second task :
That Gracious They all Patents would Repeal,
The Giddy Vulgar know not when th' are well.

FAB.

Fab. 27. 28.

Fab. XXVII.

Of the Lamb and the Crow.

A Petulant *Crow* with Carrion banquets gorg'd,
And noysome Offalls, to *Bears College* barg'd;
Look'd round a soft and steadier seat to find,
Than a rough branch, that danc'd with every Wind;
Spying a *Lamb*, said she; No further search,
On yon soft Couch, that silken fleece I'll pearch,
Her short result put straight in Act, she came,
And Quarters settles on the harmless *Lamb*;
Who when he felt a burthen on his back,
And hovering saw one lighted, all in Black,
Supposing some great Lady there had been,
That only Rested, not took up her Inn,
He patiently endur'd; but when she staid
As in her Lodgings; thus the Sufferer said.
Madam, who e'r you are, I not enquire,
But wish to Privacy you would retire;
Though soft the Palat, yet you Curtains want,
Unfit to duel with a brisk Gallant;
Need you a moving Brothel? Call a Coach,
There's all Conveniency and less Reproach;
Be what you will, Court-Dame, Goddess, or Nymph,
I would not bear your Bed, and be your Pimp.
Then said the *Crow*; Why how now sawcy Jack?
Thinkst thou a Strumpet sits upon thy back?
Were I a Pleasure-Lady here I'd sleep,
And this place as my own apartment keep.
The *Lamb* reply'd; Lady I am content,
If you will pay my Master Chamber-rent;
He hath a thousand tricks, a thousand wayes,
To lose you in Laws intricating Maze;

A Lawyer who his Neighbours keeps in awe,
Will Sue them for the turning of a Straw;
A heinous Trespass o'r his Hedge to peep;
Lady, agree with him before you sleep.
Then she reply'd; Your Master I will match,
E'r he proceed he first must me attach;
But e'r Dog-Sergeants come, I'll take my flight,
Where never Under-Shrieve shall on me light;
Disturb no more, nor keep me from Repose,
Lest I instead of Parlying fall to blows.

Moral.

Poor and Proud Tenants hard are off to claw,
Possession being Eleven Points of the Law:
Are we not able Tyrants to Supplant?
Better with Patience suffer, than to rant.

Fab. XXVIII.

Of the Crow and the Pitcher.

THe *Crow* this said, Indulging wholesome rest
Her station kept, foul Banquets to digest;
When her from sleep a hot alarum wak'd,
Cates which in Dog-dayes *Phœbus* stew'd and bak'd;
Strange Insurrections in her bowells nurs'd,
Turning high Surfeit into Raging Thirst;
Then looking round, she on the neighbouring Bank
A *Pitcher* spies, well shouldered in the Flank;
Who straight o'r-joy'd, forsakes her Landlord *Lamb*,
And to this Cistern for Refreshment came.
The *Pot* then smiling, said, Your hopes are vain,
A Bucket wants my Treasury to drain;
You from my well-neald Margents may survey,
How on my water, beams reflecting play;
But down your throat one drop shall ne'r distil,
A *Swans* Neck wanting, or the *Cranes* long Bill.
The Thirsty *Crow*, this said, thrust down her Nib,
A Dry bob finding for expected bib;
Jeer'd and defeated, now she must aswage,
Not only burning Thirst, but burning Rage;
Her Brains she romag'd, her Invention stirr'd,
Fancy presents what e'r she saw or heard;
To mind then calling an *Athenian Owl*,
That kept hard by, a Philosophick School,
Who much insisted on three (a) Elements,
And how the Liquid yield unto the Dense,
Water shuts Air out, but a Turfe or Stone,
Makes that to swell and break its (b) spherick Cone.
True, said the Bird, were you as deep as Hell,
I'l Conjure up your Liquor with this Spell;

(a) The fourth Element is quite exploded by all Modern Writers.

(b) The Water swelling above its margents Spharically.

Then labour'd ſhe to vindicate her Cauſe,
With Pebbles ſtuff'd her bill and griping Claws,
Too and again, with ſtones then trudging hopps,
And till ſhe ſaw moyſt Margents, never ſtops;
Then pearching on the baffled *Pitchers* brim,
Exhauſted Liquour ſtretch'd her bellys rimme.
Sure Dame you are no Witch, the *Crow* then ſaid;
Although ſo Eloquent a Speech you made;
You bad at buſineſs are, though good at words,
You thought like *Pitchers* were Ætherial Birds;
Dull Earthen Clod, that ſtand'ſt like *John a Dreams*,
O'r Rocks and Mountains Art will carry Streams;
Againſt the (c) *Auſtrian Eagles*, *Storks*, and *Cranes*,
Dry Land to Sea turn'd, Seas to ample Plains;
Us'd Water as they liſted, now enrag'd,
Both Armies are midſt ſtanding Corn engag'd;
Flagſhips ſoon after, on the ſelf-ſame ſpot,
Draw up bold Squadrons plying Canon-ſhot;
You that ſo Wiſe were in your own Conceit,
To me now as a Miſtreſs, ſtand in Debt;
But ſince no Credit get we by a Fool,
I'll thus at once begin, and break up School.

(c) See *Bentevolio* and *Famianus Strada*, in their Hiſtory of the *Low-Country* Wars with *Spain*.

MORAL.

What unto ſome Impoſſible appears,
Time, Induſtry, a Purſe, and Conduct, cleers:
Wares River, building Paul's, *and ſuch like Works,*
Lay under Jeers, and Scribling Poets jerks.

FAB

Fab. 29

Fab. XXIX.

Of the Wind and an Earthen Vessel.

TO a grand *Bottle* neiling in the Sun,
Thus *Boreas* in huffing terms begun;
What art thou bullie Monster? thou that hast
Such a prodigious *Hogen Mogen* Waste!
As if design'd to empty brimming Quarts,
And when Cork'd up, a bundle be of——
Great King of Belly-Gods, I shake to think
What thou wilt be, fill'd up with Barmie Drink!
What face is that which on thy stomack seems,
To dare the *Sun* 'midst all his glaring Beams?
Art thou *Long-Parliament* without a Head?
And that th' old *Speaker* on thy Girdle-stead?
Must in that womb a *House of Commons* sit?
Frothing and fuming, there their venome spit,
Which open'd, bouncing Votes asperse the Sky,
King, Lords bespattering, and who e'r stand by: (steer,
When *Copper* Raign'd, Malt-worms the Helm did
And Nations Rul'd with Cut-throat stinging Geere;
What from so base a Vessel can we hope,
Must firment giddy and mad-headed Tope?
Then spake the *Jugg*; Know Fool, I am not built
For *Dagger-ale*, and *Commoners*, a Tilt;
Which mild at first, turn Vinegar grown old,
Too sharp for Peers, and with their King too bold.
A Merry Boy, the Merriest of the Three,
Bespoke my Predecessor failing, me
Though *China* Ware, so stands our brittle Fate,
That we come broken home, early or late;
I must supply his Major Generals place,
Who after Treatments and a pittanc'd Grace,

All took away, Women, weak vessels gone,
Cryes Battel bid, those that remain fall on;
Bottles forlorn, all *French*, first fury stands
Bravely a while, short work make many Hands;
Soon-routed comes the Main, a stronger dosse,
Surrounding me, my Guard *Long-beard le Grosse*;
Here Cavaleers true Valour shew indeed,
I and my Adamantine Squadrons bleed;
Me to a Supernaculum they drain,
Then Triumph o'r the numbers of the Slain:
But who art thou that mak'st with me so bold?
I hear a Voyce, and feel backbiting Cold;
Though in the Sun my Face and Belly bake,
Thou makst my Neck and tender shoulders ake;
Yet thou no Sinewes, Muscles hast thou none,
But Vapour'st only, in a *Hectoring* tone;
I th' early product of this single day,
Have substance, and a Body, though of Clay;
If thou darst cope, here I shall stand thy shock,
As Waves dispierce thee beating 'gainst a Rock;
Thy muster'd Attoms I'll so disunite,
In rowted Eddies they themselves shall fight.
When *Boreas* Angry, thus began to huff;
Know Dust, know empty Pride, and brittle stuff,
I am a King, with me my fourteen Sons,
All Princes, Govern *Artick* Regions;
Seven *Eurus* Race, seven *Zephyres* Daughters Wed,
I only cold, lye in a single Bed;
Reciding much in *Caledonia*, Coasts
Espous'd to Winter and eternal Frosts;
Great Power I o'r those barren Confines vaunt,
Invincible Necessity and Want
Joyn'd with my starving blasts, first sign'd th' Intreague,
Of their so late dire Covenanting League;

Thence

Thence march'd we on, with Sword, and Book, and Gun,
I Charg'd the *South* with Snow, with Clouds the *Sun*;
Till Southern Yeomen help by Northern Lowns,
Trampled on Scutcheons, Crosiers, and Crowns;
And Topsie turvie turn'd, in quest of Spoyls,
Three Famous Kingdoms, and two fertile Isles;
But thee, I for thy sawcinesse will tear,
That such Affronters may of Kings beware.
This said, the angry Prince, lest breath should fail,
Charg'd with small shot, a shower of battering Hail;
And the o'rweening Vessel at the first,
In thousand shards, and uselefs splinters burst;
Pots, *Pans*, and *Pipkins*, no small sufferers were,
Company their Crime, and only being there;
The *Potter* wondring at the suddain Clap,
Lost in the Hurley burley storme, his Cap;
Recovering Breath, thus Conquering *Boreas* said,
Conceited Fools such Objects should be made.

MORAL.

Princes should not, till they are Settled in
Kingdoms regain'd, a Foraign War begin:
Great is the Work old Ruins to repair,
And fix 'gainst suddain Gusts, their Tottering Chair.

FAB.

Fab. XXX.

Of the Painter and the Devil.

AS in deep Extasie upon a peece
Must Modern *Latium* stain, and antient *Greece*;
The Story various, many figures in't,
A *Painter* sate, 'mongst which, the Fiend in Print,
As most concern'd, must take a special place;
In his own Colours and true *Devils* Face;
Yet to be Horrid, as the common Guise,
Horns, spirie flames, Fire in his glaring Eyes,
His gaping Jaws wyre-drawn from Eare to Eare,
Serpents contorted, mix'd with elfloc'kd Hair,
Would not stand well; a *Devil* of the times,
A Demure Fiend that holds forth godly Crimes;
That Smiling Stab'd, Cheating with Yea and Nay,
A handsome Goblin for a Holyday,
He now must Draw; at last he falls to Paint,
What well might stand for *Satan* or a *Saint*,
A *China* (a) *Cacademon*, the fore ground,
Fills with bold Shadows like a statue round: (touch)
Which whilest he Finish'd, heightning touch by
Till as he fancy'd, he had Pourtrai'd such;
Whilst his new Idol he licks o'r and o'r,
A Person enters he ne'r saw before;
After some Formal Congees, Cap and knee,
Let me, he said, Sir, no Disturbance be,
Pray keep your place, a *Virtuoso* I am,
And your Admirer, hither sent by Fame;
Though in this Town I long have frequent been,
And me perhaps in Publick you have seen,

(a) The *Indians* usually paint the Devil White.

Leading

Fab: 30:

Leading a Troop, or in the Pulpit, where,
You ſeldome viſits make, or if you e'r
To the *Long-Parliament* had your ſelf adreſt,
Where nothing paſt without my Worſhips Teſte;
We might have been acquainted, there I cou'd
Have done a Perſon of your worth ſome good;
So I till now, no means could find to own
You, Honour'd Sir, nor make my ſelf thus known.
Whilſt th' Artiſt Eye ſcarce from his Work did ſtir,
Anſwering to all, Ah Sir, your Servant Sir;
He thus went on; This Figure newly drawn
Which now you ſeem ſo much intent upon,
Shews rarely well, you with no ſparing hands,
Here dropt your Skill, how boldly off it ſtands!
Pray let me ask you, Sir, without offence,
Are you acquainted with His Excellence?
Or late from the *Low-Countrys* got his sketch?
How e'r, the World the Work ſhall never Match;
Or ſhould this be, a Fancy all your own,
Proving ſo like that Prince, to me well known,
His Sitting ſpar'd, ſome means Sir, might be made,
That you may double be, and trebly paid.
Who ſcarce by th' Artiſt minded, thus went on;
Attention rowſing in a lowder tone.
Sir, Sir, look up, here ſtands he whom you paint,
Monſieur Deveil, th' old *Low-Country* Saint;
In my own likeneſs thus my ſelf I ſhow,
That you may ſuch a Friend in Perſon know.
At this the *Painter* ſtarts up from his place,
On's Picture ſtares, then in the *Devils* Face;
To him affrighted, *Hogen Mogen* ſaid;
Be not ſo diſcompos'd, be not afraid;
What ſee you here? no Tempeſt on my Brow,
But all ſerene, juſt as you paint me now!

There

There ſtands my Self, each Lineament as well,
As if the Picture had been drawn in Hell;
And we have ſeveral famous *Painters* there,
Mongſt whom e'r long, You, Sir, expected are;
Where we mad *Devils*, merry Boys, and Waggs,
Change Fire-brands mounted on Infernal Haggs;
And when grown weary of thoſe rougher ſports,
We Anticks Dance beyond all Maſques in Courts;
And have our Poets in their ſeveral Desks,
Writing *Lampoons*, Plays Riming, and *Bourlesks*,
We act *Ragooe* there, *Sandie*, *Tegue*, and *Thump*,
And merry are, as when you burnt the *Rump*;
You by this Face my Character may find,
Theſe your own Lines are Tables of my mind;
Slight Fireſide-ſtories, and ſuch idle Dreams,
When we are pleas'd, we are in the Extreams,
For me ſo well thus Pencil'd Fiend and fair,
I would not Gold preſent, increaſing Care,
Ask ſomething may about your Heart ſit warm,
Againſt all Fears and Jealouſies to arm,
Bethink your ſelf of ſome Rich Jewel, will
Keep ſweet Contentment in your Boſome ſtill.
The Artiſt though much troubled and diſmaid,
Thought if the Fiend for him a Favour had,
He ſhould uncivil be to ſlight his grant,
Though (thanks to God) he knew no perſonal want.
Then Romaging his brains, he crys, my Wife
O gracious *Devil*, dearer than my life,
Make her my only Comfort, Joy of joys,
Elſe all this Worlds Felicities are toys;
Ah! out of your abundant goodneſs grant
That none in her imbraces me ſupplant.
The Fiend reply'd; You know not what you ask,
To tranſlate Kingdomes is an eaſier Task!

I that have plaid the Fiend ſince two years old,
Studied this point as much as *Devil* could;
Ranſack'd the Elements, Earth, Sea and Hell,
Could ne'r find ſuch a Charm, nor binding Spell;
Nor Locks nor Keys, nor Adamantine wall,
But when they ſweeten once they break through all.
Yet take this Ring and put it on, ſo long
As this you wear, none you ſhall ever wrong,
This you of Fears and Jealouſies will cure,
And your fair Wife for your own Uſe ſecure,
Safe from all looſe Eſcapes, and wanton pranks;
He on his knees giving old *Satan* thanks:
The flattering Dream, and Golden *Devil* fled,
And he lay waking with his Wife in Bed;
The meaning of the Viſion ſoon he found,
His Finger with incircling *Hymen* crown'd.

MORAL.

Fond Jealouſie, a Paſſion all Extreams
Makes us believe vain thoughts and idle Dreams:
Wives may be True or Falſe to Husbands Beds,
But Fancy'd Horns, put Devils in their Heads.

Fab. XXXI.

Of the Ruſtick and the Flea.

BLood-ſucker! thou that thus haſt broken in,
Commiting Burglary upon my Skin,
When pleaſant ſleep deſcending from the pole,
Refreſh'd with ſoft *Lethæan* Dew, my Soul;
What ſaiſt thou Wretch? what Rhetorick can prevail?
That forfeit Life thou payſt not on the Nail?
Confeſs and Hang, ſuch favour I'll not grudge,
That am your Executioner and Judge;
To an arreſted *Flea* our Yeoman ſaid;
When thus the Prisoner at the Barr did Plead.
Great King of Creatures, Pity my miſhap,
Pity one faln in thy tormenting Trap;
Let my ſad Story melt thy yielding Soul,
To grant a Pardon, or elſe take *Paroll*;
Thy Priſoner from a Priſon ſcap'd ſo late,
Yet feels the preſſures of that heavy Fate;
Where I lay ſhackled in a pondrous Chain
That did a hundred golden Links contain;
Throngs from the Town and Country, nay, the Court,
To ſee my cruel Sufferings made their ſport!
Me when my Maſter had with no ſmall pains
Truſs'd like a Murderer, up to hang in Chains;
He tutered to ſuch activeneſs and ſtrength,
That Laden I leap'd ninety times my length!
Wondring Spectators hem the Table round,
Whilſt to the Roof in gemmeld Gold I bound.
Yet I ſome Pleaſures 'midſt theſe tortures got,
On Vermil Cheeks I oft became a Spot;

Oft

Fab. 31.

Oft in admiring Ladies bosoms Top'd
But never more to purchase Freedom, hop'd;
Me and my Treasure up my Master locks,
In utter Darkness in a silver Box;
When o'r and o'r my lofty tricks were shown,
In such a doleful Dungeon lay I thrown,
I, my Goale open, with no little pains,
Unyok'd my curbing Links and bridling Chains;
At last far off from my deserted Box,
I in this Covert hid, your sheltering Flocks:
Three Days and Nights I kept that Woollen Hold,
Till overcome by Hunger, Thirst, and Cold,
I in dark silence neer your Person crept,
Feeling your warmth, hearing you soundly slept;
There craving *Cerberus* had a little Sop,
Not much above a quarter of a drop,
Which from your purple Isle, your crimson Sea,
Could not be mist, yet sav'd a wandering *Flea*;
This all my Crime, a poor night-walking Thief,
Rather than dye, made bold with your Relief;
Take pity Sir, since you my story know,
And Life thus Forfeited on me bestow.
Then said the *Swain*, Thou Fables dost devise,
Hast hope to save thy Life by telling Lyes?
Thou wak'st me from a Dream, beshrew thee for't,
Loss of the Golden Vision breaks my heart,
To my own Smoky Roofs flung in a trice,
From Seats of Bliss, and joyes of a Paradise!
Such an *America*, a new-found World!
Our gentlest Calms seem ruffled, harsh, and curl'd
To their serenness, all our Delights, annoys,
Felicities of Princes irksome toys;
There I beheld Dames never to be match'd!
Beautys like Stars! not Painted nor be-patch'd!

Nor proudly Waddled, but like (a) Clouds did march
With pace Majeſtick, through Heavens Chriſtal Arch;
'Mongſt theſe a Lady, one moſt Heavenly Fair!
Said, Chear up Friend, no more now toyl nor care;
Spirits no more pour out in briny ſweat,
Early and late the Bread of Sorrow eat;
But here for ever ſport in ſhady Bowers,
Shortning with various Joyes the tardy hours;
A thouſand Years in Pleaſure at the height,
Shall like your Lovers minutes take their flight;
Such *Venus* after-games we here ſhall play,
And ne'r be weary, never feel decay;
I ventur'd fair then for a gentle Touch
To Doe--; what any could, they would, as much:
When me of all my hopes thou didſt bereave,
And with one Pinch awaking, undeceive;
Thou robſt me, Villain, of a heavenly Wife,
And haſt confeſt, ſo forfeited thy Life.
This ſaid, he ſqueez'd from him the blood he got,
Leaving on either Nail a purple ſpot.

(a) The Goddeſſes are obſerved to move like Clouds, not ſtep by ſtep as Mortals.

Virg: Æneid lib. 1.

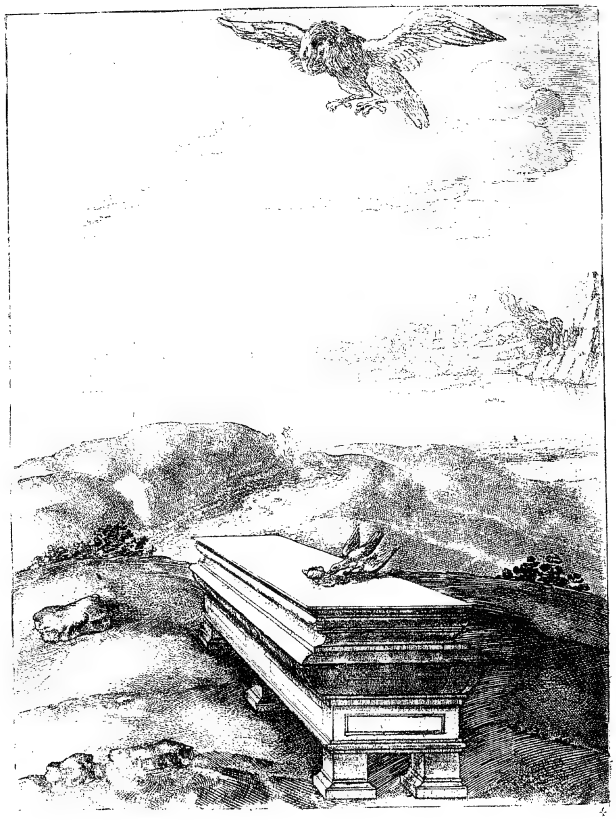
Et vera incessu patuit Dea——

Her Garb a Goddeſs ſhews——

MORAL.

Night-walking Jades whilſt they imbrace, they rob;
The ſweet Dream flying leaves an empty fob:
Moſt ſteal for Want, for Pleaſure few, or ſpight,
Yet ſome in Frolicks do the Gallows right.

FAB.



Fab. XXXII.

Of the Eagle, Oyster, Hare, and Daw.

A Huge drag *Oyster*, Prince of all the bed,
'Mongst others born to Market, almost dead,
The Trotter from his many hundreds drops
In a High-way, hedg'd by a sheltering Cops;
Kemlin the *Hare*, this Monster heard fall down,
And saw full Dorsors jogging to the Town,
Whom drawing neer, admiring she beholds
One like no Bird nor Beast, in Woods or Woalds!
Curious, her foot just as the *Oyster* gasp'd,
She ventring in, the two-leav'd Volume clasp'd;
Thrice try'd she how to make the Monster gape,
As oft if with her clog she might escape,
But all in vain, the *Remora* stuck fast,
And her to Parley thus inforc'd at last.
What e'r thou art, Sea-wonder Bird, or Beast!
The first that e'r I ventur'd on, to Feast,
Free my grip'd Foot; You are a stranger sure!
And under *Fortune's* Frown, not here secure;
And I'll to th' Ocean, if you Water lack,
With a strong Convoy bear you on my back,
See you in safety setled there my self,
In the deep Streams, or bedded on a Shelf;
Deluded with false Hopes, the *Oyster* gapes,
And thence, this said, ingrateful *Kemlin* scapes;
No more her Promise nor Engagement minds,
But to the Hills out-strips the Western Winds.
The *Eagle* look'd upon them all the while,
In one Dish plotting both to reconcile,

Left

Left this should also scape, the Monarch stoop'd,
Made seizure of the Prey so strongly coup'd,
Invested with a rough and double shell,
Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell!
He whets his Beak, his hooked Tallons grinds,
Charg'd often, and as oft Repulses finds;
Three times she opening out-works, put him to't,
Once by his Beak, twice hanging by his Foot:
But whilst the panting King cessation made,
His wide Mouth opening, thus the *Oyster* said.
This Fortress only Steel or Fire must winn,
Your Bill and Claws I value not a pin,
Who first to storm my rough-cast out-works, dar'd
A King, the valiantst Man alive declar'd,
His Knife then slipping, I but rac'd his skin,
And this great Champion dy'd of a Gangreen.
The *Daw* observing from Heavens Chrystal vaults,
How much in vain were all his strong Assaults,
Thus to his Master said; The wish'd for Prize,
Bear to the middle Region of the Skies,
Then drop th' obdurate on yon harder Rock,
So you your Siege shall finish at one shock.
The Counsel pleas'd, the *Eagle* in a trice
Scal'd Galleries stor'd with Rain, Snow, Hail, and Ice;
There perpendicular takes steady aim,
And on hard Marble down the *Oyster* came,
The breaches clattering like a Thunder-Crack!
The Fort lay open for the least attack;
In leaps the *Daw*, and straight to Plunder falls,
There leaving fractur'd shells and broken Walls.
Then said the King, though vex'd, I needs must laugh,
Thus to be Cheated by a cozening *Chough*:
But if I ever catch the *Rook* at Court,
I'll keep him in my Kitchin fasting for't;

There

There he shall starve, and e'r he get one bit
Petition to be beaten with the Spit.

MORAL.

Who deal with Princes drive a subtle trade,
When large Bills swell for worthless Trifles made:
Who make such Audits mount a thousand wayes,
The King's too hard for them, he never pays.

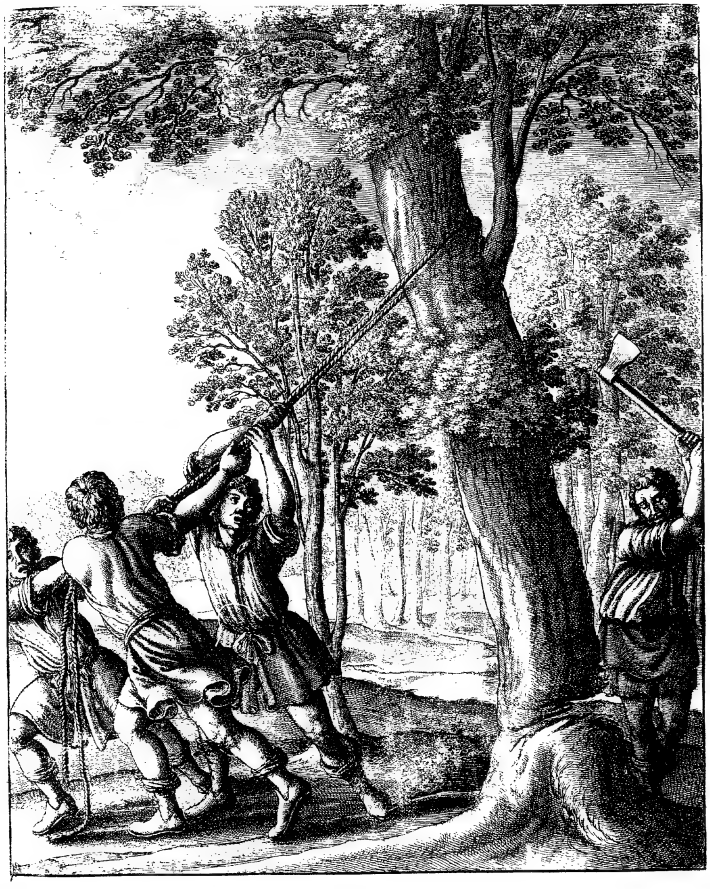
FAB.

Fab. XXXIII.

Of the Cedar and the Shrub.

A *Cedar* whoſe tall Branches did extend
To kiſs the Sky, and Roots to Hell deſcend;
Puff'd up with Pride, ſwoln with vain Folly (big
Owl'd with a buſh and ſtaring Periwig;
Which Madam *May* curl'd for his Summer Cap,
To drop off with the firſt Autumnal clap,
Thus proudly ſpake unto a Neighbouring *Shrub*.
Thou inconſiderate, ill-manner'd Grub,
When I voutchſafe to look thus down on thee,
Scorn'ſt thou to ſtoop, and bow that Wooden Knee?
When by my kindneſs thou art happy made,
From Wind and Sun protected by my ſhade! (Towns,
Knowſt thou not me, whoſe Arms build Tow'rs and
Whoſe Knees make floating Citys on the Downs;
The ſtrongeſt Marble Arch without my Wood,
Ne'r ſtood the Violence of a ſecond Flood;
If my huge Branches ſtrengthen not the Frame,
Down comes the Structure like a Millers Damm!
Nay more, on me the Royal *Eagle* builds!
The *Lion* and his train that range the Fields,
When *Boreas* huffs, or ſcorching *Phœbus* burns,
My Leavy ſhadow to his Palace turns;
The *Mexicans*, as flying Fame reports,
Not only off, but in me build their Courts.
The vain Tree boaſting thus, no end had made,
But that the *Axe* unto the Root was laid;
Then boyſtrous blows reſound, and thundring ſtrokes;
Such bring proud *Cedars* low, and ſturdy *Okes*;
The *Buſh* then ſeeing how her palſied Crown
Sunk by degrees, juſt ready to drop down,

Spake



Spake to the Dying, at her lateſt gaſp,
In Deaths Convulſions trembling like an Aſp.
Hadſt thou been Mean as I, th' hadſt ſcap'd all Tax,
Nor hadſt thou been Condemned to the *Ax*;
Thou that ſo late Contemn'ſt a *Herricane*,
Charg'd with Hail-ſhot, and Deluges of Rain;
Thoſe Covenanting-brethren thirty two,
Winds that not only Threaten but can Doe,
That Spring and Fall, each Change of Weather fly,
Not to the ruine only of the Sky,
But in their rage what e'r Menarchick, bear
O'r Sea and Land and ſweep them through the Air;
Your Parts and Riches, that you ſo did crack,
Though Tempeſts could not, lay you on your back;
I Arm'd with Poverty, thus Mean and Low,
Defie the Hatchet and all Winds that blow.

MORAL.

Who have what e'r their wiſhes could deviſe,
Should ne'r the Poor and abject'ſt Worm deſpiſe:
When altering Times, and fickle Fortunes frown,
Brings oft the Proudeſt in a moment down.

Fab. XXXIIII.

Of the Ruſtick and the Wolf.

A Teſty *Swain* when beatings not avail'd,
His *Ox* with execrations thus aſſail'd;
Legion, ten thouſand Devils on thee fall,
And eat thy quarters up, Atch-bones and all;
Like Summer Flies upon thee feaſting ſit,
Not leaving poor and Serving Fiends a bit:
But if for Beaſts ſuch Spirits little care,
Turks, *Heathens*, *Jews* and *Sectaries* their Fare,
Who living Rebels, ſwallow'd at a Gulph,
Once Three and twenty thouſand! take him *Wolf*;
Thou that now haunts theſe Downs, let *Iſgrim's* Cub
Powder thee up, a diſh for *Belzebub*;
Or let thy Wife with Salt and Pepper ſtrode,
In Collors rowl thee up, Beef *a-la-mode*.
The patrezaring *Wolf* who lay in wait;
Hearing the *Ruſtick* rail at ſuch a Rate,
Himſelf diſcovering, thus puts in his Claim:
I take you at your Word, Sir, here I am;
Swains, ſuch as you, are punctual and juſt,
Keep Promiſe, and prove Faithful to their Truſt;
When the Nobleſs, and Peerage of the Land,
Never pay Debts, and rarely cleer a Bond!
Nay, Citizens, and thoſe of primer Rank,
Whoſe Credits ſtand unqueſtion'd as the Bank;
Crack unexpected, and not then prove ſound,
When Nine pence for a Noble they Compound;
Deliver up your grant, the Bullock pay,
And I'll diſcharge you to this preſent day.
Then ſaid the *Swain*; What Bullock? who are you?
That talkſt of Grants, and mak'ſt ſo much adoe?

Art

Art thou his Son that ſav'd Sir *Reynard's* skin?
Puppie begon, I owe thee not a pin.
The *Wolf* reply'd, Think not to put me off,
My due Demanding with a ſlighting Scoff,
Though you your racking Landlords ſo do pay,
Put nine Months off beyond their Quarter-day;
I look you ſhall be punctual, this my Steer
Deliver ſtraight, or it will coſt thee dear.
Who thus return'd, Fond *Iſgrim* prate no more,
I gave this Bullock to the Devil before,
The firſt Grant ſtands, but two beſides you yet,
Put earlier Titles in, my Pot, and Spit.
This ſaid, he calls his Dog behind the hedge,
Who little thought on, rais'd his formall Siege,
Thence in diſorder the raw Souldier ſcudds,
To ſheltering quarters in the adjacent Woods:

Young *Iſgrim* worſted by a bumkin Blade,
At firſt thus broken ſetting up his Trade,
His Reputation crack'd, ſo much o'rmatch'd,
Labours his Brains, and all occaſions watch'd
His Credit to redeem, obtain his Right,
Or try his Fortune in a ſingle fight.
At laſt the *Ruſtick* and his *Ox* he found,
Fallow converting into Furrow-ground,
To whom he ſaid; Unconſcionable Clown,
To hold from me my Right, and what's my Own,
Whilſt I, my Wife and Children, almoſt ſtarve:
Ah Heavens! what Puniſhment do they deſerve?
Who care not whom they Rob, nor how they Cheat,
Widows and Orphans Goods, like morſels eat,
Reſolve whate'r they gather ſo to keep,
Yet as ſupinely as poor Poets ſleep;
But now thou ſhalt no longer me evade,
Spight of thy Dog and Devil, I'll be paid.

In quiet then deliver up this *Steer*,
Take my Acquittance, and your Audits cleer.
The *Swain* obſerv'd how ſharp-ſet *Iſgrim* look'd,
Ready to eat him and his *Ox* uncook'd!
Abſent his Dog, in danger of his Life!
Straight Arms he diſconceals and draws his Knife,
Putting himſelf in poſture of Defence:
Then ſaid; Come on, your martial Sute commence!
With this I'll trounce your Tripes, your Gullet rip,
Inſpect thy Bowells, and thy Body ſtrip;
Thy Head cut off, I'll carry to the *Kirk*,
The Pariſh pays me for ſo good a Work.
The *Wolf*; ſtartled at *Kirk*, and much diſmaid
At his bright Arms, and bold defiance, ſaid:
Short as you are, as Confident I am,
Thee to ſubdue, as if a Kid or Lamb;
Truſting my Strength, my Courage, and my Cauſe:
But my Humanity puts in a Clauſe!
My Mother was a *Caledonian* Dame,
Lay Elder-like, *War-Wolf* my Grandſire, came,
And 'midſt Devotion mingled *Venus* Work,
As ſhe at Prayers lay groveling in the *Kirk*,
'Midſt grones and feign'd Contrition, her imbrac'd,
And pregnant ſwell'd her then no little Waſte;
Some few Months after ſhe had play'd the Rigg,
With *Wolviſh* ſeed, and *Calviniſme* big,
With that firmenting *Covenant* enrag'd,
Againſt th' Epiſcopacy ſhe engag'd;
Threw the firſt [a] Stone, and after, that her Chair,
Lawn-ſleeves upbraiding, and new Common Prayer;
The Signal given, with a hideous yell,
The [b] *Commers* that ſold Cabages and Kell,
Thunder at once, Stools, Cuſhions, Stones and Myre,
Diſtain'd the Mag-pyes Pontifick Attire;

(a) A Woman ſtruck the firſt ſtroke in the late grand Rebellion.

(b) Gossips.

Mv

My Grannie ſo begun thoſe fatal broiles,
Inflam'd three Kingdoms, and two ſpacious Iſles;
Therefore ſince You and I may be ally'd,
By Arbitration let the caſe be try'd,
Wars doubtful are, and long expenſive Laws,
Let him whom firſt we meet decide the Cauſe,
And to his Judgement promiſe both to ſtand;
On this they agreed, and Seal'd a Counter-bond.

MORAL.

Who ventures on a Foe, and then falls back,
Makes like a Piſtol without Ball, a Crack:
When to take up the buſineſs, Friends he moves,
Braggart himſelf, both Fool and Cowheard proves.

FAB.

Fab. XXXV.

2. *Of the Ruſtick, and the Wolf.*

NOr long with Talk did they the time beguile,
When buſie *Reynard* whips me o'r the ſtyle,
Whoſe Sire th' old *Fox*, bred with much care
Up to the Law, nor his endeavours loſt; (and coſt,
Lucrative ſtudies, early he and late
To Maſter ſtrove, whence Wealth grows ſpight of Fate
If they to Pleading come, will ſweat and trudge:
When both thus ſaid, Behold, an able Judge.
So after Congees to their Work they fell,
And each their Tale to beſt advantage tell;
Then ſaid the *Fox*; To this you'll both abide,
I, I, at once the *Swain* and *Wolf* reply'd.
Then firſt apart he with the *Ruſtick* goes,
And thus affrights, your Caſe, Sir, fouly ſhows;
You have confeſt (a) *primo Leonis*, th' Act
Caſts you, 'gainſt thoſe with evil Spirits contract;
You to the Devil made a Deed of Gift,
If ſuch work once we Lawyers come to ſift,
You are undone, your Life in danger too,
Witches have burnt for doing leſs than You!
Victims, to Promiſe execratious Charms,
The Bullock falls to him that firſt informs:
Not Friends at Court would fetch you off, nor Gold,
Should any lay on this Advantage hold.
The nettled *Swain* with many ill-made Legs,
Of his furr'd *Foxſhip* kind aſſiſtance begs;
Whatever Goods and Lands, though ne'r ſo Rich,
Let him diſpoſe, e'r ſuffer for a Witch.
Who thusreply'd; To make your buſineſs mine,
Your Purſe muſtſtretch, whatever I deſign;

A

A Counſellor or two, we firſt muſt make;
Each may a dozen of your Capons take,
Theſe in the Breach muſt ſtand, make good the Gap,
And may perhaps, your Cauſe e'r Hearing ſtop,
The Bullock ſend unto the *Lion's* Guard,
So get your Pardon and be never Heard:
Me a Fat Gooſe, ſome Chickens for my Wife,
And we, I warrant, ſoon ſhall huſh all ſtrife.
This to perform, himſelf the *Ruſtick* ty'd,
When cunning *Reynard* thus young *Iſgrim* ply'd;
So, pleaſe your *Woolfſhip*, you were much too blame,
To lay your Title in the Devil's Name,
For the foul Fiend; Ah Heavens! Appearance make!
Your wary Sire did never ſo miſtake;
Though he did often *Satan* well adviſe,
And could out-lye the Father of all Lyes;
When e'r to canvaſing your buſineſs comes,
One load of Fagots will prove both your Dooms;
Your own Confeſſions, (Ah! not me imploy,)
The Plaintiff and Defendant will deſtroy;
But more than this, your loud Conteſt I find,
And wrangling in ſuch Paſſion, taking Wind,
A Bird hath carried, and no falſe Report,
To the Kings Eare, and to his Hungry Court,
There, Tables down, they empty lye, and Watch,
Like greedy Fiſh, whatever Prey to catch;
I ſaw them buſtle, Cringe, and making Legs,
This urges Service, that his Promiſe begs;
Be ſuddain, Sir, elſe ſoon you'll ſay, I fear,
You had a fair Eſtate, and once you Were:
With Sheep and fatted Lambs Peace offerings make,
What's all your Worth when Life lies at the ſtake?
A Drolling Favourite, and leſs ſerious Peer
Shall, brib'd, although accus'd of Treaſon, clear;

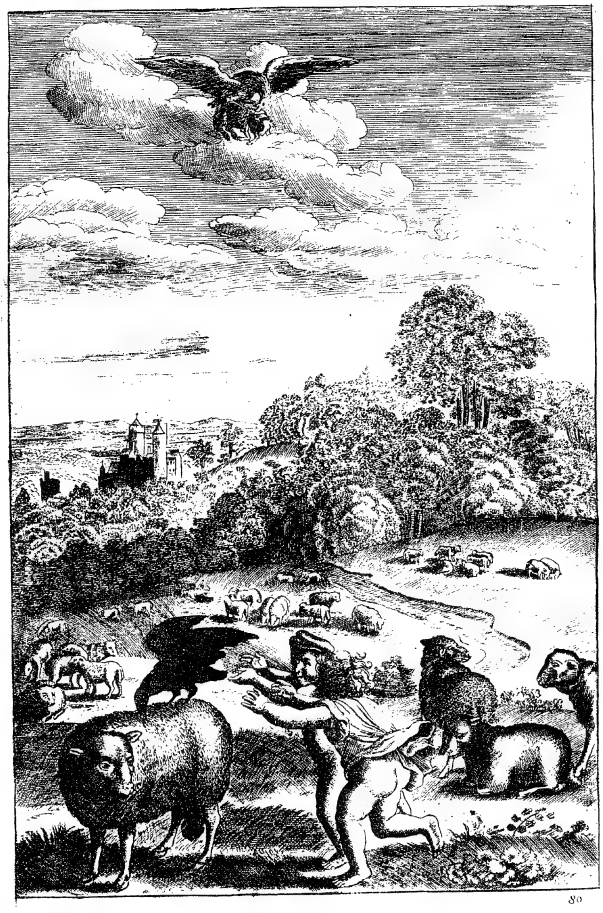
My

My Uncle now in old Lord *Isgrim's* Place,
Shall, with a Present, gain the *Lion's* Grace;
Send all to me, and I'll your Gifts dispose,
Confirme your Friends, and mollific your Foes;
The *Wolf* thus nettled, said, All this I'll doe,
Whate'r 'twill cost me, I'll my Pardon sue.
Thus subtle *Reynard* ended their Debates,
Sharing no little part of their Estates.

MORAL.

Business to Lawyers Arbitration Put,
Whoever shuffles, they the first will Cut:
Go on each side a snip, nor care two pins,
So they fill up their mouths, which party Wins.

BULL. BOD.



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FAB. XXXVI.

Of the Eagle and the Chough.

THe Royal *Eagle* down like Lightning came,
And truſt in griping ſears a tender Lamb,
Then to a Cedars Crown that kiſt the Skies,
To his expecting *Aerie* bears the Prize;
This Flight a *Chough* with admiration ſaw,
Who long had been a Student in the Law.
Then ſaid; Why toyl we thus at Inns of Courts?
Sweating at Breviates, Caſes, and Reports;
Drain *Ployden*, *Dyar*, *Littleton*, and *Cokes*,
About a *Jack a Styles*, and *John an Okes*;
Attend ſeven years e'r call'd unto the Bar:
When Sutes no Fortunes raiſe, like Chance of War,
We a long life may ſpend, and ſweating trudge
To be a Tell-Clock, or a gouty Judge;
Make Term by Term the Hall with Pleadings ring:
When one Field, one ſhort Battel Crowns a King:
We ſpin out Cauſes, Clyents to beguile,
One Lucky Hit concludes the Souldiers toyl;
We only Fleecers be, this *Eagle* came
And made one buſineſs both of Fleece and Lamb;
Litigious Fools Eſtates we oft impair,
Get for our ſelves perhaps, the better ſhare:
But if in Military Power they fall,
Their Lands are ſwallowed, Moveables and all.
Law and the Gown farewel, I'll now turn Blade,
Deſign he puts in Action ſoon as ſaid;

And with a lofty flight cuts ambient Skies,
Thence ſtooping, a fat Weather makes his Prize,
Then with his load thinking to cleave the Clouds!
He found himſelf entrap'd in Woollen ſhrowds;
His Claws and Shanks intangled ſtuck ſo deep,
That he lay Priſoner to his Captive Sheep;
As eaſie he might raiſe this pondrous work,
As bear to Heaven a *Covenanting Kirk*!
The fond Bird ſnapt thus in a fleecie ginn,
The more he labours, ſticks the faſter in;
The Wooll like Quick-ſands, working, deeper drew
About his Claws the intricated Clew.
A *Swain* obſerving his ambitious flight,
A Gowned Lawyer, now turn'd errant Knight,
Thus ſmiling ſaid; Welcome from Inns of Court!
Since you take pleaſure in Wars cruel ſport,
I'll bring you to a Regiment of Waggs,
Who from the Fair mounted on Hobby Naggs,
With Treble Fidle, Tabers, Pipes, and Drums,
All merry Boys, and each his Rattle, comes;
He gives him to the Childiſh Troop, this ſaid,
They lay by nifels, and their trifling trade,
And ſtraight the Fondlings ſeizing, pull and hale,
His Wings they clip, and mutilate his Tail;
And thronging round they queſtion, ask his Name,
His Nation, Parents, Age, and whence he came?
Who ſighing, thus reply'd; I, now your ſport,
Was bred a Lawyer at the Inns of Court;
Thence like the ſoaring *Eagle*, thought to fly
From Chamber-work to Practiſe in the Sky;
But I now finding how I was miſtook,
Confeſs my ſelf a *Temple-garden Rook*;

Which

Which were I there, no more I'd dream of War,
But boldly Chattering, thunder at the Barr.

MORAL.

Thoſe who Experience, Strength or Courage lack,
Taking a Tartar *may themſelves attack:*
But to be ſport for Boys and loytering Jacks,
Little of an Infernal Torture lacks.

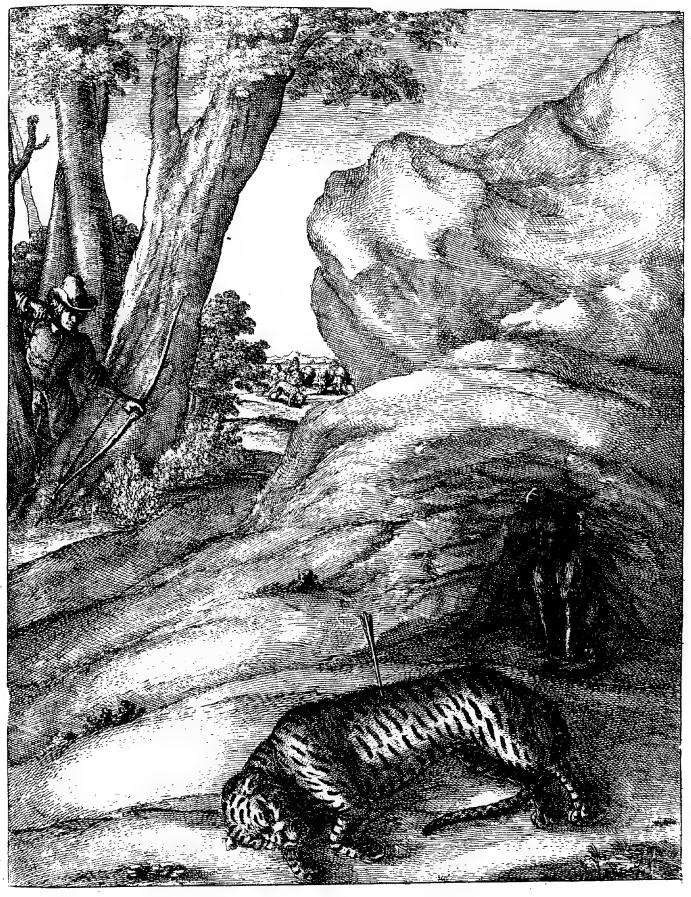
Fab. XXXVII.

Of the Tyger and the Fox.

VVHen Hunting *Nimrods* first began to (shoot,
And at strange distance aiming execute,
Before in Squadrons able Bow-men (stood
Diming noon-Sun beams with a feathered wood,
Againſt Wild Beasts they practise new-found skill,
And Quadrupeds felt only biting Steel;
When in the Forrest this dire work began,
What God they knew not, or more Cruel Man
Them thus afflicted, out they could not start,
But here a Heifer drops, and there a *Hart*.
No Foe in sight, but loe! th' Infernal Hagg,
(a) *Tisiphone*, or else some direr Plague
Brought a Destruction not to be control'd,
None sparing, neither Sex, nor young nor old,
So durst they not from sheltering Coverts draw,
But there lay pining with an empty Maw.
VVhen a bold *Tyger* thus enquir'd the cause;
You Forrest Rangers now who know no Laws,
But your own wills, who pleasure only serve;
VVhat makes you thus pent up to lye and sterve?
Or what *Scorbutick* humor stops your blood?
That thus you languish here and seek no Food.
VVhen one reply'd; We dare not take the Field,
Unless protected with a Tortoise Shield;
Clouds that with *Jove's* Artillerie assail,
Lightning and Thunder, Wind, Snow, Rain, and Hail,
Ne'r us surpriz'd sheltered in Dens and Holes:
Now not a black patch seen 'twixt either Poles;
Some God from cleer expansions Bolts lets fly
Unwing'd with warning Tempest, so, we dy;

(a) One of the Furys of Hell, supposed to torment Homicides.

Or



Fab. 37

Or if we ſcape hurt by unſeen Serenes,
The Wound not Mortal periſh of Gangreens;
And if we fall where ſhot, the Lords of Lands,
Make us their Prize, and ſeize for *Deodands*:
So we reſolve to ſpend here lateſt breath,
Since of all Deaths the worſt is ſuddain Death.
Then ſaid the *Tyger*; *Man* o'r Beaſts hath odds,
As much as over Men Immortal Gods;
But be it Humane, Heavenly Power or Hells,
That kills at once and works ſuch Miracles!
I'll venture a Diſcovery to make;
And good or bad whate'r my fortune take.
This ſaid, the Bold and Nimble waves diſputes
And reaſon baffl'd, from the Covert ſhoots:
No ſooner forth, an Archer him diſcern'd,
Stalking and gazing as not much concern'd,
His tackle ready, cloſe in Ambuſcade,
Drawing his Shaft, thus he to *Phœbus* pray'd.
Grant that yon Monſter with the haughty Garb,
May receive Sentence from this deadly Barb:
Give Pride a Fall, this Arrow in his Breaſt,
Make me the Maſter of his curious Veſt,
Which prizing next to Royal Ermin, ſhall
Hang a gay Trophie, up in *Skinners*-Hall.
Whilſt he at fears and vulgar errors laught,
Apollo grants, and he diſmiſt the ſhaft;
Making no obſtacle a Rib it broke,
And through his Bowels fixt upon an Oke.
He felt ſtrange Agonies through every part,
And Deaths Convulſions ſhake his trembling heart;
Strikes, Tears, and Flings, till almoſt out of breath,
Th' arreſted Patient falls, expecting Death;
At his laſt gaſp whilſt yielding up his Soul,
Spake thus ſly *Reynard* peeping from his Hole;

You

You that but now to venture were so hot,
What? Sink you at a *Privateers* first shot?
A close backbiter that can well defame
You ne'r shall see, and he ne'r miss his Aim;
You are a Courtier in the *Lions* Woods,
There you may find many such *Robin Hoods*;
That from the Kings own Ear their aim shall take,
And though in Favour, an Example make.

MORAL.

Backbiters oft infuse such lasting stains,
That blemish Heirs in after Princes Raigns:
A slandrous Tongue, although upon no ground,
For ever may fair Reputation *mound.*

Fab. XXXVIII.

Of the Eagle and other Birds.

A Tyrant *Eagle* that had dispossest
His Royal Master, and enjoy'd his Nest,
Which more to Feather he a thousand ways,
And griping Counsel studies how to raise.
His pack'd up Parliaments gave what he would,
Enough to build him Forts and Ships of Gold;
Yet though all sorts of Birds were plum'd and pill'd
His Clem'd Exchequers belly never fill'd;
Lone, Taxes, Pole, his Custome and Excise
Lost in their Rivers yield scarce no supplys,
Collectors and Receivers, *Rooks* and *Kites*,
Snip Pounds to Pence, and Shillings into Mites;
The Tyrant by Necessity put too't,
Monopolies and Projects sets a foot.
At last Religion Cloaks his impious aims,
So he an Annual Holyday Proclaims
To *Aquilla* his Grandsire, who now bears
Joves punishing Thunder in his hooked fears;
At last the day of Solemnization came,
From all parts gathering Birds doth Wild and Tame;
Peacocks and Geese, Turkies, Wild-ducks, and Cranes,
The Decoy Temple throng, with several Trains:
They look'd that Griffons there they should behold,
And flying Horses wing'd with Angel-Gold!
There Birds of Paradise, there, would appear
Phœnix, scarce seen once in five hundred year:
But ah! Instead of gaudy, Armed Birds,
Bed-Chamber Harpies, Kites, and Craven Lords
A Guard with griping Tallons ready stood,
Those fatal *Vespers* to conclude in Blood:
Whilst all with suddain Consternations shake,
Thus the Usurper in rough language spake.

We

We with Our urgent Wants and rising Charge,
Oft mildly have acquainted you at large;
Supposing well Our Aims you understood,
Not Private seeking, but the Publick good:
But be it what it will, no more now shall
Our Will and Pleasure question'd be at all;
Since Fate hath put me in the Royal Chair,
Of blasted Reputation I'll beware;
No more I'll wheedle now, cajole or beg,
Make my own Subjects for my Right, a Leg:
But those who boldly oft did me oppose,
Proscrib'd shall all now suffer here as Foes;
I'll make this day prime Offerings of their Blood,
To *Aquilla*, Our Grandsire and Our God.
This said, his Guard at once upon them falls,
Turning expected Feasts to Funeralls!
In heaps lay Massacred the Fat and Tame,
The Rich were Criminals, and most too blame;
The *Eagle* glad his cruel Project took,
Unto his bloody Murtherers thus spoke.
Who would be absolute, a reall King,
By Fear must down Seditious Subjects bring;
Who goes about a Crimson deed by ha'ves,
If one 'mongst thousands his fond Mercy saves,
That proves his Ruin by imperfect Work:
Off the prime Heads at once of (a) Poppies jerk,
Then Rule alone: How'er a Tyrant's brave,
Descending all in Scarlet to the Grave.

(a) Which story you may see at large in *Lucius Florus* lib. 1. cap. 7.

MORAL.

Kings as inclin'd, on several hinges move,
This scorns the Peoples Hate, that courts their Love:
But who with general liking quiet Raigns
A skilful Riders Reputation gains.

FAB.

Fab: 39

Fab. XXXIX.

Of the Pedlar and his Ass.

MUst I be always at this heavy pass?
Still the sides tawing of a stuborn *Ass*?
Will you not mend your pace, so light your (Load,
Such pleasant weather, and so fair a Road?
Thus to his restie Beast the Master said,
Whilst tabring on his coat the Cudgel plaid;
But he the storm with surley patience stood,
As if a Sea-wash'd Rock, or made of wood:
Nor more would from his resolution budge,
Than the severest sentence-passing Judge,
Since blows could not his tender Conscience force,
He thus essaies him with a milder course.
Jog *Assinego*, step by step, make proof
Of this smooth tract, with your imprinting Hoof;
Here are no Plashes, Clods, nor lumpie Clay,
Here, had we time, us two at Dice might play;
No more I'll wreak my Anger on thy Ribs,
But my self feed thee at replenish'd Cribs,
And like a Lord, although an *Ass*, attend,
And Filly-foal shall be thy bosom friend.
Not so the *Polish* Chapman and his (a) Magg,
Rais'd vast Estates, a Gallowway their Nag
Still cheerful bore his Wealth encreasing Pack,
Till he march'd forth a General from a Jack.
When thus grown desperate, spake the moody Beast,
Thee, and thy Fairs and Markets I detest;
After so many stripes that me wouldst sooth
To settle early in thy Cheating Booth;
Last night your Guzeling got into your Pate,
And I must suffer, 'cause you rose so late:

(a) The Pedlar's Wife.

My Father told me Dying, whom you made
Like me, your Slave, like me your Pack-horſe jade;
You more by favouring of that Rebel *Scot*
Than by your Pedling, this your Fortune got:
You with ſeditious Pamphlets ſtuff'd your load,
Long e'r *Mercuriuses* appear'd abroad,
Before Fame plum'd on paper wings could fly,
Plain Truth trod under by proud Madam *Lye*;
Fill'd the illiterate Dorps and Countrey Towns,
With *Cleaver's* works, with *Subtcliff's*, *Dod's*, and
On every Shelf, and Cupboards-head they lay, (*Brown's*;
Opening to grand Rebellion the way;
My hapleſs Father at his lateſt breath
Laid to your Loads and cruelty, his Death:
I ſuffering thus like him, reſolve ſo too,
And dying here, my Murther lay on you.
This ſaid, no longer he ſuſtains his load,
But ſtretch'd himſelf athwart the beaten Road.
When to the deſperate, thus th' inrag'd replies;
Wilt thou lye here, not do thy work, not riſe?
If to the Devil thou intend'ſt to go,
I'll find you tortures worſe than thoſe below;
Thy endleſs beatings, ſhall fill all parts with din,
I'll in twelve Tabers cantle out thy skin,
At Childrens feaſts, at Pupit-plays, and Fairs,
Thoſe reſtleſs Furies, Puddings, Apes, and Hares,
Shall Taw thy hide, and with perpetual noyſe,
Call to lewd Shews, light Girles, and loytring Boys;
Perpetuall baſtings, alwayes to be ſlamm'd
If thou ſo well approv'ſt, Dye and be damn'd.
The *Aſs* then in a melancholly vein,
Splenatick fumes, ſuggeſting Hell and Pain,
Dire Tortures after Death! began to think,
No lucid intervals, no meat nor Drink!

[illegible] Furies labouring on his pelt,
[illegible] Hell wherein he living dwelt,
Where [illegible] amongſt toyl and blows, might reſt and feed:
[illegible] outwent an *Aſſes* ſpeed.

MORAL.

Such Criminalls whom ſoft nor threatning words
Will make confeſs, cock'd Piſtolls, nor drawn Swords;
Tell them of Tortures and Infernall flames,
That brings all out, and greateſt Monſters tames.

Fab. XL.

Of Jupiter and the Ape.

TRansform'd to *Wolves* by *Jove*, *Lycaon's* race,
Once more themſelves transform to Babes of grace,
The briſly beaſt a ſheepskin tunick clouds
And they, though living, walk in Woollen ſhrouds;
Thus carrying on a damnable Deſign,
Not Heaven to take by ſtorm, but undermine;
Monarchick Power up Root and Branch they'll grub,
Thundring from Hell the Pulpit and the Tub,
Heaven's Gates not battering, thus they will unhinge:
So ſatiate both their Avarice and Revenge;
And Lords of the Aſcendant ſwallow down
Bright Conſtellations, Jewells of the Crown,
Levell Revenues, ſhare his Starrie Robes,
Joyning Cœleſtial and Terreſtrial Globes.

Which *Jove* perceiving, ſoon remembred well
How on his Pallace earth-born Bomkins, fell,
Thoſe ranting *Tytonoys* in hurly burly,
(Like ruder Sea-men after Pay grown ſurley)
Strove Heavens twelve Houſes down at once to tear,
Crying, They all light *Venus* Manſions wear.

Then ſaid great *Jove*, *Wolves* threaten my Aboads,
Their faction powerful grown 'mongſt favouring Gods
What ſhall I do? and Man's deceitful ſtock,
Though me with loaden Altars they invoke;
Yet in the Gyants War not one did liſt
Nor Us, in that great exigence aſſiſt;
Well; I with Beaſts will fight the beſtial Foe,
Commiſſioning Our *Quadruples* below.

This ſaid, he muſters up both Wild and Tame;
All free from this ſo dire infection came.

'Mongſt

Fab. 40

'Mongst these, the King of *Ape-land* did engage,
Attended with a *Gallick* Equipage,
Tronck-hos'd Baboons, and liveri'd Drill *Lacqueis*,
Which *Jove* himself took pleasure on to gaze!
When drawing neer, with *John-an-Apes* his Son,
Thrice Congeeing to the Thunderer he begun.
Though in our Kingdom Pulpit *Wolves* we have,
(a) *Hyenas*, such as make the vulgar rave;
Yet by our Care not far their Poyson taints,
Within our Walls Preach no dissembling Saints;
Free from the witchcraft of their powerful Charms,
I'll forty thousand thee present in Arms,
'Gainst all the World my Army I'll maintain
To march up Hill, and so come down again.
But for this Service one small Boon I beg,
Behold my Son, thus mounted on one Leg,
Which if that Miracles not yet are ceas'd,
Stands th' onely Wonder betwixt Man and Beast!
Should I his Qualities but reckon, they
Would take up the whole business of the day;
Therefore great King of Kings on him bestow
Some grant that may your signal favours show.
Then *Jove* reply'd; To give shall be my task,
And you to find, what's worth your while to ask,
Present me your desires, What you would have?
As ready I'm to grant, as you to crave.
Not long Consulting th' *Apeland* Monarch staies,
But thus upon his knee, *Jove* humbly prays:
Since you are pleas'd my Ofspring to advance,
Make him a King, a good King *John* of *France*:
E'rowls of Fate (some say) are quite unfurld,
An Apish Prince may Rule the Western World;
I beg this, Sir, upon our Injuries score,
Forces to land upon the *Brittish* shore,

(a) *Hyenas* is said to be a sort of *Wolves*, that counterfeit Humane Voyces, and by their Complaints draw Children, and the weaker sort of people, out of Villages, and seising, make their Prey.

My

My Brother, and his Uncle to redeem
From *Paris-Garden*, one I much esteem,
Whom now at Pension amongst nasty Bears,
A guarded Jerkin without Breeches wears,
There making pastime on a gall'd Horse back,
And though a Prince at home, they call him *Jack*.
To be the King of *France*, said angry *Jove*;
On such a high concern no further move,
The *French* King might have past, he not unfit
To Rule that Nation by his parts and Wit:
But since he after such Preferment gapes,
To be a Monarch though a *Jack-an-Apes*,
Your Brother and his Uncle, never shall
From *Paris-Garden* be releas'd at all:
But when his Master please shew tricks, and Dance,
To meanest Subjects of the King of *France*.

MORAL.

Clandestine Plots more dangerous are by far,
Then all Hostilities of open War:
Let your Petitions Modest be, and fit,
And ten to one, if any thing you get.

FAB.

Fab. 41. 42.

Fab. XLI.

Of the Carpenter and Mercury.

THis Artiſt who no ſmall Task undertook,
No petty Tenements, nor paltry Nook;
Nor for ſome Trees contracted, but whole (Woods,
To build a ſtately Temple for the Gods;
A huge *Pantheon* where they all muſt ſtand
That e'r were Worſhip'd yet in any Land;
And empty Neeches left for many more,
New Lights might move hereafter to implore. (ſtrokes,
Each where the Groves reſound with boyſterous
And falls of groaning Pines, and dying Okes,
His work he plyes, ſo that in ranks and files
Thick ſtands a Foreſt in congeſted Piles:
This alteration ſetled Eagles felt,
Who had in Cedar Courts three Ages dwelt,
Suppoſing the Eſtate for ever theirs,
At leaſt long Leaſes for themſelves and Heirs:
'Mongſt theſe he on a ſpecial Tree did look,
Perinſuled with an incircling Brook,
'Mongſt ſpreading boughs that dangled o'r the ſtream,
He fancyed one would make a fitting Beam,
Which ſtriding, while he ſpriggs and foliage tops,
Buſie to cleer the work, his Hatchet drops
'Mongſt troubled waters, hard to be regain'd,
Deep with a ſhower, dark with firmented ſand;
Then the Cœleſtials all he did implore,
His Ax imployed for them they would reſtore.
When *Hermes*, whom this Artiſt late had carv'd,
And much for ſuch a Maſter-piece deſerv'd,
Which in his Shop ſhew'd like an unlick'd Bear,
But an eighth Wonder mounted in the Air,

With

With his *Caduceus* ſtanding on one Leg,
Appearing, ſaid, In a good hour you beg,
You building are the Gods a ſtately *Fane*,
Who work for them, they hear, when they complain.
Who thus reply'd; My Ax whilſt here I lopt
Boughs for their ſervice, in the River dropt;
Lately new edg'd, and fitted to my hands,
Which whilſt I want, a Turret tottering ſtands.
This ſaid, the God deſcends, and in a thought,
Him from deep ſtreams, a golden hatchet brought,
Asking if that were his, which when he ſpi'd,
That's none of mine! I dropt none ſuch, he cry'd;
I ne'r had any Ax ſhin'd half ſo bright,
For ſervice mine! more than for ſhew and ſight.
Thence *Hermes* diving, brings another bait,
Both Helve and Hatchet all of maſſie Plate.
That neither, cryes the Artiſt, that's not mine!
Finding no Fraud to anſwer his Deſign,
Hermes well pleas'd, preſents him with his own,
Dipt thrice in *Styx*, Stick-free 'gainſt Steel and Stone,
More worth than thrice the weight in ſolid Gold,
Whoſe Edge ſhould never blunt, never grow old;
Whilſt he gives thanks, commixt with vows and prayers
The diſappearing God to Heav'n repairs.

MORAL.

Artiſts whoſe Square a leather Apron girds,
Articles bind not Promiſes nor Words:
Their worthy company ſmall muſters makes,
That for their own would leave a Golden Ax.

FAB. XLII.

2. *Of the ſame Carpenter and Mercury.*

WHilſt pratling Fame this to his Servants (told,
Their Maſter had refus'd an ax of gold;
Amongſt theſe one who 'midſt their emptying pots,
Drew on wet Tables Ichnographick Plots
Modells and Forms; this heard, his fancy racks,
How to be maſter of a Golden Ax;
Hot on his new laid Project, thence he ſlips,
And on the ſame Tree mounted, hews, and chips;
Then (as deſign'd) ſtraining a branch to lop,
Down lets his Hatchet in the Water drop,
And to the Gods conceives theſe feigned Prayers:
You Powers that pittying look on Mens affairs,
And the moſt abject help when they implore,
My Hatchet; ah my Hatchet me reſtore!
Which, wanting, I ſhall ne'r perform my Work,
Though but to build a *Calidonian* Kirk.
Hermes the Hypocrites petition heard,
And above Waves with a bright Ax appear'd;
And thus, who durſt trepan the Gods, trepan'd;
If this be yours, this Hatchet, eaſe my hand,
Which I'm not able longer up to hold,
Although a Deity, all of maſſie Gold;
Stoop, ſtoop, friend quickly, and receive your own:
Which ſaid, the wretch ſtraight bending tumbled down,
And at ſhades graſping, fell into the ſtream,
Where ſoon he wakened from his golden Dream,
Thence ſcrabling out ſafe on the River ſide,
He at his girdle his own Hatchet ſpy'd,
And at the transformation wondring ſtood,
The Heft turn'd Marble, and the Steel grown Wood:

When thus he said; a very fine exploit
To get a Golden Ax not worth a doyt.

MORAL.

Artists that Toyl, hard livings wring from Sweat,
Strangely affect what's purchas'd by a Cheat:
Who Courts or Churches build, or else repair,
Of such John Joyners, *let them take some care.*

FAB. XLIII.

Of the Dog and Wolf.

THis *Dog* with care attends his Masters flocks,
Protecting from the *Wolf* and subtle *Fox*,
Long winter nights would walk his rounds, and (watch'd,
For Trust and assiduity unmatch'd;
Yet for perpetual Vigils, constant guards,
Blows and long Lents, were only his rewards;
Who for such pains encouragement deserv'd,
Neglected went, clem'd up, and almost sterv'd.
To whom, thus *Isgrim* at a parly spake;
You that such pains for blows and hunger take;
Adventuring life so oft, and nothing spare,
But *Bare-bones* to be call'd for all your care;
I wonder at, and pity, though a Foe,
Others that serve your Master are not so;
His Auditors, and those that bear the Bag,
Their sides are larded, their stuff'd bellys sag,
Who set his Lands, and Tenements demise,
Their Cheeks and Noses bow-dy'd scarlet dyes.
Who thus reply'd; I'm but his Shepherd's *Dog*,
Spaniels and Foysting-hounds, that lye and cog,
Filling his ears with Tales and idle prate,
Pick up their Crums, when out soon me they rate;
He values more a Fool, or sawcie Knave,
Than one whose Wisdome might a City save;
Our Lord great Places holds, hath store of Lands,
Of which, no more than I, he understands;
He knows not what his Rents are, what his Books,
Nor businesse, onely after Pleasure looks;
Let them with forty pieces stuff his Fobb,
To lose at Gaming, or rig forth some Drab,

His work there ends, that done concludes all Cares,
Both of the Publick and his own Affairs;
Let Ships and Cities be consum'd in flame,
All's one to him, his principles the same.
Then *Isgrim* said; Once take a Foe's advice,
Would you new sheath'd, and fat be in a trice?
Fancy me yonder Lamb; I ask no more,
Ne'r to your belly after run a-score;
And this the means, I'll seize your *Curships* gift,
Follow you me, I know you fierce and swift;
When you are neer, just catching at my Throat,
Feigning fall down, and let me take my lot,
This will your Master, and the rest observe,
And for their own ends, you no more shall sterve;
The Common Foe and a false Servant joyn'd,
Put straight in act what well they had design'd;
Whilst all beheld how *Isgrim* seiz'd the Lamb,
And (a) *Hylax* after, like a Tempest, came;
The tender Prey was ready to regain,
He seeming faints, nor could his speed maintain,
The *Wolf* his Prize to sheltring Coverts bore,
The *Dog* is worth his weight in Gold, they swore,
And without question had the losse regain'd,
Had he for service better been maintain'd:
Both Town and Countrey then of him took care,
And each-where treated, he grew Fat and Fair.

(a) A Sepherds Cur.
——*Et Hylax in limine latrat.*
Virg. Eclog. 8.

MORAL.

'Tis hard to Cark all day, to Care and Moyl,
And find at night our labour for our toyl:
When by some trick in Trade, or new Trepan,
Up from a Broker starts an Alderman.

FAB.

FAB. XLIV.

2. *Of the ſame Dog and Wolf.*

HIs Curſhip *Hylax*, now grown ſleek and plump,
Dog in a doublet with a Velvet Jump,
Rais'd by his Maſter's Lord's eſpecial grace,
From Turn-ſpit, to the *Major-Domo's* place,
Had both the Kitchin, Pantrey, Larder, all
That were below-ſtairs ready at his call;
Spaniells, nay Maſtives, veil'd to him their Caps,
And Foyſting-hounds, though in their Ladies laps;
Who late ſome ſcruples taking 'bove his doſe,
A large Potation and a ſhort repoſe,
Walk'd forth this morning, better to repair
His queſie ſtomach with refreſhing Air;
Where under harder Planets *Iſgrim* ſate,
Repining at inexorable Fate,
Soon as the *Wolf* his old Acquaintance ſpy'd,
Craving an Alms, thus he himſelf apply'd;
Take pitty Sir, behold my ſordid Coat,
My clem'd up Belly, and my rivel'd Throat;
Since you that tender bit on me beſtow'd
I never taſted Fleſh, nor drank warm Blood;
Ah! with ſweet Creature-comforts me ſupply,
That once more I may eat before I dye;
I wave all former Merits, neither hint
Councel, that ſince hath prov'd to you a Mint,
That well your back hath cloath'd, your Purſe well lin'd,
Ah! let my Wants your ſoft Compaſſion find.
Dog Steward then reply'd; *Iſgrim* 'tis true,
To rob my Maſter I Conſpir'd with you,
And I ſo well did your firſt Leſſon learn,
I onely ſtudied ſince my own Concern;

By

By which I rais'd my self in little space,
Up from a Scullion, to the Caterer's place;
A (a) Basket in my mouth, a Bill that bid
The Butcher furnish me with Veal or Kid;
Beef, Lamb, or Mutton, which I day by day
Brought to the Cook, ne'r asking what's to pay;
But once as I went luggering home my load,
I saw two Mastives fighting in the Road;
Straight to be Stickler, down my Charge I set,
When the great battel prov'd an arrant Cheat;
And they to plundring of my Basket fell,
I thought I might put in my Claym as well;
So we together did divide the Spoyl;
My Lord saw this, and laughing all the while,
Tickled with mischief, and my ready Wit,
Since me to make his Steward hath thought fit,
And I'm no more a down-right Shepherd's Cur,
But as you see; Your humble servant, Sir,
Confesseth that you rais'd me; nor shall scorn
As Courtiers use, to make a kind return;
I'll put you on a handsom Project shall
Once more your belly fill, fall what may fall:
Soon as grown dark, you to our Larder may
Find by a new made breach, an easie way,
There you may wants supply, there highly Feast,
Which I could wish you may as well digest.
This said, the joyful *Wolf* did thence depart,
And home went *Hylax*, treachery in his heart.

(a) *Erasmus* Story of his Dog.

MORAL.

Who get Advancement by sinister ends,
Prove seldome to their Raisers cordiall friends:
The Debt too great to pay, some State-trick must,
By ruine or disgrace, accounts adjust.

FAB. XLV.

3. *Of the same Dog and Wolf.*

SOon as Sun-setting rais'd nights sable flags,
And Stars dreft up, laid by their muffling bags;
Forth *Isgrim* did from dark Recesses steal,
Venturing sweet Life against one plenteous Meal;
Through shades and silence the old Robber drew,
Where breaches lay expos'd to open view;
Low and neglected out-works soon he mounts,
The wealthie Plunder all his own, accounts;
Fierce, on cold Lamb and Mutton first he falls,
Next, breaches makes in Venison Pastie walls;
Then up and down pickering, tears and eats,
Making a massacre of broken meats!
Rich Wine in open bottles last he marks,
Whose windy firment had blown up their Corks;
Th' uneven floor turning to Pools and Isles,
He *French* and *Spanish* difference reconciles;
Fear of surprizal vanquished with Wine,
He calls the Vault his Castle, cryes all's mine;
Plots the false Steward (though his friend) to kill,
There fix his Throne, and Govern in that Cell:
Tuning his pipes, then he began to sing
The Ballad of *Lycaon*, once a King;
How he with Humane dishes *Jove* did Feast,
On Man's flesh treated his Cœlestial Guest,
Herbage for Beasts, Beasts Men, Man Angells food,
What best with them agreed might please a God:
But he at him, and such choice Banquets storms,
And for his kindnesse to a *Wolf* transforms,
Closing each Stanza with Phanatick Rage,
Should *Jove* more than Gygantick stirs engage,

Lycaon to his Seat restore again,
And injur'd Saints, *Wolves* turn'd to Men, should Raign.
Such dire Notes *Isgrim* sung, whilst down he trowls,
After his savourie Morsels, cheering Bowls.
Dog Steward that well his voyce, though singing, knew,
From Ambuscade out with a party drew,
At lock'd dores entring, they beset the breach,
Crying the *Wolf* another Song they'll teach;
Who seeing he must perish on the Spot,
Seiz'd his false Friend, the Steward by the throat,
Though all to loose him did what e'r they could
With deadly wounds, the *VVolf* still kept his hold:
So grapled they in Death's convulsion lay,
And dead, were thrown out on the Kings high-way.

MORAL.

Feign'd Friends who best may Villanies complot;
Oft their Designs miscarrie on the Spot:
A dram this of the deadly Bottle gets,
VVhich for his dangerous Compeer he sets.

FAB.

Fab: 46. 47. 48.

Fab. XLVI.

Of the Fox and the Eagle.

SO faire the Morning, that you could not ſpy
The ſmalleſt mote in Heav'ns great chriſtal eye,
And ſuch the *Halcyon*, that in *Phœbus* Raies
Light Attoms danc'd no Laborynthian haies,
Whilſt the plum'd Quire to audit Winter ſcores,
And long neglected love, call briſk Amours;
Earth clad in green, bids *February* fly,
The warm Sun's galant now in *Gemini*.
When thus Sir *Reynard's* heir, that hopeful Spark,
His Mother cogs to wanton in the Park.
Give me, dear Mammie, leave a while to play
On yonder Mantlings, this inviting day;
How finely ſhines the Sun? how clear and warm?
And I'll a Chicken from that neighbouring Farm
Perhaps convey, bearing a-pick, a-pack,
Like Daddie, with a Gander on his back.
Then ſhe reply'd; Go *Reynie*, but beware
Leſt th' Eagle thee a further voyage bear;
I ſaw her truſſe a Lamb, ſo long did mark
Her flying, till ſhe leſſned to a Lark;
Thee if ſhe light on, and thy little prize,
She'll carry to her Caſtle in the Skies;
Where Chicken and you, ſhe will together dreſſe;
And her expecting Aeiry ſo *Careſs*.
This ſaid, the Wanton leaves their ſhadie Court,
Caution forgot, and only follows ſport:

Whom, soon *Mount-Eagle* more than Steeple high
Saw, and descending from the liquid Skie,
Seiz'd on the heedlesse Cub, and thence conveys
To Feast her Young, through Airs untracted wayes;
The bussle hearing, out Dame *Ermelin* flies,
Thus th' *Eagle* courting, to forsake her Prize.
A Mother hear, since you a Mother are!
Vex not a frantick Female to dispair;
My Son deliver, wave what e'r your Claim,
And I'll present you with a tender Lamb;
Or else a Tortoise in the shell I'll dress,
Shall better thee and thy fair young Caress.
She neither her Complaints, nor proffers minds,
But to her Cedar Court out-strips the Winds;
Where for their shares her sharp-set Aeirys gapes,
Young *Reynie* wondring at their (a) *Indian* shapes.
But she, *Mount-Eagle* finding no remorce,
Suddain resolves upon a desperate course;
And from th' high Altar at Devotion, stole
A smoking Fire-brand tip'd with blazing Cole,
Thence, wing'd with Rage, like *Draco Volans*, flies,
And th' *Eagle's* Palace grapples in the Skies.
Thus proffering terms, give me my Son, or Fire
Shall make thy lofty Seat a funeral Pyre,
Thy Ofspring and their Nest to ashes burn,
And if thou stay'st, thy bones with them in-Urn.
Startled to see a blazing weapon shine,
Aloud she cryes; Thy ofspring I resign!
Ask what thou wilt, and Articles prepare,
And I will Sign them whatsoere they are;
And who so long despis'd both Men and Gods,
Shall pay thee Homage at thy own Aboads.
Dispatch then, *Ermelin* cryes; she soon as said,
Young *Reynie* in his Mothers Bosome laid:

(a) *Indians* are alwayes personated in the Scene in Coats of Feathers.

Who

Who joyful, told her he had been so far,
That he had catch'd, almost, a Blazing-star.

MORAL.

The Greedy only their own interest minds,
Complaints lull them asleep like murmuring VVinds:
Oft highest Spirits when you put them too't,
Fall prostitute as humbly at your foot.

FAB. XLVII.

2. *Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

MAdam *Mount-Eagle* forc'd to ſtoop thus low,
As if ſome dung-hil bird, or carrion Crow,
To *Reynards* wife on baſe conditions yield,
No Battel, yet ſhe Miſtris of the Field;
Thus ſtorming ſaid; What will of me become?
Abroad a laughingſtock, and jeer'd at home?
Dreſt in *Lampoons* 'mongſt common Garden Birds,
Fools bolts will fly, and *Aſſes* biting guirds,
Me they'll Burlesk with ſuch Rhyme-dogerel Pens,
Make *Griffons* Robins, Royal *Eagles* Wrens;
Blood muſt more eaſie move this grating Hinge,
No ſalve for Reputation like Revenge.

To *Merlin* then her truſtie Page, ſhe ſpake;
From me to *Reynard's* Wife, a viſit make;
Say, I my ſelf, on her would willing wait,
But I my Charge attend early and late;
Hither, if leiſure grant her leave to walk,
We better may of kind Concernments talk.

The long-wing'd on his Meſſage flyes with ſpeed,
And told Dame *Ermelin* what his Lady bid;
Though full of thoughts, invited thus ſhe came,
And ſate as other Madams, by Madame.

Then ſpake the *Eagle*, a branch higher perch'd;
A Female difference not at firſt well ſearch'd,
May ſeem to heal under a formal skin,
When the clos'd Orifice ulcerates within.

Therefore my Lord, and yours, now both from home,
I have aparted a convenient Room;
Which, pleaſe you to accept, and Rent-free too,
The friendſhip to confirm 'twixt Me and You;

Since

Since we live ſingle, keep a ſlender Train,
You Chamber'd in the Cedar may remain,
Where we may viſit one another oft,
Unpliant Grudges Frequency makes ſoft.

Whom profit blinds, perceive no reaching drift,
She ſtraight accepts the cunning *Eagle's* gift;
Her ſelf, and all her little ones removes,
From ſure foundations to deceitful Groves.

When going early forth (her uſual guiſe,
Markets to make, in manner of Reprize:)
Mount-Eagle skilful at Dame *Ermelin's* Trade,
A Tragick Scene in her ſhort abſence play'd,
Enters new Lodgings, on her Children falls,
Makes bloody Banquets with their Funeralls!
Serves the whole Brood to her expecting Young,
And Feaſted, down their Bones and Offalls flung,
Then boaſting ſaid: I'm now Reveng'd to th' height,
Let Parots prate, and idle Gooſe-quills write.

MORAL.

In War to Conquer, be at Court preferr'd,
Your Love-ſuite kindly by your Miſtris heard:
Shipwrack to ſcape, theſe much contentment bring,
But ſweet Revenge of Joy's the only King.

FAB.

Fab. XLVIII.

3. *Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

MEan while Dame *Ermelin* following her trade,
A Stubble-*Goose* her own by purchase made;
Claim putting in by seisure, thwart her back
She threw her booty like a Pedlar's Pack;
Thence speeding home her little ones to treat,
Where soon as entred, down her Fardle set,
Them by their names she calls, *Squire*, *Sly*, and *Shirk*,
To breakfast, here's good cheer, no picking work;
Missing her Cubs within, her Round she went,
But them nor heard, nor saw, nor found by scent:
Then thus she cryes, Some cursed Cavaleer
Hath with his Blood-hounds ransacking, been here;
Who of my Children hath made meat for Dogs,
Or Captive led, condemn'd to Chains and Clogs;
How like his Father, *Squire*, my eldest Cub,
Would Preach in Pulpit, or hold forth in Tub,
From tender Conscienc'd *Geese* removing Doubt,
Would Orthodox and Refractory rout!
How would my second with drawn Pizzel lye?
Rook an old Rook, a carrion Crow, or Pye?
The third for Policy and Valour might,
Ah had he liv'd! been like his Sire, a Knight.
This heard, *Mount-Eagle* and her doubts to cleer,
Said, Moan no longer, your three Sons are here;

And

And as she spake, down a pick'd Carcass flung,
Thus her upbraiding with a bitter tongue.
Another Firebrand, noysome sented Brache,
If thou canst find one, from the Altar snatch;
Christian Religion cuts off Heathen Rites,
Now each-where shines the Gospel with new Lights;
Instead of *Hecatomb's* that *Jove* Careft,
Stifling with Smoke the Mansions of the Blest
Only a Contrite Heart they offer up,
And their Libation a Communion Cup.
Then full of Grief and Rage, replyes the *Fox*;
Thou mayst be met with, *Kite*, for all thy mocks:
This said, to former dwellings she retreats,
And there long mourning, neither drinks nor eats.
Soon after in an unconverted Town,
(Change of Religion by degrees march'd down
From populous Cities, introduc'd by Arms,
To Pagan Bumpkins, Villages, and Farms,)
At (a) *Bacchus* Festivals, a Goat they paid,
The Vine-destroyer on his Altar laid;
And whilst with Rural Ditties they advanc'd,
'Mongst oyl'd *Borrachios* leap'd and fell, and danc'd;
Mount-Eagle stoops like lightning from the Pole,
And snatch'd a Morsel on a hissing Coale,
Which bearing to her Nest, the Cinder catch'd,
Her Pallace smokes, with Reeds and Stubble thatch'd;
No hope left how to quench the rising Flame!
Screiching aloud; at last th' affrighted Dame,
E'r sprinckling sparks had sing'd her callow Young,
She on the ground, like ripe fruit falling, flung;
Which *Ermelin* spying straight upon them falls,
And slaughtering, thus unto their Mother calls.
Robber and Murtheress, thou that hast thy Tower
Above the reach of Beasts or Humane power;

Yet

(a) *Virg.* Georg. lib. 2.

Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Caditur, & veteres incunt proscenia ludi:
Praemiaq; ingenteis pagos, & compita circum
Thyseida posuere, atque inter pocula lati
Mollibus in pratis unctos saliere per utres.
Nec non Ausonii, Troja gens missa, coloni
Versibus incomptis ludunt, risuque soluto,
Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis:
Et te Bacche vocant per carmina laeta, tibique
Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.

Only for this Crime we on Altars pay
Bacchus a Goat, and act the antient play.
Then from great Villages *Athenians* hast,
And where the Highwayes meet the Prize is plac't.
They to soft Meads, heightned with Wine advance,
And joyfully 'mongst oyled Bottles dance:
Th' *Ausonian* Race, and those from *Troy* did spring,
Dissolv'd with laughter, Rustick verses sing:
In visards of rough bark, conceal theis face,
And with glad numbers thee great *Bacchus* grace:
Hanging soft Pictures on thy lofty Pine.——

Yet Divine Justice conquers all these odds,
Judgment, though late, comes certain from the Gods.

MORAL.

The fiercest Tyrants though they guarded are,
With all the Strength and Policy of War,
That Fortune scorn, that Heaven and Hell dare fight,
Oft loose themselves by one small oversight.

FAB.

Fab: 49.50.

Fab. XLIX.

Of the Panther and Rusticks.

A Forraign *Panther* fall'n into a Pit,
Vain finding Strength, Activity, and Wit;
Lay patient at the mercy of those Swains,
Gather'd in throngs from the adjacent Plains,
Admiring his rich Coat and dapled Vest,
To whom, thus humbly, made he his request.
(a) You harmless Shepherds, you who here reside,
Free from Contention, Avarice, and Pride;
You, who enjoy long lives and lasting healths,
From Changes free, of Crowns and Common-wealths,
Who old feel no decay, but Strength still keep,
Dying in extreame age, as fall'n asleep;
You who so blest are, pitty my sad case,
And free me from these Gives and doleful place.
The giddie rout this said, divided are,
The breach of Hospitality beware,
Be kind to Strangers, these cry, since the Gods
Like Pilgrims, visit oft poor Swains aboads.
Whilst others bawl, no hospitable breach,
Straight as our Prisoner him let us impeach;
Take forfeit Life, divide, his gaudy Spoyls
We not for Friends pitch here intrapping toyls.
Discording Clamours clash, loud shouts and cryes,
Of siding parties battell in the Skies,
To animositie Contention grows,
And soon the storm had melted into blows,
But that a Father who in former stirs,
Had felt the Miseries of Civil Wars;

(a) Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

O Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas: quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus. &c.

O happy Swains if their own good they knew!
To whom just Earth remote from cruel Wars,
From her full Breasts soft nourishment prepares.
Although from high roofs through proud Arches come,
No floods of Clients early from each Room;
Nor Marble Pillars seek, which bright shells grace,
Gold woven Vestments, nor Corinthian Brass;
Nor white wooll stain'd in the Assyrian juice,
Nor simple Oyl corrupt with Cassia's use:
But rest secure, a fraudless life in peace,
Variously rich in their large Farms at ease.
Tempe's cool shades, dark caves, and purling streams,
Lowings of Cattel, under trees soft dreams,
Nor lack they woods and dens where wild beast haunt,
Youth, in Toil, Patient, and inur'd to want;
Their Gods and Parents sacred; Justice took
Through those her last steps when the Earth forsook.
Let the sweet Muses most of me approve,
Whose Priest I am, struck with Almighty love. *&c.*

To ſilence did the frantick Rout beſeech,
Then gravely makes this reconciling Speech.
You that are Friends and Brethren, ah forbear!
Raiſe not on ſlender grounds inteſtine War;
But let a middle courſe all difference wave,
Let us this Stranger neither kill nor ſave;
Be what he will, thus fall'n into our Ginn,
Let him get out himſelf as he got in;
If he ſcape, ſo, if periſh in our Toyls,
We guiltleſs are, and yet obtain his ſpoyls.
All pleas'd with this perſwaſion thence depart,
Leaving the *Panther* with a heavy heart.

MORAL.

Fly golden means, when the Extreams are good,
Grant generall Pardons, or elſe laviſh Blood:
Oft lukewarm Counſels neither ſoft nor mild,
The Subtleſt to their Ruins have beguil'd.

FAB. L.

2. *Of the Panther and Ruſticks.*

WHo from the bottom thus of deep
Deſpair,
And hard imbraces of a cruel Snare,
No leſs than Death expecting, down he lyes
In woful poſture, cloſing his own eyes;
When through dark ſhades a tender Virgin ſtole,
And him enfranchis'd from that diſmal Hole.
As one who had been rais'd up by a Spell
From Death and adamantine Gates of Hell,
So joy'd he viewing the Ætherial Sky,
His kind and fair Deliverer ſtanding by.
And thus he ſaid; To thee who me haſt ſav'd,
And for my Freedom thus thy ſelf behav'd
Adventuring forth in ſuch a Night ſo dark,
When all-heavens Canopy not ſhews one ſpark;
What ſhall I ſay? or how return, ſince ſhort
Are all acknowledgments to thy deſert!
Soft operations of a tender Breaſt,
Are 'bove Rewards, and not to be expreſt;
Untainted Plains breed Innocence, like you,
Spotleſs their Cheeks, ſpotleſs their Boſoms too;
But go with me to Court, who me redeem'd,
There ſhalt take place, be like my ſelf eſteem'd;
On you the King ſhall ſmile, and my dear Spouſe
Shall wait upon, though of the *Lyon's* Houſe;
Be ſafe and happy there, for I e'r long,
Theſe Plains ſhall viſit forty thouſand ſtrong;
On thoſe would neither evil do nor good,
For luke-warm Counſel ſhall pay reeking Blood.

Then ſhe reply'd; If ſo reſolv'd you are,
My Parents, Me, and my Relations ſpare;
But if you love your Life, no longer ſtay,
The Eaſt grows purple with the riſing Day;
If early *Ruſticks* find us lingring here,
We both ſhall pay for our neglect too dear.
This ſaid, they part, to (a) *Arden* he repairs,
To move the *Lyon* in theſe grand affairs;
Nor fell he in his Expectation ſhort,
No ſooner being arrived at the Court,
His Cauſe being heard, the King aſſiſtance grants,
And what e'r elſe ſupplyes an Armies wants;
Which ſoon arraid, he march'd to fertile Plains,
With Fire and Sword Chaſtiſing ſurley Swains;
Alarum'd thus, they in diſtracted ſwarms,
Not knowing how to fly, or take up Arms,
Meet and conclude down at his Feet to fall,
And not by vain Reſiſtance venture all;
The Maid that helpt their General from the Pit,
As th' onely Mediator they thought fit.
The Embaſſie ſhe willing undertook,
Oft Conquerors are Conquer'd by a Look;
With her a Train of Rural Beauties march'd,
Not by rough winds impeach'd, nor *Phœbus* parch'd;
Faces who never Vizard-mask had on,
Yet ſcorn'd all Weathers, and defi'd the Sun;
Attended thus, up draws ſhe to the Van,
And thus to plead her Countreys Cauſe began:
Here Sir, you are, and Forty thouſand ſtrong,
Us to deſtroy that never did you wrong;
You fell into a Pit, catch'd in a Hay,
For hungry Courtiers made, and Beaſts of Prey,
By whom we ſuffer'd much, and do ſo ſtill,
Your Life we ſpar'd, though we ſuch Vermin kill;

(a) A famous Foreſt in *France*, where the *Lyon* kept his Court.

But when Invaſion calls, th' ambitious Prince
On ſlight Foundations builds a fair Pretence;
Take pitty Sir, your Arms not here imploy,
Let not the greedy Soldier all deſtroy;
Though ſtrangely barbarous many were to you,
Yet Sir, your Party more were than a few;
What? Muſt your Friends and Foes together fall?
In one Calamity thus ſuffer all!
Call you to mind thoſe left you in the Pit,
And ſuch who had Compaſſion forget?
His Eye then fixing on th' imploring Maid,
He knew her ſtraight, and raiſing up, thus ſaid:
Art thou here me releas'd in dead of Night?
Broughtſt me to live, and view Etherial light?
That Life call thine, dear Virgin, thou didſt ſave,
Ask what thou wilt, thou needſt but ask and have.
Then ſhe; Since ſuch your favours you not ſcant,
A General Pardon and Oblivion grant,
Let not Tumultuous paſſions take their ſwinge,
But feaſt on Mercy higher than Revenge.
Then he reply'd; Here falls my Wrath and Spleen,
Them I Indulge, and You proclaim their Queen;
They ſhall for thee a Royal Seat erect,
And pay due Homage too, with all reſpect;
And when thou doſt Eſpouſe ſome Noble Swain,
Thou in thy Pallace, and not he ſhall Raign.
Thence march'd the *Panther* off in fair array,
When he had Crown'd her Lady of the *May*.

MORAL.

Foul Hags may raiſe a War, the horrid Work
Begun with Stools and Cuſhions in the Kirk:
But never Conjure down, when Beauties charms
Makes angry Mars *lay down late took up Arms.*

U.B.C.
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Androcleus Sect 1

ANDROCLEUS:

OR,

The ROMAN SLAVE.

Section I.

ANDROCLEUS.

FRom Shipwrack, mounted on a broken Maſt,
Androcleus wet, and weary, Tempeſt-toſt,
From Quick-ſands, and inhoſpitable *Syrts*,
Recover'd now rough *Lybia's* barren Skirts;
Where on the Proſpect of a Towrie Rock,
A ſad Survey he of the Countrey took;
For Vales that flow with Hony, Milk, and Balm,
He ſhrubs beheld, and pairs of Wedded (a) Palm;
For Corn and Paſture, Villages, and Swains,
Wilds, Sandy-Mountains, and deſerted Plains.
When weeping thus he ſaid, I moſt accurſt,
Better had dy'd at *Rome*, there ſuffered firſt,

(a) The Palm-trees are ſaid to be Male and Female, and are obſerved not to flouriſh, nor to be pregnant unleſs they be in preſence of each other.

Falſly

Falſly accus'd, Condemned for a Rape,
Than from a Dungeon, Gyves, and Drowning ſcape
Here to be ſtarv'd, 'mongſt Rocks and barren Heath,
And ſo unpittyed, meet a lingring Death.
This ſaid, deſcending, he in woful plight,
Reſolv'd to ſeek the worſt of Fortunes ſpight;
When ſandy Hills which each wind changing ſhifts,
Diſpiercing th' old in new congeſted (b) Drifts,
Their ſquadrons muſter with a riſing gale,
And him with Atoms infinite, aſſaile,
Battering his Eyes, and vollying in his Face,
Impreſt from Iron Earth, and Skies of Braſs.
Choak'd with the ſtorm, not able long to ſtrive,
In heaps of Duſt, almoſt intomb'd alive;
No longer ſooth'd with hopes his Life to ſave,
His better Fate directs him to a Cave;
Fenc'd 'gainſt all Weathers, Winds, and Sun's aſſault,
With joy he enters the Auſpicious Vault;
Fainting with drowth, and ſuffocating heat,
There reſts the weary on a Marble ſeat.
When thus he ſaid; How happy now thou art,
Here undiſturb'd, in peace I may depart!
From burning Sands free, and the raging Deep,
Ending Lifes Pilgrimage, as fall'n aſleep.
Scarce ſaid, he at the Portall entring, ſpies
A horrid Monſter of prodigious ſize!
No means to fly; no ſculking Hole, no Gap,
That from a hungry *Lyon* he might ſcape.
When thus he ſigh'd, Ah miſerable Doom!
Muſt that ſtern Fury's belly me entomb?
My reeking Blood thoſe greedy Jaws diſtain?
And my torn Intrails dye that ſhaggy Main?
Ah! could I but that ſtrength and courage boaſt
Which late I had, all ſhould not ſo be loſt;

(b) These Drifts not only swallow Travellers both Horse and Foot, which become afterwards to be Mummy, but whole Armies have suffered in this dry and dusty deluge.

E're

Ere he this Boſom enter, plunder here,
His Victory perhaps might coſt him dear;
In a ſharp Diſpute would plead my Cauſe,
Thruſt in this Arm into the Monſter's Jaws,
Seize on his lolling Tongue with ſuch a graſp,
That I might live to ſee his lateſt gaſp;
Now *Locomotive* faculties I lack,
The ſmalleſt ſtraw not able to attack:
But I my Race have run, this Cave the Goale,
Take Fiend, my Body, and leave Heaven my Soul.

Sect. II.

WHilst thus *Androcleus* Death expecting, stands,
The *Lyon* drawing near him, kist his (hands,
As a Petitioner himself adrest,
And humbly thus preferr'd his sad Request.
O thou of Humane Race, be not afear'd!
Live long and happy, and when e'r interr'd,
Ah! may not (a) Transmigrated be thy Soul,
But when translated re-ascend the Pole;
If with an *Eagles* Eye, and *Lyons* Heart,
And gentle Hand, thou ease me of my smart:
This Foot so swoln with which I Scepters sway'd,
Proud Rebels routed, loyal Friends arraid;
Now losing Power, unnerv'd with raging Pain,
Subjects Conspire, and I no longer Raign;
Soon as they felt me weak, and thus disarm'd,
Each-where tumultuous Commotions swarm'd,
Much 'gainst my evil Counsell they alledge,
Prerogative trampling down by Priviledge;
Stuff'd with aspersions, Protestations frame,
Raising an Army by my Power and Name:
But what more heavy on my Spirit sits,
My Train, my Eaters, and my (b) Mas-ca-dits,
Deserting me, to rising Power resort,
And as you see, left thus an empty Court;
Before this Room, these Galleries and Halls,
Were full of Bestial Lords, and sly Jackalls;
Now none attends or lights me to my Bed,
Who Pensions had, and at my Tables fed:
Thus you my sad Condition understand,
And ruin near, without your helping hand.

(a) *Pythagoras* not only holding the transmigration of the Souls of living Creatures, one into another, but also into Vegetives, and some Inanimates.

(b) The Tygers.

The

The *Lyon* thus implor'd *Androcleus* aid,
And in his Lap the Foot imposthum'd laid;
Whilst he at large preferr'd this humble sute,
Warm Spirits *Androcleus* bosome fresh recruit,
Who gently then turns up his Festered Paw,
And 'mongst the Fibers a swoln tumour saw;
For perforation ripe, and 'midst the joynts
A barbed Thorn, stak'd in with brisly points;
Then with a well-edg'd Flint lay there by chance,
The dangerous insurrection did lance;
Straight from the Fountainel sharp quitter gush'd,
Which more to disembogue, he softly crush'd.
Thus freed from gnawing of th' imprisoned bane,
The King resumes his former Power again,
His Foot the ground hits firm, no favouring hault
He now Rebellious Subjects may assault.

Section III.

THe King then wondring at himself so well,
Cured strange and suddain, thought a miracle!
That in the smallest parcell of an hour,
Restor'd him Courage, Health, and Soveraign Power!
When thus he spake; Amidst my joyes I mourn,
Not knowing how to make a fit return;
Revenues of our Crown unsettled yet,
So much for this, my Happiness in Debt;
If you not favour'd are by fickle Chance,
Inforc'd to follow ill-advising wants;
The Power your help recover'd, Us affords
House-keeping, and to settle former Boards;
Provision for the Belly we'll not lack,
Slight Rayment serves, where seldom Colds (a) attack;
And if with plenteous Fare, when highly fed,
You want a kind Companion in your Bed,
For mixt Amours are not, nor would deface
Man's comely features with a by-form'd (b) Race,
To quench in youthfull blood unruly flames,
My *Satyrs* and *Hyenna's* by their names,
Shall comely Girles from neighbouring Dorps intice,
Taking them up for thee, at the Kings price;
My trusty and Right Honourable Pimps
Shall cull the choycest Wood and Mountain Nymphs,
And spirit hither, all on thy account,
Which patch'd and painted Ladys far surmount;
Pure Virgins, not Decayes, piec'd up and vamp'd,
Fresh, and fresh quarters where none e'r encamp'd,
Thee shall receive, still hanselling new Laps,
In [illegible] joyes, no fear of after-claps

(a) Little, or no Cold in *Africa*.

(b) Such as *Minotaurus*, the *Centaurus*, and the rest. *Ovid.*

When

When faint *Androcleus* thus himself expreft;
To quench my Thirst some Water I request,
That ready almost am now to expire,
From Drowning scap'd, and suffocating Fire,
After, a little rest, and some repast,
Or else I suddainly must breath my last.
The King, where Nature deep his Cellar laid,
Thither his Guest with all respect convey'd,
Where from the living Rock a Chrystal Spring
With murmuring falls made ecchoing Arches ring,
Androcleus stooping, the cold Nymph salutes,
And circulating blood with draughts recruits.
The *Lyon* then conducts him to a Bed
With Skins the spoyls of Beasts and Foliage spread;
Here Sir, then said the King, repose a while,
Let gentle sleep slow moving time beguile,
And e'r you wake, the businesse shall go hard,
If something not for Supper be prepar'd.

Sect.

Section IV.

THe *Lyon* thus, weary *Androcleus* leaves,
Whilst working fancy several Projects weaves;
Some savourie Morsel suddain how to get,
Should make the Stranger up a handsome treat.
Should I, said he, thus in full Power appear,
All would dispierce, surpriz'd with suddain Fear,
And up themselves in Woods and fastness shut,
And me to trouble of long leagures put;
Dayes sultry heats, by night serenes t' endure,
When suddain action makes a speedy Cure;
I'll counterfeit, and Cripple up yon Hill,
As if my Title were defective still;
Weakness dissemble, and there stooping low,
My self upon the Bestial People throw.
This said, he hasting from the Palace Gates,
His Subjects heard themselves proclaiming States;
Bulls, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, leading his own Train'd-band,
Saw marching towards his Palace, ore the *Strand*.
But on the Summit when their King they saw,
His presence struck a reverentiall awe,
To whom he beck'ning with a Lamb-like look,
Seeming much discompos'd, thus mildly spoke.
Why thus appear you in defensive Arms,
Seduc'd by Rumours and bewitching charms?
Do Fears and Jealousies so much affright,
That you draw up 'gainst empty walls to fight?
Your King alone without Jackall or Page,
Stands ready to receive your utmost Rage;
Are Priviledges of Parliament infring'd?
Fall all on me, and be at once reveng'd;
Have I upon your Liberties intrench'd?
Then let your Fury with my Blood be quench'd;

Whilst

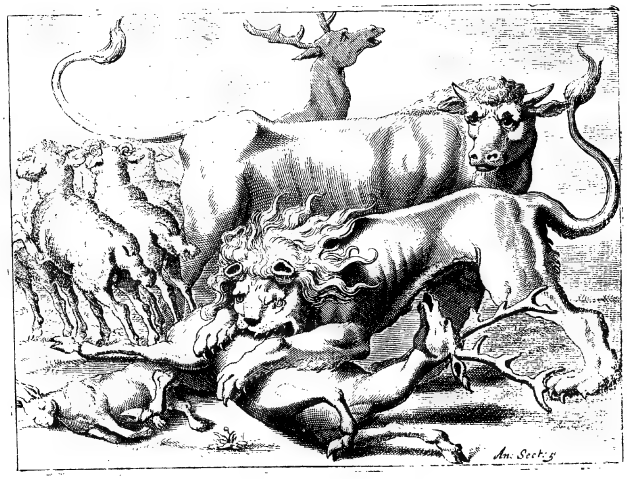
An: Sect: 4.

Whilst weak my pondrous Scepter I not wield,
Nor one for me declaring in the Field;
In vain you Solemn Leagues and Covenants joyn,
When I'm resolv'd what e'r you ask, to sign,
My Hand and Seal receive in ready Blanks,
And in my Name give both the Houses Thanks;
Your Grievances let Reams of paper fill,
And when Engross'd, and past, I'll Sign the Bill:
Cease then these Tumults, and of Our grace accept.
The King, this said, pausing, extreamly Wept.

Section V.

THis ſoftning Speech concluded with a tear,
In Salvage Factions they divided were;
Some cry, the King is pious, meek and juſt,
Others; beware, his promiſes not truſt;
When changing times, and fickle Fortune frowns,
What will not Monarcks to preſerve their Crowns?
But when the gathered ſtorm is over-blown,
A Scepter'd Prince, who queſtions in the Throne.
The *Lyon* them, thus finding at a ſtand,
A ſign for ſilence, beck'ned with his hand,
When noyſing parties murmurs were alaid,
Thus in a ſad and weaker tone he ſaid:
My Lords, and gentle Beaſts, aſſembled here,
Who whilſt I had a Sword, my Subjects were;
If you ſtrike deeper, have a further drift,
And me from my acquired Throne would lift;
If preſent Juncto's and revolving Fates
(That States to Kingdoms turn, Kingdoms to States)
Finiſh in me a ſingle perſons ſway,
I the Decree ſhall willingly obey:
Why ſhould I prop what of it ſelf would fall?
Approaching Death will ſoon ſurrender all;
Which will the Peoples Majeſty receive,
As glad as they'll accept it, I ſhall leave;
Then I this woful Life now neer an end,
In prayers for your Proſperity may ſpend:
But Sirs, let me adviſe the beſt I may,
By your Election let one perſon ſway;
To a new Prince, to one ſtill make appeals,
Fly giddy Rotaes, Meagrim'd Common-weals,

No



No good the Government of many brings;
Parliament Members sitting, all are Kings:
Yet 'mongst those Monarcks, one or other still
Gets Supreme Power, and Orders what he will;
Republicks vain! when e'r put to a stand,
Must put their Power into a single (a) Hand.
But since I am not able to walk down,
So please you, I'll surrender here my Crown;
With my (b) Phang-tooth the abdication Sign,
So my whole Right in publick I'll resign.
At these his unexpected proffers, all
Change Resolution, to fresh Councils fall,
Th' inticing bait of sacred Power, a Crown,
Greedy to Govern, straight they swallow down.
No sooner they neer to the *Lyon* draw,
Within the compass of his ready Paw,
But like himself he 'mongst the thickest flew,
And most of the Commission'd Cattel slew:
Amaz'd to see their Monarcks Force and Rage,
So dire a Scene, and such a bloody Stage!
They all dispierc'd, and struck with *Panick* Fear,
Out-strip'd the Winds, flying they knew not where!
The *Lyon* to *Androcleus* retreats,
Well furnish'd now with several sorts of Cates.

(a) Dictators with absolute Authority, always chosen in a dangerous exigence by the *Roman* Senate, as *Furius Camilus*, &c.

(b) Alluding to our antient Kings onely so sealing their Leases and Grants.

Section VI.

THe Rebells rout, each-where divulg'd by Fame,
To Court, from all parts, no ſmall concourſe came,
His flattering Lords, Buffoons, and ſly Jackcalls,
Again repleniſh deſolated Halls;
(For many Fav'rites by the King advanc'd,
Firſt to the Lilt of Reformation danc'd,
And Friends amongſt the Godly party made,
Acquainting them with what he did, or ſaid;
Others whom he no longer could Protect,
To their own well-ſtuff'd ſeveral Manſions ſneak'd,
Expecting there what the event might prove,
And as things fall, accordingly to move.)
All theſe return'd, ſtand round their Gracious Liege,
And with obſequious faunings him beſieg'd;
Whoſe Pallace now with all Proviſion ſtor'd,
Sets up once more his late neglected Board.
His Table furniſh'd, at the upper end,
His huiſhers he *Androcleus* bids attend;
Whom when the *Lyon* kindly had imbrac'd,
Much Honouring, at his Royal Elbow plac'd;
All ſet at ſeveral Boards, to Meat they fall,
Unlading fraighted Diſhes through the Hall.
Whilſt by the King, his Friend but ſadly ſits,
Nothing he ſaw, his queaſie Stomach fits;
To Kid or Lamb, to Beef, or Mutton, (a) raw,
Swimming in gore, he had but little Maw.
The *Lyon* as *Androcleus* he obſerv'd,
At ſuch a Treatment ſitting almoſt ſterv'd,

(a) They eat raw flesh, for which cause the Grecians call them *Omeſtreres*, *Omborres*, *Omothagis*.

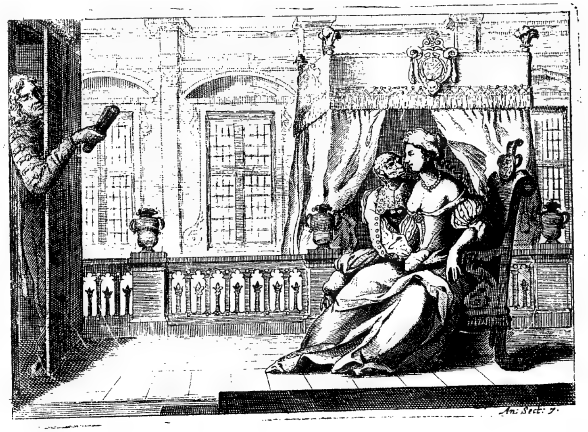
Come

Comes *Mounsieur* King of *Apes*, dreſt like a Page,
Preſenting him a Haſh, and *French* potage;
Then at his elbow diligently waits,
Supplyes him with rich Wine, and ſhifts his Plates,
Androcleus pleas'd, then plentifully ſups,
Mixing with ſavoury Morſels ſparkling Cups.
When thus the King to his brisk Waiter ſpoke;
Who e'r thou art that didſt theſe Diſhes Cook,
So well have pleas'd my Friend, from Us receive
What's fit for thee to ask, or me to give;
If it be Freedom? Ranſomleſs depart,
Or what e'r elſe may anſwer thy Deſert.

Section VII.

THen said th' officious Waiter, stooping low,
I am a Prince, Sir, in my Countrey, know;
But by a *Roman* Consul pris'ner took,
In *Gaule* attending him, I learnt to Cook;
For him, *Ragooes, Bisks, Oleos* I dreſt,
And ſtill my ſeaſoning pleas'd his pallat beſt:
I with the beſt of thoſe *Que ditez vous*,
Their Boxes could, and ſeveral Spices use,
Would with an ounce of Beef, of Mutton leſs,
For *Gallick Monſieurs* make a gallant Meſs:
But after that, condemn'd unto a Clog,
Hugging to Death, my Ladys foyſting-Dog;
And ſome ſuſpecting that a prank I play'd
For my releaſe, with Madams Chamber-Maid:
'Tis true, ſhe ſqueak'd not, and I boarded ſtraight,
And for a nine Months voyage her did fraight;
Nay our great Miſtris once but little miſt,
When my ſweet breath commending, me, ſhe kiſt,
Who growing kind, I had her in the Hugg,
But then the Conſul entring, ſtartl'd Pug.
Queſtion'd for driving ſuch a ſubtle Trade,
Private Eſcape I to *Marſeiles* made;
To *Carthage* in a Veſſel got from thence,
Where I from *Apeland* had Intelligence
A ſecond *Macedon* was drawing down,
Would ſoon deveſt me of my Realm and Crown;
If I my ſelf in perſon not aſſiſt,
Deriv'd from that Renowned Martialiſt
My Anceſtor, who bravely kept his Poſt
'Gainſt *Alexander*, and his Conquering Hoſt;

Whom



Whom when the Worlds Subduer then beheld,
Draw glittering *Phalanxes* into the Field;
The poynted wedge extending Ranks and Files,
Shields lyning Shields, bright Javlins threatning Piles,
Admiring, from Hostility did cease,
And joyn'd with us in everlasting peace;
Me in my way your Troops did intercept,
And for a Dish your stomach (a) queasie kept:
To whom I hinting this your mighty Feast
Not one Dish had to please a Humane Guest,
They let me these prepare, nor shall he want,
So please you to confirm your Royal Grant;
My Liberty, Great Sir, I onely crave,
That I my Countrey may and People save.
The King consents, *Androcleus* and all,
The passage pleas'd, sate Feasting in the Hall.

(a) The *Lyon's* Prey upon *Apes*, but more for Physick, than for Nourishment. *Ælianus.*

Section VIII.

THe grateful King well pleas'd to ſee his Gueſt
Reliſh thoſe Diſhes in ſuch manner dreſt,
Thus ſmiling ſaid, I'm wondrous glad that you
To this ſtrange Fare ſo handſomely fall too;
I once abhorr'd raw Treatments mixt with gore,
Then Wine, not Water, ſwell'd my Goblet ore;
I had;--- what had I not, a Princely Houſe,
Attendants, Nobles, and a beauteous Spouſe;
A Humane Prince, not in a ſhady Den
Commanding Beaſts, once was I King of Men;
Where I Transform'd by wicked Arts, became
A *Lyon*, ſuch as now you ſee I am:
Come, let's be merry, and of this no more,
Thank Heav'n you are a Man, though ne'r ſo poor;
I not in Beſtial Soveraignty rejoyce,
Though all the Foreſt trembles at my Voyce;
My high Condition wretched ſeems and baſe,
Husk'd in a ſhaggy Main and hairie Face;
I rather would, (a) arm'd with my Lench and Aule,
A Cobler be, Inthroned beneath a Stall;
Drive ſome ſuch ſubtle Trade to purchaſe Bread,
Than be o'r Beaſts the univerſal Head;
Though 'mongſt the numerous Animals that be,
Next *Man*, the *Lyon* takes the firſt degree.
Fetching a ſigh, this ſaid, the King lean'd back,
When to his Royal Hoſt *Androcleus* ſpake.
Sir, you amaze me, may I be ſo bold,
To crave this wondrous Riddle you'll unfold,
We have fictitious ſtoryes not a few,
Of *Metamorphoſis* both old and new;

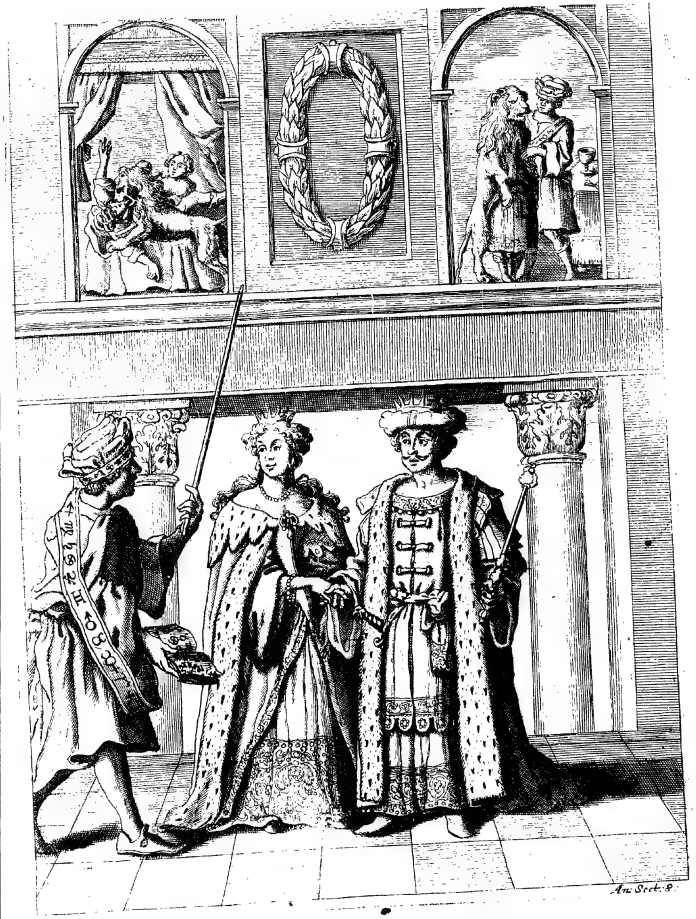
(a) *Homer's Odyſſ. lib.* 11.

Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ
Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ὅ μὴ βίοτος πολύς εἴη,
Ἢ πᾶσι νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.

Achilles Ghoſt to *Ulyſſes* in the *Elizium* Shades:

I rather would a Ruſtick be, and ſerve
A Swain for hire, ready almoſt to ſterve,
And living be 'mongſt all maſſortunes hurl'd,
Than dead, an Emperour in this ſhady World.

But



But You that really transmuted were,
Your Self relating, asks a serious Eare;
Therefore the Honour I, and Favour beg,
That I may understand this strange intreague.
Then spake the King; though much my bosom yearns,
Reminding thus my sorrowfull concerns;
So full of Horror, height of Rage and Grief,
Such wondrous passages past all belief!
Yet may it please you, my deserving Friend,
Though each word pierce my heart, I condescend:
Sprung from a Dynastie of Kings I sway'd
Once fertile *Egypt*, honour'd and obey'd,
My Power and Wealth so great, that flying Fame
Spread through the many Peopl'd world my Name;
King (b) *Amasis*, stupendious Works I did,
Built for my Tomb a stately Pyramid;
Beyond whose Base, the lofty Spire, no shade
When they are longest at Sunsetting made;
A high-born Queen I had, sweet, young, and fair,
A fitting Mould to cast a hopefull Heir.
But we no issue had: when from the *East*
Came a *Chaldean* Magick Arts profest;
Who undertook applying powerful Charms,
My Queen t'impregnate next when in my Arms;
Nay more, he promis'd me, that by his skill,
I should march forth subduing whom I will;
Who could shape Serpents out of limber Rods,
Could private Men make Princes, Princes Gods;
In short time I should for the World set faire,
Which great Work must be finish'd by my Heir;
He my Nativity had cast, he said;
Mars in the *Lyon*, help'd by Magicks aid,
Sol, *Venus*, *Mercury*, in th' Ascendant joyn'd
Should carry all before where e'r design'd.

(b) *Amasis* King of *Egypt*, Transform'd into a *Lyon*. *Philostratus*.

Sect.

Section IX.

I That lov'd War, for Wars sake that abhorr'd
All purchase if not gotten by the Sword;
Swallow'd his Specious Baits, mad after Power,
What e'r he set before me did devour;
With subtle Novelties he drew me on,
Till sure intangled in his great Trepan;
My Wife and Crown he for himself design'd,
Whilst me he did with Mists and Shadows blind;
Soon he by Sorcery won her to his Lust,
And me out of my self and Kingdom thrust;
A *Soporiferous* Drink he first did make,
Which under certain Aspects I must take,
My Soul in sleep then eas'd from heavy Limbs,
With Angels should converse, and Cherubims;
Inspection through Earth's dismal Entrails make,
Sit with black Junctoes in the *Stygian* Lake;
Quick, as from Star to Star we cast our Eyes,
Climb vast expansions of th' enamell'd Skyes!
'Mongst Gulphs and fluctuating Atoms hurl'd,
Mount Sphere from Sphere, and so from World, to (world!
With what mad Follies had he stuff'd my head,
E'r me he fitted for the Fatal Bed!
Thicker than Motes, he told me, in the Sun,
Our *Demons* and our *Cacademons* run
In busy Hayes, on Humane business fly,
Courts vexing, and Star-Chambers of the Sky;
There I should see Fate spinning Mortals Webs,
Their highest Fortunes and their lowest Ebbs!
But mine with aspects bright I should behold
In Milkie Looms, in silver wove, and Gold.

Th' ap-

Th' appointed time fit for projection come,
We enter in the spell-prepared Room,
There I must Drink, there must the Work be done;
To raise an Empire, and beget a Son,
Faint Heart ne'r Realm did, nor fair Lady win,
So up he sew'd me in a *Lyon's* skin;
My fitted Legs and Arms up close he lac'd,
The shape stuck to my shoulders and my waste;
Said he; *Alcides* had been thrice as (*) strong
Had he thus button'd what he loosly hung;
Girt in such spoyls twelve Labours had been slight,
The World had bow'd to him by Conquest right;
Then gave he me the Fate foretelling Bowle,
That must such Wings add to my fleeting Soul:
I saw the bottom though the drench was deep,
Which soon my Eye-lids clos'd, in fettering sleep;
Then laid me on a Quilt of sheep-skins warm,
To strengthen Fancy, and impower the Charm;
Secur'd thus, as his Plot before he laid,
He to my Queen with joy himself convey'd.

(a) Alluding to the *N*[illegible] ons skins which *Hercules* [illegible] for a Shield, than for a Ma[illegible] close fitted Habit.

Section X.

SOon fall'n asleep, I no such Visions saw,
But Dreamt of Blood, and eating warm flesh raw;
Inspecting entrails of fat Cattel slain,
How Gore my Jaws and Bosome did distain;
Last, how a bunch-back (a) *Camel* I had kill'd,
Still feasting on him and yet never fill'd,
Thus various Fancys raging whilst I slept,
Up dreaming from the fatal Couch I leapt,
Not knowing what I did, nor where I was,
My Brains a *Chaos*, a confused Mass,
Where humane thoughts with beastial mixing, bred
A thousand Monsters without Tail or Head;
Pussed with dire distraction, out I went,
First stumbling on my Queens apartiment,
Dores which I gently shov'd, in shivers flew,
So little of my wondrous strength I knew;
My Queen and Priest, though loud I gave th' alar'm,
There found I sleeping circled arm in arm;
Some sense regain'd I at so strange a sight,
My only Joy, sole Comfort, chief Delight,
More dear than Life, or Conquest of the World,
To see thus up in his imbraces furl'd;
My Wife first waking, strangely terrifi'd,
When such a horrid Monster she espy'd
Ready to tear her up, bolts from the bed,
And with a shriek into her Closet fled;
At which he starts, muttering too weak a Charm
An injur'd Husband's Fury to disarm;
I thought to seize him, apprehend no more,
When his torn entrails reek'd upon the flore;

(a) *Camels* flesh much lov'd by *Lyons*, as in an Expedition of *Darius*, the *Lyons* breaking into his Camp, slew neither Men, Horse, nor Cattel, but fell upon the *Camells*.

De-

Defil'd sheets dy'd in blood, the lustful Priest
Ript from his Collar-bone down to the twist;
My precious Wife then I pursuing, found
Unnerv'd with terror groveling on the ground;
But when she me ready to seize her spy'd,
With a faint shriek breathing her last, she dy'd;
Seeing her draw her latest gasp, I felt
Compassion, Rage into Remorse did melt;
Then first I call'd to mind what her so scar'd,
My dreadful shape, rough Main and horrid beard;
So went I to slip off my *Lyon's* Case
Began t' untye, unbutton, and unlace;
Striving to shift, the more my self I hurt,
The shape stuck close like *Dianira's* (a) Shirt!
Found then I no propertie was in,
No Monsters Fur, but my own Monstrous Skin!
My self I next did in the (b) Mirrour view,
And from my own reflecting shadow flew!
Though I had seen all sorts of *Lyons* store,
Ne'r such a Prodigie I saw before!
I call'd for help, my Voyce grown strangely loud,
Like Thunder rung, broke from a prisoning Cloud!
Like mouthing Tempest, or a Water-breach!
Or Battels joyn'd, Ten thousand men in each!
Both Shape and Understanding now Transform'd,
Humane no more, a dreadful *Lyon* storm'd!
Rushing from thence into my Pallace-yard,
Ranted and Roar'd, that Court and City heard;
Where whosoere beheld me shrieking fled:
The Captain of my Horse, though made a Head,
And my own Life-guard up against me drew,
As thick as hail, light Darts and Jav'lins flew;
Then with a grove of Spears me hedging round,
I like wing'd Lightning, broke their brazen pound,

(a) A Present to *Hercules* steeped in *Nessus* blood, which put on, stuck so fast that it could not be got off without tearing the flesh from the bones

(b) Glass.

And

And through the thickeſt with ſtrange Fury got,
And Men and Horſe left gaſping on the ſpot;
The whole Troop routed, marching down the Street,
All fly amaz'd, and into Houſes get:
So I my City, Court, and Kingdom left,
Of Reaſon and Humanity bereft,
Amongſt Wild Beaſts in Wilderneſſes dwelt,
And long the injuries of all Weathers felt.

Ant. Sculp.

Section XI.

TO Beſtial ſociety thus caſt,
Condemn'd to range in Wilds and Deſarts vaſt,
I ſoon 'mongſt Forreſt-people gain'd Renown
Changing my Humane to a Salvage Crown;
Once more a King Proclaim'd, a Soveraign Liege,
I with large grants my Subjects did oblige,
So Metamorphis'd ſet my heart at reſt,
A *Lyon* being of all mutations beſt;
So th' Empire of theſe Deſarts I obtain'd,
And under me Kings, petty *Lyons* Raign'd;
On Expeditions Armies I could raiſe,
Nor plotted we for ſpoyl Clandeſtine wayes,
Lying whole nights in ſilent Ambuſcades,
But took the Field by Day in bold Brigades;
And like a falling Deluge ſwept up all,
Emptying at once both Paſture, Cout, and Stall;
Nay more, on skirts of Cities durſt we Prey,
Ships boarding at low-water, in the Bay.
Thus formidable grown, being wondrous ſtrong,
I Roar'd *Leontick*, loſt th' *Egyptian* Tongue,
Though Beaſts and Birds uſe ſeveral Dialects,
That leſs than Humane Voyces have defects,
Uttering ſoul dictates both more cleer and brief,
Hatred and Love, Fear, Hope, their Joy and Grief;
Yet *Leo Lingua* who not underſtands?
Words Edicts are, each ſyllable Commands;
The *Lyon's fiats* quicker than his Nods,
Like Angels Tongues, or Language of the Gods.

Then

Then my grave Counſel me advis'd to Wed
A Royal iſſue from a Princely Bed;
Beſides, the comfort of a dear Conſort
My Power would ſtrengthen, and my Crown ſupport;
Took with a *Lioneſs* Majeſtick brows,
And ſpa rkling Eyes, a Maid I did Eſpouſe;
And we e'r long a hopefull Iſſue had,
To whom, when time ſhould ſtrength and courage add,
Decreaſing, mine they Salvage Bands might lead,
And Govern loyall Subjects in my ſtead:
Thus had I what the Deſarts could afford,
By all my People Honour'd and ador'd,
My new rais'd Throne ſo fixt and firmely plac'd,
In many Ages not to be defac'd.

Sect.

Section XII.

BUt my ſo Powerful and well ſetled State,
Under the preſſure ſunk of heavy Fate;
Bruine, not to be nam'd, that greedy Lord,
By inſtigation of his Stomach ſtirr'd;
That *Epicurean* Beaſt, could nothing elſe
Pleaſe, but a Diſh of tender *Lyonells*;
That ript a Woman up the day before,
And from her Womb the tender Infant tore.
Our Pallace empty, gone as we were wont,
My Queen and I, the ſportive (a) *Aſs* to hunt;
Inruſh'd the Fiend, and all our hopes and joyes
To pleaſe his beſtial Appetite deſtroyes!
Returning, for our little ones we call,
(Wondring at ſcatter'd Offalls ſpread the Hall)
Vain Echo anſwering, none elſe there reply'd,
When more diſtinctly we gnawn bones eſpy'd!
And dipt in purple, tufts of yellow hair,
Soon we perceiv'd our Children murther'd were!
My Queen deſpairing rais'd a hideous yell,
And Roring, I rung out a ſecond knell;
Which out from vaulted Courts like Thunder ſounds,
And upwards flying, ſcales Heavens ſtarry rounds;
Then firſt I ſpake, let's quit our wofull Cave,
Purſue Revenge, a while all ſorrow wave:
This ſaid, in high diſtraction forth we went,
And following hot upon the Monſter's ſcent,
We made not many miles a privie ſearch,
But found him where proud *Eagles* uſe to pearch
Up in a buſhy Tree he ſate aſtride,
And did Our Power and Majeſty deride;

(a) Eccleſ. 13. *They hate extreamly wild Aſſes, and purſue them as a Prey.*

Then

Then ſcoffing ſaid; Your Children here are warm,
Comfort your ſelves, go home, and never ſtorm,
Out of your Juriſdiction quite am I,
You know not how to climb, and worſer fly;
To meet for ſweet Revenge, inſulting guirds,
A War engage too, 'gainſt the King of (b) Birds,
I knew not how thwart paſſions to aſwage,
Drowning in Sorrow, burning in my Rage.

(b) The *Bear* being in a Tree, under the *Eagle's* Protection.

Then to my Queen I ſpake, watch here with care,
Shut up in his own Fort this curſed *Bear*;
Whilſt I raiſe aid, and Forces ſeek abroad,
This ſaid, I haſted to a beaten Road,
Arm'd with an Ax there I an Artiſt met,
Upon him I with fauning poſture ſet,
He frighted flyes, who finding me too ſwift,
And that his Life lay onely in my gift,
As *Lybians* uſe, fell humbly on his knees,
And quarter begs, I pointed to the Trees,
Then put his new ground Hatchet in his hand:
Soon as my Pleaſure he did underſtand:
Not the leaſt time the ſturdy Workman ſlips,
Till he had hew'd thick Timber into Chips,
The aged Elm thrice nodding grones her laſt,
And falling down her ugly Rider caſt:
I and my Queen, ſtraight on the Murtherer flew,
And as an Offering to Our Children ſlew;
So my Auxiliarie I ſafe diſmiſt,
Him promiſing when e'r diſtreſt t' aſſiſt:
Thus ſomething eas'd we to Our Court return,
And Our irreparable loſſes mourn.

Sect.

Ant. Sect. 13

Section XIII.

AFter a while Our Grief and Mournings o're,
We put Our Selves in posture as before;
My Queen and I, Our Losses to repair,
By mutual Joys expect a second Heir;
When to Our Realm from *Gaule*, a *Panther* came,
Well vers'd in Courtship, brisk at *Venus* Game,
And that Amours might better be advanc'd,
Rarely he Sung, in a new manner Danc'd;
Not strain'd in lofty Galliards, high *La vaults*,
But low *Corantoes* upon one leg haults,
In flat Brawls simpring, pinch'd with vexing Corns,
Gingerly moving as he trod on thorns;
Before the *Turn above ground*, and *Cross points*,
Our Youth perform'd, as if they had no joynts;
With *Capriolls antishoes* so high would go,
They hit the Roofes and Noyseless fell as snow;
This easier way our crazie Lords did please,
And Courtiers Clap'd inforc'd to fancy ease:
Our Dames on him could ne'r look on enough,
All else seem'd antiquated, rude and rough;
How he Salutes, how Cringes, what a *Miene*?
His breath perfum'd, how soft his painted Skin?
Monsieur in brief, so well himself behav'd,
That she who Rul'd a Monarck he enslav'd;
In which so cunningly her part she playd,
That I a King her Propertie she made,
Seem'd not t' endure his *Modes*, at him would laugh
And his spruce Congees imitating, scoff;
Thus blinding me, with him th' Adultress meets,
Plys stoln embraces in unlawful (a) Sheets;

(a) See *Pliny*. For the Adultry of the *Lionesses* with the *Panther* and *Leopard*.

So pregnant grown, and drawing neer her time,
Knowing to be discovered was the Crime;
Her second Batch would prove too like the Sire,
She plots, how from the Court she might retire,
Of me begs, at her Mothers (b) to lye In.
I tender, not deny'd my fraighted Queen;
So with a small Retinue down she went,
Me leaving betwixt pleas'd and discontent;
Whilst in her absence various fancies thwart,
And Jealousie lay nibling at my Heart.
When sending word how she miscarried there,
In a Dream frighted with that fatal *Beare*;
My second Issue were brought forth all dead,
When strength recovering rais'd her from her Bed,
She with all speed would leave that woful place,
Seeking fresh comfort in my dear imbrace.
This eas'd my fits, kept quiet up a while,
(But who a jealous Lover can beguile?)
In a dark Night when Clouds had mask'd the Pole,
I from my Court disguised, thither stole,
Past all her out-guards and sly Pimps unseen,
Untill I found Sir *Panther* and my Queen,
In posture more familiar than befits,
A second time I Raging, lost my Wits;
Me first a Woman frenzi'd, now a Beast,
But a whole *Ætna* fir'd within my breast,
When playing I beheld her speckled brats,
Pyde like their Sire, tabbi'd like Mountain-Cats;
Beholding me, of whom they little dreamt,
And thought secure from any such attempt,
Busie with Crown Affairs and State Intregues,
Wars there Proclaiming, here conjoyning Leagues;
When they perceiv'd my Eyes like Beacons shin'd,
And raising Rage my self then (c) disciplin'd,

(b) They also endevour to hide their Surreptitious Issue in the Adulterers Dens. *Apollonius.*

(c) All know how the *Lyon* stirs up his Anger, by beating himself with his Tail.

And

And gave him such a general assault,
He flying to a well-contrived Vault,
That on the trap-dore him ript up, I flung
In his own Urine weltering Blood and Dung,
His Heart and Members torn at her I cast,
Then o'r his Corps th' Adultress breath'd her last,
The surruptitious brood next peece-meal tore,
Spattering the Walls and Pavement with their gore;
Slew all their Pimps, and her grave Mother Bawd,
Then for just Vengeance I my self applaud:
Next made the Peers my Injury understand,
And none to put on Mourning, gave Command.

Section XIV.

AFter ore-power'd by Melancholy Dreams,
I loſt my Wits in oppoſite extreams,
Conſidering deeply of my woful ſtate,
Condemn'd to Beſtiality by Fate;
I loath'd ſuch Crowns, and Dignities that ſtood
By Rapine, Arbitrary Power, and Blood;
Courts who Religion and all Laws explod,
Their Will ſtyl'd Juſtice, what they can, their God?
Why ſhould I Tables, a Retinue keep?
That no Exchequer had, Parks, Herds, nor Sheep,
Out-law'd in Deſarts dwell, there kill and ſteal,
No help for Plaintiffs, nor the leaſt Appeal;
So ſtole I from my Subjects, Court, and Crown,
Scepter and Royal Ermins laying down,
My Self of all Regalities diſrobe,
In want to wander the Terreſtrial Globe:
Vaſt Wilds and Foreſts left, at laſt I found
Meadows hedg'd in, and cultivated ground,
Saw ſprinkling Villages, and fertile Plains,
Sheep grazing, Steers at Plow, and buſy Swains;
Who ſeeing me, their ſeveral Tasks forſook,
And to ſafe ſhelters ſoon themſelves betook;
'Mongſt theſe I Fancying ſingled out a Swain,
Who ſeem'd ingenious by his looks, though plain,
Whom I purſuing, when he found it hard
To ſcape by flying, ſtood upon his guard;
Putting himſelf in poſture of Defence,
But I not War intending to commence,
As if already Conquered, cowring went,
And up my ſelf his Pris'ner did preſent,

Lay

An: Sect: 14

Lay at his Feet and humbly kist his hands.
At last my suite the *Rustick* understands,
And me a King to his Protection took,
And did for Fealty and Homage look;
Then claps a Collar on my shaggy Main,
And leads grown gentle in a twisted skaine.
At last his pleasure he to serious turn'd,
His toylsome Farm and Countrey work adjourn'd,
And me he shew'd in Dorps and neighbouring Towns,
So pick'd up pence till Audits swell to Crowns;
From Markets then to Fairs we strol'd along:
From all parts neer greedy Spectators throng;
Then grown a Company to th' City came
A *Kid*, my fellow Actor, and a *Lamb*.
There rais'd a Stock, in several shapes I play'd,
And my own parts extemporarie made;
And when we something did was rare and nevv,
My fellovv Actors had from me their *Qu*;
Oft when a King I Acted and look'd big,
Some Fool would call and make me dance a jigg;
All trades was common, *Lamb*, and I, and *Kid*,
Trip'd *Mars* and *Venus* to a single (a) Fid;
And I the Net like lymping *Vulcan* spread,
And took God *Kid*, and Goddess *Lamb* in Bed,
Such novel sights a mighty Concourse drew,
And we clapt off still by th' admiring Crew:
Thus by my means my Master's Purse ran o'r,
So much his Grandchildren could ne'r be poor;
I put him to small charge, a slender board,
Water and Bread, a Carot or a Gourd;
Yet on good dayes he made me better Dine,
Boyl'd Mutton, Hony, a spic'd Cake in Wine:
Thus I my Passions rul'd, commanding more
Than when I Govern'd Men or Beasts before.

(a) As in *Homers Odysses lib* 8. They imitated the more especial scapes of *Mars* and *Venus*.

Sect.

Section XV.

ONce to the Temple me my Maſter led,
Where ſlaughtered Sheep the floor, and Cattel ſpread,
Whilſt curling Clouds from blazing Sacrifice,
Mask'd with opacous fogs tranſparent Skies;
At reeking Entrails I ne'r made a ſtop,
Nor long'd to taſt of recent blood one drop;
Where Learned (a) *Apollonius* I beheld,
Whoſe skill in tongues of Birds and Beaſts excell'd;
To him I walk'd, tir'd with my ſtroling trade,
My ſelf at's feet in humble poſture laid,
All wondring what I meant, to this effect,
I ſpake in the *Leontick* Dialect:
King *Amaſis* transform'd into a Beaſt,
Begs from his ſlavery to be releas'd,
Let me no more ſhew antick tricks and Jokes,
A laughing-ſtock to every Fool and Cokes;
Move the *Egyptians* here with ſpeed that they
Would me their hapleſs Prince, from hence convey.
This ſaid, the Reverend Sage ſtroking my Back,
To the Spectators there admiring, ſpake.
Who knows not here King *Amaſis* ſad Fate?
This *Lyon* which ſo much you wonder at,
His Soul informs, by wicked Charms diſguis'd,
Let him not be, what e'r he ſeems, deſpis'd;
Though chang'd here (b) *Saye's* Renowned Monarck (ſtands,
Who Rul'd you mildly under juſt Commands.
This I with ſighs and grones confirming, ſeal'd,
Which from my former Subjects tears compell'd,
Who thus went on. *Sirs*, let me you adviſe,
Since in this living Tomb your late King lyes,

(a) *Apollonius* famous amongſt antient Authors, for the Interpreting the ſeveral languages of Birds and Beaſts.

(b) A City in *Egypt*, in which King *Amaſis* Reigned.

If

Ant. Sect. 15.

If e'r you had of that good Prince esteem,
His Ransome pay, this Royal Beast redeem;
And to *Leontis* hence with speed convey,
There him due Worship in his Temple pay.
Th' *Egyptians*, *Apollonius* counsel take,
For solemn progress preparation make;
My Master's paid, next day you might behold
Me deck'd with Garlands, Jems, and Chains of Gold!
With all the Gayeties and splendor dreſt,
Our Realms could boast, or purchase from the West,
People and Priests conducting me in throngs,
Chanting my Praise in Hymns and sacred Songs;
And to that *Fane* which for my self I made,
They their new God Religiously convey'd:
Order'd me Lodgings, and a plenteous board,
And more to be than any Power ador'd.

Sect.

Section XVI.

REvenues fix'd my Honour to maintain, (wane;
Whilst Suns should set and rise, Moons wax &
Priests and lay Brothers means allow'd, and large
Each place and several Function to discharge;
Physician, Chirurgeon, Pothecary, Cook,
That might to me in Health and Sickness look;
So many wait in their appointed Rooms,
Back stairs, my Privy, and Bed-chamber Grooms;
Priests in my Chappel, a new Service sing,
Chanting great *Amasis* their God and King;
Imploring when the Royal Soul his Fate
Should to a nobler living House translate,
An *Embrio* Prince t' inform, or else they pray,
If amongst Vegetives the honour'd (a) *Bay*.

(a) The *Bay-tree* supposed by the Antients to be the noblest of all Plants.

Thus publick Institutions were observ'd,
Nor much a while from private Orders swerv'd;
Who should until their God had Feasted, staid,
Laughing at those so foolish statues made;
Soon as my usual Dishes up were serv'd,
They for themselves, their Wives and Children carv'd;
And like a Dog gave me their Plates to lick,
Throwing their Offall and gnawn bones to pick;
Delicious Wines, my whole allowance quaff'd,
And at my savoury lapping Water, laugh'd;
In wild *Morifcoes* heightned thus they Dance,
Shins, over Stools and Tables take their chance;
When a fat Priest had almost broke my Chine,
Throwing athwart me his foul Concubine;
This I pass'd o'r, but I began to stare,
When Owl-fac'd *Malkin* Feasted in my Chair;

They

They truly (b) honour'd her, in ſtate there ſate,
Fed with my Dainties a ridiculous *Cat*;
But the fat Prieſt who her did moſt adore
In private, was in publick her Amour.
To teare them piece-meal thrice I was reſolv'd,
But I had been too much in Blood involv'd;
So loathing Man's ſociety once more,
I fled to Deſarts where I Rul'd before,
Here ſoon my Peers reſix'd me in my Throne,
Additional Garlands voting to my Crown;
Me all theſe Deſarts honour'd and obey'd,
So long as ſtrenuouſly I Scepters ſway'd;
Grown weak, they in my Title found a flaw,
(Beaſts free-born are, they cry'd, by Foreſt Law:)
Now by your helping hand again reſtor'd,
As erſt, I Reign, and ſettle here my Board.
Thus my ſtrange ſtory I in brief have told;
Now if you pleaſe, the Night not yet grown old,
I long to know what brought You to Our Court,
So far from Humane buſineſs and reſort,
Unleſs ſome ſcattering Dorps that neer Us lye,
With whom Our Right and Title oft we try;
Cuſtoms demanding, a fat Sheep or Steer,
Of the great World's affairs we little hear:
This, if the trouble will not prove too great,
As a return for mine, Sir, I intreat.

(b) See *Cœlius*; Not only the *Egyptians*, but the *Arabians*, held *Cats* in great veneration and Worſhip, mourning ſolemnly at their Funerals.

Section XVII.

WHen to the King *Androcleus* thus (reply'd;
How to these Wilds, great Sir, and Desarts wide,
My Fortune threw me in such woful plight,
Scorch'd up by Day, wrack'd in a stormy Night;
Since you desire to know, brief as I may,
I shall relate, and your Commands obey.
In *Rome* my well-descended Parents dwelt,
Whose fair Estate small diminution felt,
Until my haplefs Father found a way
To lose himself, and all he had, by Play;
My Mother dying, House we broke up straight,
The Furniture, her Jewells and his Plate,
What e'r was his, and might be after mine,
As cumbersome, he turn'd to ready Coyn;
The frail Die handling, and the slippery Card,
Much by degrees his Fortune had impair'd:
Who now resolv'd those losses up to make
By venturing deep, and setting all at stake;
Fortune assists the bold; would him e'r long,
Make at one lucky Hit, Ten thousand strong.
After a Feast the Gamesters went one day
Up to their golden Chamber; deep they play,
Huge heaps are set, venturing at all he threw,
And (a) Lawrel'd *Cæsars* up by hundreds drew;
So many dazling golden Emperors got,
Well to have sodered up his broke Estate;
I whispered him, intreating to give ore,
Now he might pay all Debts, cleer every score!
He minds not me, nor from his golden Fleece,
Fancy'd *Androcleus* with one single peece;

(a) The stamp or Impression of their then going Gold. St. Luke 20.
Whose Image or Inscription is this? viz. Cæsars.

At

At last the Table cover'd all in Gold,
Bright Ore in Mountains heap'd you might behold,
All at a Chance now to be Lost or Wone,
For ever made, for ever else undone;
Stakes doubled at each throw, long th' after-game,
On each side favouring Fortune smiling came,
As often frowns; my Father had the odds,
Then threw what he could ask for of the Gods;
Which when he saw, as a dire Chance he curst,
And blind with Rage, o'r-seeing, play'd the worst;
What the Dice gave, took with *a why not lost*?
A while he stood, stiff, like a sensless post;
But when he saw the Golden Mountains swept,
Of all he had, and hopes for ever stript,
By his own sottishness, and what seem'd worse,
No Dice nor evil Fortune left to curse;
He falls upon himself, his Peruke, tore,
And thundring Execrations, direly swore.
After a while his Rage cessation makes,
Himself then stripping, straight his Garments stakes,
Upper and under Weeds at first assault,
March o'r, and to the Conquering Foe revolt;
Which gone, with me aside he kindly slips,
And whilst I there in vain lamented, strips:
My Clothes thus added to his last mishap,
They in one Fardle up as Lumber wrap;
Next trafficking for a small sum of Gold,
Himself unto a (a) Fencing-Master sold;
Upon his Body sets a certain price,
Which stráight condemn'd by arbitrary Dice,
His Pris'ner to the fatal School he drew,
Whom, at next Shew, a *Gladiator* slew.

(b) A Master of the *Gladiators*, A frequent Custom at *Rome* amongst the Hectors and Debosheeks, to sell themselves to practise their Art, and venture their lives in the *Amphitheater*.

Section XVIII.

THen out of dores turn'd, only in my Shirt,
Which truſſing, I about my middle girt,
Since I muſt fall unto the Begging trade,
I up my ſelf a fitting Habit made,
And thwart my ſhoulders ſcewr'd up darnix rags;
The Mantle looſe in labels hung and jaggs,
Each corner I inſpect, each Dunghil rake,
Clowrs to collect might up my Wardrobe make;
A Scrip and Diſh, *ſans* Crown, a brimleſs Hat,
Defenſive Arms 'gainſt Dogs, I bore a Batt.
Thus at all points acouter'd and adorn'd,
Acquaintance I, Friends and Relations ſcorn'd
As they would me, my Father being dead,
So I 'mongſt ſtrangers only beg'd my bread;
Oft mouldy Cruſts in muſty Drink would ſop,
Sometimes got ſavoury bits and higher Tope;
At night in Porches and dark Entries ſculk,
A Prince, if I obtain'd a Stall or Bulk;
And thoſe whoever knew me, though I baulk'd,
Yet once I, to the Ordinary walk'd,
Mongſt Gamſters that ſo late diviſion made,
Of my poor Father's Life, and all he had;
'Mongſt them thus torn and totter'd, direly poor,
I by their Names did, weeping, Alms implore;
Me e'n ſtark naked ſeeing, cut and ſlaſh'd
In Steaks and Morſels, robes ſo neatly haſh'd;
Pleas'd with my fancy in ſuch quaint Attire,
Thus grinning, made reply; How now young Squire;
Your Father, were he living, would be ſad,
That for his Heir he ſuch a ſpendthrift had,

Thus

An: Sect: 18.

Thus to be cut and pinckt, what Taylors can!
Their Coats, not Heralds make the Gentleman;
Thus paſſing by, they a proud ſcoff, or ſo,
On me in ſo much miſery beſtow;
Of all my Fathers thouſands they had ſhar'd,
Not one *Deneere* his ſtarving Son they ſpar'd:
But I theſe greedy Harpies knew before,
Who never fancy'd Servants, nor the Poor;
Who wait on them whole nights, ev'n ſtarve with cold,
When Fortune ſhowrs on them Seas of Gold;
Who Game their buſineſs make, ſtudy the wracks
Of hopeful Youth, familiar *Toms* and *Jacks*.
The Suburbs Plague Owl'd in a Periwig,
Their Paunches ſwoln with night deboſhes big,
Such proud and idle Hectors the whole Gang
If th' are not fit to baniſh let them Hang.
Soon after I 'mongſt other Poor did wait,
Expecting Alms at a great Patriot's Gate,
Whoſe Steward pick'd me from the clamouring throng,
Not in my Features much deform'd, and Young:
By my conſent enroll'd his Patron's Slave,
Shew'd me my Tasks, and fitting Habit gave.

Sect.

Section XIX.

THere Toyling hard, yet plentifully fed,
Taller I shot by th' shoulders and the head,
When Callow down, first marks proclaiming (Man,
Upon my Chin and ruddy Cheeks began;
At Exercises active grown, and strong,
Me at the [a] *Cest* none could, or Wrastling wrong;
Out-run, out-leap, Vault higher; few could far
Break ground beyond me with a Stone or Barr;
My joynts then knitting, Breast and Shoulders broad,
I much as two could carry at a load:
The Steward, who on all the rest look'd grim,
Oft smil'd on me, and held in fair esteem;
Our grand Patrone would still as passing by,
Cast me both Mony and a favouring Eye.
Madam Patroness, a high-going Dame,
Whose Honesty had but a scanty fame,
Her Lord grown old, of business full, and Cares,
About the Publick, or his own affairs;
Too soon of me had inkling by her Pimps,
And at her Window then by chance a glimpse,
Whilst nimbly up the steps I bore a Sack,
As if a Fly had sate upon my back;
Nor rested she, feeling a kindled flame,
But down 'mongst us with one Attendant came,
The Palace empty, and for me she asks,
Then 'mongst my Fellows, busy at our Tasks,
A Work dispatching must with speed be done.
I would have Wash'd, and put fresh Garments on,
When she far off, me, thus consulting spy'd,
Come naked as you are, aloud she cry'd;

(a) A *Roman* Exercise.

So

So up I march'd, and her Commands obey'd,
Who thus in gentle Language ſmiling, ſaid:
  Of your good parts *Androcleus*, I have heard,
Merits where-ever plac'd we ſhould regard,
Though you, your Fortune to ſuch Toyl condemns;
Jewels though ſet in Lead, yet ſtill are Gemms;
I hear that you carry from all the prize,
At Youthful Sports, and Manly Exerciſe;
Since I am preſent, I would gladly ſee
A proof or ſo of your Activity.
  Then made ſhe me firſt Run, then Leap, and Vault;
So gave her ſelf a general aſſault;
I ſaw her boſome beat with looſe alarms,
Viewing my ſhoulders, breaſt, and muskley Arms:
  Then ſhe departing, kindly threw her Purſe,
Which I look'd on no better than a Curſe.

Section XX.

NO sooner gone, but all about me throng,
To see what Largess bounteous Madam flung,
Which op'ning soon bright *Cæsars* they behold,
All cry, at night to Wine convert the Gold;
She wants your help, and you your Freedom lack,
The Wealthie Fort couragiously attack;
Good use make of your time whilst kind Stars wait,
Women (a) inconstant else turn Love to hate.

(a) *Varium & mutabile semper Fœmina,* Virg. lib. 4.

Thus hinted they, whilst I my self deplore,
Contracted to a Virgin late before;
Our Steward's Daughter, and his only Heir,
Her Mother lately dead, she young and Fair
Me long with signs and silent Rethorick woo'd,
And by her conquering Eyes at last subdu'd;
I not at Riches nor my Freedom aim'd,
Her Vertue more than Beauty me inflam'd,
Her sweet simplicity stirr'd gentle fires,
From Wanton free, and turbulent desires;
When her soft passion once she had reveal'd,
With Tears and Kisses we Affection seal'd;
Vows interchanging, just at breaking Gold,
A while, said she, e'r we go further hold;
I am a Christian, and so must be you,
Else here we separate and once more are two;
Since such dissentings may in Marriage life
Commotions raise, and a perpetual strife;
Light *Venus*, Drunken *Bacchus*, Hectoring *Mars*,
Trepanning *Hermes*, look on as a Farse;
Th' whole List abolish of those Stones and Stocks,
Once Bosoms of the Grove, and Wombs of Rocks;

I not (b) *Marina*, but *Maria* am,
Androcleus to *Andreas* change your Name.
She soon prevailing, easie Conquest made,
What could not she and her fair Eyes perswade?
Besides, I saw them daily at the Stake,
And Persecutions still more Converts make;
I knew our Gods Exemplars were of Sin,
And we on Wood and Stone (c) Petitions pin;
So I consenting, me she kindly kist,
Contracted, we each other straight dismist;
Upon a private meeting, next agreed,
Where no occasion might suspicion breed.

(b) A usual Custom in the Primitive times to alter, or contract their Christian Names not to be much differing from their former.

(c) A Custome among the Heathens to stick their Petitions upon their Idolls.

Section XXI.

SOon after going at th' appoynted time,
To meet, where chaſt imbraces were no crime,
With my *Maria*, her there to acquaint
With what did much my troubled ſpirits daunt,
And to conſult together how to wave
Approaching Luſt, inſatiate as the Grave.
The Houſe all clear, gone forth to hear a Cauſe
Till night would puzle Lawyers and the Laws;
A little Girle from a ſtraight Envoy came,
And beck'ning to me, call'd me by my Name;
I thought that my dear Miſtriſs her had ſent,
Of Plots but little dreaming, after went,
Who in a lower Chamber turns me ſtraight,
And clapping faſt the Dore, leaves there to wait:
Then I began the buſineſs to ſuſpect,
And from a dangerous Cauſe a dire Effect:
When entring, on the other ſide appear'd
Our Madams Confident, who me thus cheer'd.
Androcleus, welcome; though you are betraid,
The Plot is much for your advantage layd;
Wealth, Honour, Beauty, Love, on you attend,
A Great, a kind, and everlaſting Friend;
Such as the Emperours Self, the Worlds great Head
Might pride in the Enjoyments of her Bed;
Nay, ſtart not back, nor proffered Fortunes wave,
Poſſeſſe a Paradiſe, or elſe a Grave:
Death or a Happy Life, one you muſt chuſe,
Take heed, ſo high a Favour to refuſe.

Thus

Thus now confirm'd of what I firſt did doubt,
I ſtraight reſolv'd what ere to ſee it out;
And though I ſaw a Sword hung o'r my head,
Each ſtep I trod upon a Serpent's bed,
I follow'd her thence up a private Stairs,
A cloſe conveyance for the like affairs:
Whence me ſhe firſt into a Wardrobe brought,
Hung with rich garments, Gowns, and Mantles wrought,
Upon the Table lay a gorgeous Veſt
Fit for a Prince bid to a Marriage Feaſt.
When thus ſhe ſaid; You in ſo high reſpect,
Thus ſuting your Preferment muſt be deckt,
None to our Ladies privacy muſt come
Nor enter worſer clad, her Golden Room,
And here for you, as if her Lord, ſhe hath
Ordered rich Unguents and a cheering Bath.
This ſaid, my ſlaviſh Habit off I ſlipt,
And down in warm and perfum'd water leapt,
My Arms and Boſome cleans'd from ſweat and ſoyle,
Noynting my limbs with odoriferous oyle;
My ſelf then dreſſing ſprucely *A-la-mode*,
I entred like a Heroe or a God;
For looking in the Mirror as I paſt,
I at my Transformation ſtood agaſt!
Viewing my ſupple Limbs and noble Face,
The Room then treading with Majeſtick pace;
When me ſhe ſaw thus handſomly arraid,
I, now you are a Prince indeed, ſhe ſaid;
You no *Androcleus* now, no Bond-ſlave are
But ſome Ambaſſador late come from far;
Move in a Royal Sphere, and fitting ſtate,
You muſt forget what ere you were of late.
This ſaid, ſhe me through ſeveral Rooms conducts,
And all the way with learned Smiles inſtructs.

Section XXII.

AT last she brought me to a darkned Room,
Where shut out *Phœbus* beams could never come;
Which yet out-shin'd the Day, and stain'd the Skies,
With Tapers bright in branching *Gallaxies*;
Here none of all the Houshold durst presume
So to prophane as once look in the Room,
Only one Woman; this she kept distinct,
At which her Husband glad to please her, wink'd;
There looking round, rare Tap'strie I beheld,
Which far my Master's Furniture excell'd,
With new-found [a] silk and gold most richly wrought,
Far fetch'd and dear, from utmost *Persia* brought;
Where *Venus* lively sate in *Mars* his Lap,
And peeping *Vulcan* catch'd in *Cupid's* Trap;
Where whilst the stump-foot God fast by the Leg,
Seem'd Freedom of his wanton Son to beg,
She and her brisk Gallant the Pris'ner mocks,
Both pointing at him, sitting in the stocks;
The border silver Doves and *Cupids* fill'd,
And Lovers bleeding Hearts, though never kill'd:
Next a [b] *Triclinium* with congested Plates,
Furnish'd from two Worlds with the choycest Cates,
All high provocatives, Venerial Food,
Would empty Veins replenish with a flood;
A canted Couch for Ease and Dalliance fit,
Where three might lean at pleasure, lye, or sit:
Next saw I emboss'd Flagons antique mould,
Not full with Wine, but briming o'r with Gold,
Which Kings and Tetrarchs that his Clients were
When well went Causes, had presented her;

(a) Then but lately found in the time of the *Cæsars*, and rarely used.

(b) *Triclinia*, about which in three Seats nine persons sate beyond which number they seldome treated, according to the juncto of the Muses, nor seldom fewer than three, the number of the Graces.

Whole

An: Sect: 22.

Whole Cities pawn'd to pay their Patrons Fees,
They humbly offered her such toyes as these.
  Next on a Porphyre Cupboard I espy'd
Instead of drinking Plates (e) Jems, Stars out-vi'd,
And as neglected, in a Corner lay;
A silver Mountain might nine Legions pay;
The Superficial of her Treasure these,
She Jewells had were worth whole Provinces!
All which as Enemies I understood,
'Gainst them resolv'd to make my party good
What e'r befalls, to run the dangerous risk,
Rather than her, to top a *Basilisk*;
So much I valu'd my plain modest Girle,
Beyond a heaven of Jewels, Gold, or Pearl,
Beyond her Glories, Luxury, and Pride,
Beyond whatever in the World beside:
  I that a Christian promis'd to be, must
Seven deadly Champions fight, especial Lust!
Before my Youth and Marrow her should treat
A Strumpet prey upon, though ne'r so Great,
Let these full veins a *Hectick* drain, and I
Pale in a lingering Consumption dye.

(e) *Hic petit excidiis urbem, miserosque Penates,*
Ut gemma bibat, & ferrano Dormiat ostro. Georg. lib. 2.

Sect.

Section XXIII.

WHilst I on all these look'd with disregard,
A Song and Musick I in consort heard;
Which pleas'd surprizal my attention
Love th' Argument,and joyes of being belov'd;(mov'd,
Of *Cupids* power in Heaven,Earth,and below,
All under the obedience of his Bow;
They sung his Club laid by, and Lyons skin,
How *Hercules*, *Omphale* taught to spin,
Who,when his Mistris faulty found the thread,
Suffer'd her break the Distaff ore his head;
Joves scapes I heard, and how the bashful Moon
Danc'd to the Pipe of young *Endymion*.
At last appears with a Majestick pace,
A Beauty fitting for a Gods imbrace;
Robes flowing, in a heaven of jewels deck'd,
And entering, smiles on me with kind respect;
Little I dreamt that her I e'r had seen,
She must some Goddess be, at least a Queen!
Who as I staring stood, amaz'd and mute,
First charg'd me with a kissing sweet salute.
When thus she said; *Androcleus* now I see
Y'are born no Slave, nor one of mean Degree;
Persons of low Birth though they features have,
Know not which way to look when they are brave;
I knew her then, but could not make reply,
Totally routed by her conquering Eye!
Whilst she then turning whisper'd to her Maid,
Farewell good Christian, to my self I said;
A green-sick Girle a new Religion mine'd,
I am asham'd, and utterly convinc'd;

Tell

Tell me of Heavenly bliss, and Worlds to come,
Here, present Joyes are worth a Martyrdome;
To Crowns of Glory who would not aspire,
Loves fiery tryalls suffering in such fire?
Let me one Night move in that starrie Sphere,
Then let there Devils me in pieces tear,
When with a wounding smile she turning, said;
Why stands *Androcleus* thus? why so dismaid?
Let not what you in my apartment see
Dazle your Eyes, but make your object Me;
Be not so mute, freely your self behave,
Th' Old Man's no more,but now you are my Slave;
And I shall put you to a harder Task,
That more than all your Strength,will Courage ask:
All here you see, instructs you what to doe,
This slender Banquet stands prepar'd for you;
I would not have such Entertainment lost
Upon a gilded Signe,or painted Post.
Encourag'd thus, though I in flames did fry,
I only star'd, but make could no reply,
Nor *Locomotive* faculties command:
Which she perceiving, took me by the Hand,
And gently wringing, to the Table led,
Placing me by her on the Festive Bed.

Sect.

Section XXIV.

THus poor *Androcleus* with a Lady ſate,
The Wealth of Queens but mean to her eſtate!
What ere the greateſt *Epicure* could wiſh,
To taſte delicious Wines there ſtood the Diſh;
What-ever Wine to quench the Seaſoned bit,
He at this Table might his Pallat fit;
On us her Confident did only wait,
Who ply'd my Cup, and often chang'd my Plate,
Till Love thus heightned Fancy did inrich,
Unchain'd my Tongue, and freedom gave to ſpeech;
Finding Diſcourſe, my Wits with *Bacchus* edg'd,
Thus ſtorm'd I her, and formally beſieg'd.
Madam, theſe Miracles I here behold!
Your Beauty, theſe bright Gems, that Plate and Gold!
This Room ſo furniſh'd, ſet with Lights ſo thick
That more than Stars confound Arithmetick!
My ſelf in this rich Habit like a Prince!
Such Entertainment at ſo vaſt Expence!
And me a Slave, thus by your ſpecial Grace,
Holding in this your Heaven, a ſecond place,
Makes me the greater wonder that am not
Turn'd an admiring Statue on the ſpot;
And now my Spirits ſeeming to revive,
I queſtion if I dead am, or alive;
Or from Earth mounted, my deliver'd Soul
Found this your Paradiſe beyond the Pole;
Theſe, and th' inchanting Muſick that I hear
Makes me ſuppoſe that this is *Venus* Sphere,
And you th' Intelligence, that Goddeſſe are
Ruling our Morning and our Evening Star!

If

If that I Wake, am Dead, or in a Dream,
Since Woe nor Weale laſts long in the Extream,
If Truth or Fancy, put it to the Teſt,
Really finiſh, or Dream out the reſt.
Surpriz'd at ſuch a rate to hear me ſpeak,
Thus in no common Torrent forth to break;
Androcleus, ſaid ſhe, I am doubtful too,
If I'm not in a Trance as well as You!
To hear ſuch Language, hear you talk ſo brave,
None but a Prince can Act a Royal Slave;
Such notions are no births of Toyl and Sweat:
Sir, I'll on You no leſſer value ſet,
Than if ſome God deſcended from the Sky,
Would my imbraces at Heavens Purchaſe buy.
This ſaid, my Hand ſhe in her Boſom ſlips,
And I made bold to venture on her Lips;
When thus I ſaid, Dear Madam, I ſhall burſt,
At once you make me Happy and Accurſt!
Such Cordials far off from the joy of joyes,
In tantalizing pleaſures me deſtroyes.
Then the bold Strumpet me imbracing, kiſt,
Twining a Chain of Pearl about my wriſt,
Accept this earneſt of my love, ſhe ſaid,
And me to further Privacy convey'd.

Section XXV.

WHere ſtood a ſtately Bed in her *Alcove*,
Fit for ſweet thefts, and ſtoln deligts of Love,
Where Kings and Queens in Wedlock might imbrace,
And Princes breed their own illuſtrious Race!
When drawing nigh, me ſuddain Terror ſtruck,
The Curtains trembled, and the Hangings ſhook,
And ſtraight a Voice, not Humane, pierc'd my Ear,
Chriſtian *Andreas*, mind thy Soul, forbear!
My Name that, muſt be, and this ſtrange advice,
Turn'd to a Hell, expected Paradiſe,
Loves torches quench'd, hot fancys routed quite:
Agu'd I ſweat in horrible affright;
My warm blood curdling, I grew ſtiff and cold,
As one that twice had fifty Winters told.
She ſeeing me ſtand, as I had blaſted been,
That never look'd on looſe Eſcapes as Sin,
How now *Androcleus*, ſaid ſhe, why ſo pale?
A Bed, a Lady, and your ſpirits fail!
Then caſting up my Eye on her, who ſeem'd
Late 'bove all Worldly joyes to be eſteem'd;
Of conquering Beauty, ſo Divinely Fair,
Not the leaſt mark appear'd, nor ſmalleſt Air!
Where I before enough could never gaze,
Behold a map of Ruin and Decayes;
Furrow'd her Brows, Cheeks painted and bepatch'd,
Her Temples round with curled Serpents thatch'd!
Her wither'd Breaſts in her foul Boſome ſagg!
A Goddeſs late, now an infernal Hagg!
To whom in high diſtraction thus I ſpake:
Thou ſwallowing Gulph, thou all-devouring Lake,
That

That now art leading me unto the brink,
Where falling, I eternally must sink;
Ah how thou star'st! Clap no more (a) *Gorgons* on,
I feel my self already turning stone!
I'll fly; e'r I am finish'd, e'r I stand
A Statue, carv'd by an Adultress hand.
This said, I left her, and the loathed Bed,
And whilst she dire Revenge stood plotting, fled,
Out at a Window jutting forward, leapt,
And hid with darkness, to my Cabin crept
Unseen by any, fast the dore then lock'd,
Resolv'd to none to open, who e'r knock'd.

(a) *Medusa's* Head, her hairs feigned to be Serpents, the terrible Aspect turning all that beheld it into Stone.

Section XXVI.

THus I within my own works ſeem'd ſecure,
Able a Winter Leagure to endure;
When ſecond thoughts a farther proſpect made,
I ſaw no means my Ruine to evade;
Then I repented my diſtracted flight,
That could not me preſerve one ſingle night;
Mad that th' Adultereſſe I had not ſlain,
That (a) *Syren*, that inticing common Bane;
Who long ſince could not chang'd Amours adjuſt,
Serving with ſuch varieties her Luſt;
Then I had done a meritorious act,
And could but Death have ſuffered for the Fact;
Left living to accuſe me, I am ſure
Exquiſite Tortures dying, to endure.
Diſcourſing thus, a ſuddain noyſe I hear
Of buſy Servants buſling here and there;
Shut up the Gates, whilſt out the Steward comes,
Bids diligent ſearch to make through all the Rooms;
Straight I put up my Chain of Pearl, and Veſt,
My ſelf in my accuſtom'd Habit dreſt,
And as alarm'd, ſoon mingled with my Mates,
Hoping to get o'r Walls, or thorough Gates;
And buſy with the Steward walk'd the round:
But no ſuſpicious perſon could be found.
When at a ſtand that Girle, that treach'rous Maid,
Which me into the Trap at firſt betraid,
Brought in her Lap thoſe Cloaths Behind I left,
Charging their Owner with worſe Crimes than Theft;
My fellow Slaves all knew them at firſt ſight,
Whom I ſo treated but the former night,

(a) See *Homer's* Odyſſ. lib. 12.

First thou the *Sirens* ſhalt diſcover, which
All Commers with inticing tunes bewitch;
Who their ſweet Voyces hear, remind no more
Their Wives, their Children, nor their native ſhore:
In Meadows Chanting, they 'mongſt dead mens bones
Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Skeletons;
But when thou ſaileſt by them, look that there
Thy Followers Ears thou ſtop, that none may hear,
With yielding Wax: But if thou haſt a mind
To hear inchanting Ditties, let them bind
Thee hand and foot, and with ſtrong Cordage faſt
About thy middle tie unto the Maſt:
So thou mayeſt hear the *Sirens* melting ſtrains:
But if thou ſhouldſt Command them, looſe thy Chains,
And ſet thee free, then bid them harder tie:
But when theſe dire Inchanters are paſt'd by,
Then thee I ſhall not punctually inſtruct.
In th' other Courſe thou mayſt thy ſelf Conduct,
By little Hints, how thou mayſt find the way.

And

And ſo much fatal Gold on them did ſpend,
They were the firſt that me did apprehend;
And Oaths on Oaths, with proteſtations ſwore
They were the ſame which I that morning wore.
To ſearch my Cabin, next they made requeſt,
Whence ſoon they brought the Orient Chain and Veſt;
All circumſtances cleer the Steward found,
And calls for Jives, and me in Fetters bound:
Then to the Dungeon thence himſelf conveys,
And leaves me in the Stocks, at little-eaſe.

Sect.

Section XXVII.

LEft in a Dungeon Manackled and Jiv'd,
Of Light, of Comfort, and all Hopes depriv'd,
Gall'd with the narrow Stocks and pinching (Chains,
My Sorrows heavy, and acute my Pains,
I muſing on my ſad condition ſate,
Thrown to a Priſon from a Bed of State;
But more for my *Maria* was my ſmart,
For her, a bitterer grief tranſpierc'd my heart
Than all the wounding woes which there I felt,
That with my Dear ſo treacherouſly I dealt;
Out of my mind my Vows and her to raze
Took with patch'd Beauty and a painted Face. (night,
Thus drown'd in deep Deſpair, o'rwhelm'd with
I heard ſoft ſteps, and ſaw a glimmering light,
Which through the Key-hole, and the crannys broke;
When ſuddenly the well-oyl'd wards unlock,
And like a ſilent Shade in noyſeleſs ſtole,
Maria as an Angel from the Pole
Bringing down Comfort in my Grieſs extream;
When thus ſhe ſpake, and reall made my Dream.
Our precious time not laviſh now away,
Elſe forfeit Life this Morning you muſt pay:
Then with a kiſs my ſpirit ſhe revives,
Frees from the Stocks, my Fetters, and my Jives,
Bids me tread ſoftly, whilſt ſhe locks the Dore,
Leaving all faſt in poſture as before;
Then leading on, like noyſeleſs air ſhe ſlips,
Whilſt lightly I reprint the Virgin's ſteps;
Untill we entred in an obſcure yard,
Where ſettled Walls not to aſcend were hard;

When

An. 27.

When thus ſhe ſaid; Put on this forraign ſhape,
Then fly to *Oſtia*, as a Stranger ſcape;
I heard my Lady our Patron engage,
Only your Death muſt pacifie her Rage:
She told him, how in Princely Habit dreſt,
At her Devotions, in you rudely preſt,
When ſhe amaz'd at One thus broken in,
Ready to ſwoone, had been enforc'd to Sin,
But that her Woman entring with a Light,
The Project ſpoyl'd, and put the Slave to flight:
  But I of this dare not one word believe,
Nor credit to her accuſation give;
The whole Houſe thinks you guiltleſs, who lament,
And whiſpering, your Misfortune much reſcent;
  But you muſt hence, and I muſt ſtraight away
Under my Fathers Pillow to convey
Theſe Keys, which whilſt he ſlept, from thence I ſtole
Thus to redeem you from that diſmal Hole;
Here, take this Purſe ſhe ſaid; then me ſhe kiſt,
And vowing Conſtancy, with tears diſmiſt.
  Diſguis'd thence o'r, low Battlements I leapt,
And through dark Suburbs and long Alleys crept.

Section XXVIII.

FRom thence to *Ostia*, where by fortune lay
Ships ready freighted, bound for *Africa*,
The Consuls Goods and Servants left behind
Hasting aboard; fair blew th' expected Wind:
I amongst others, got into a Ship,
All Anchors weigh, and hoyse their sails a trip,
And to the *Offin* with a Northern gale,
Hoping for short and happy passage sail;
Steep Forelands set, and distant Mountains fly,
Till nothing we beheld, but Sea and Sky;
That night so pleasant on the Decks I lay,
With Cares awake, expecting blessed Day:
But whilst our groning Prow salt Billows plow'd,
I just a-head, espy'd a rising Cloud,
Built up in Stories like a spiry Tower,
Threatning foul Weather, and a Thunder-shower;
When our fair Wind us by degrees did fail,
Our Canvas flats, nor longer could we sail;
Straight up they furl their Shets and ply the Oare,
Before it blows to fasten on the Shore.
The Sky, all straight in close long Mourning hung
Lightens, a peal of Heav'ns Artillery rung,
A hideous Shower of Fire, of Hail, and Rain,
Falls in a Deluge with a (a) *Hurricane*;
The blustering Northern Lords, East, West, and South,
Twice sixteen Angles open as one Mouth:
When not in Mountains did swoln Billows rise,
But pil'd up (b) Pyramids salute the Skies:
Waves fight and fly, rough Floods encounter Floods,
Till all the Sea was laver'd into Suds!

When

(a) Blowing at all the Two and thirty Points of the Compass.

(b) It is observed that the famous Hurricanes upon the Western Coast, bring a Whirlwind, rolls not the Sea in long Billows, but heap them up in spiry Pyramids.

An: Sect: 28

When thus I cry'd, ah! happy had I been,
If I at Home had ſuffer'd for my ſin,
Better than this infortunate Eſcape,
Bravely t' have Dy'd condemned for a Rape;
A *Roman* Dame, one of ſo high remark,
Than now feed Sword-Fiſh, or ſome Hect'ring Shark.
Whilſt to the Winds vain grief I thus divulg'd,
Our Veſſel ſtriking, in an inſtant bulg'd;
The Ship though ſtout, yields to tempeſtuous Waves,
And ſuddain in a thouſand ſhatters, ſtaves:
Each for themſelves, a broken Maſt I ſtrode,
And buffeted by Winds and Billows, rode,
Untill the Tempeſt ceaſing, I alone
Upon this Coaſt was thus this Morning thrown;
Where landed, I encountred new Extreams,
Choak'd with hot ſands, and ſcorch'd with *Phœbus* beams.
Fainting with Thirſt, and ready for my Grave,
My better Stars ſhew'd me your Royal Cave,
Where now by ſpecial favour, I your Gueſt
Sit at your Table, and 'mongſt Princes Feaſt.
Androcleus Story told, then growing late,
The *Lyon* riſing, his Jackcalls in State
With Gloworms, Touchwood, and ſuch Lights, attend
Their Royal Maſter, leading in his Friend:
Then all diſpierc'd unto their ſeveral Homes,
Courtiers retiring to appointed Rooms.

Section XXIX.

THus dwelt *Androcleus* in a *Lyon's* Den, (Men;
A Prince 'mongst Beasts, a Bondslave amongst
Till weary of that life, and spur'd with Love,
He fix'd his Resolution to remove,
Watching an opportunity to fly;
Rather than live in Wilds, at *Rome* to Dy;
Although the King him lov'd and honour'd most
Of all his Peers and Captains of his Hoast;
Nor could he e'r be quiet Day nor Night,
Androcleus but a minute out of sight:
So in a starry night from thence he stole,
His Course directing by the *Artick* Pole,
Through sandy Wilds, and Wildernesses past,
And came to scattering Villages at last; (reviv'd;
Which him with Goats milk, Cheese, and Whay
Soon after he at *Carthage* Walls arriv'd;
Where with that Purse he from *Maria* had,
Himself he straight in handsome Habit clad,
Hoping that undiscover'd, so once more
To seek his Fortune on th' *Ausonian* shore;
In that great World of *Rome* disguis'd, he might
E'r Death, be happy with his Mistriss sight.
Whom soon the Consul there, his Patrons Friend,
Did by one sent on purpose apprehend,
His fellow-Bondman, and his great Consort,
Inquiring for a Ship him to transport;
So as a heynous Criminal attach'd,
Loaden with Chains thence he to *Rome* dispatch'd.
But when the *Lyon* his Companion mist,
He could not raging Love and Grief resist,

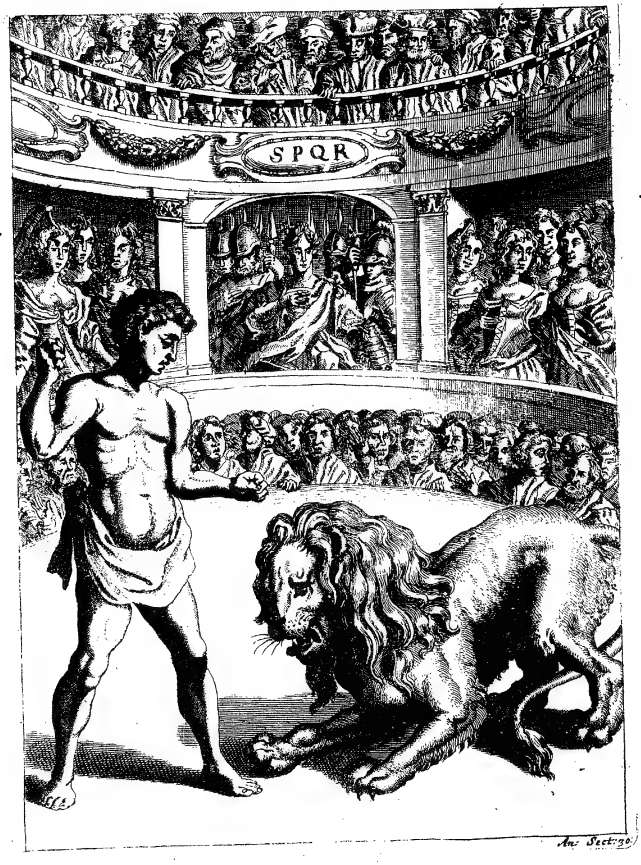
Nor

Nor sends to Officers, nor trusts Jackcalls,
But follows on the scent to *Carthage* Walls;
As if his feet were wing'd, runs ore the Downs,
And frights the neighbouring Villages and Towns,
Offending none, not minding Prey nor Rest;
All wonder that so terrible a Beast
Should fly so fast none seeing him pursue:
At last to *Carthage* the distracted drew,
Whom tir'd and spent, a Troop of Horse beset,
And without wounding drove into the Net;
His bushie Tayl, and shaggy Mane th' admire,
His Teeth like Needles, and his Eyes like Fire!
Whom straight the Consul to the Emperour sent,
And as a Wonder, did the Beast Present;
Whom in his *Amphitheater* he plac'd,
And like a King with frequent visits grac'd,
Admiring his huge size, and awful Face,
His Royal Carriage, and Majestick Pace!

Section XXX.

THe Sentence paſt, ſoon came th' expected time,
Androcleus muſt ſuffer for his Crime;
When to the Emperors *Lyon*, he that day
Muſt be in th' *Amphitheater* a Prey:
Which through all *Rome* divulg'd by buſy Fame,
As glad Spectators of this horrid Game,
Both *Patriots* and *Plebeans*, Old and Young,
From all the City thick in Cluſters throng;
A Slave Condemn'd, incounters in the Liſts
A *Lyon* naked, onely with his Fiſts;
Such a huge Monſter terrible and keen,
Upon the publick Stage yet never ſeen.
By Noon the *Theater* huge Concourſe thwack,
The loaden Seats and Claſſis like to crack;
The Emperour and Emperess in State,
The Conſcript Fathers, and Commons ſate;
When the Scene opening from a large *Boſcage*
Androcleus comes to meet the *Lyons* Rage;
His Breaſt, his Shoulders, brawny Arms, and Thighs,
Waſte ſlender, Manly Face, and ſparkling Eyes,
In Matrons ſtirring Pitty, kindled flame,
And all his great Accuſer much did blame.
The *Lyon* then, on purpoſe faſting kept,
Forth to his Prey eager with Hunger leapt,
A Feaſt prepar'd, then ready to attack
His Face beholding, ſuddainly ſtarts back,
When he his deareſt Friend peruſing knew;
Then in an humble poſture neer he drew
Kiſſing his Feet, his hands, and well known Face,
Then they each other hugg'd in dear imbrace;

He



An Section 30

He knows the *Lyon*, though ſo curl'd and kemb'd,
And he *Androcleus*, guiltleſly Condemn'd;
To ſee the Monſter that ſhould him aſſail,
Fawn like a Spaniel, wag his buſhy Tail;
And him that ſtood an Offering to be ſlain,
Then clap his back, ſtroking his ſhaggy Main;
Th' admiring Houſe made with Applauſes ring,
And Purſes him of Gold and Silver fling,
A hundred thouſand hands ſpeak loud applauſe,
Glad the Defendant ſcap't the *Lyon's* Jaws:
All cry, The Gods do Innocence protect!
And by the great Example them direct
To Piety and Pitty, and that he
Sav'd by their Mercy, ſhould be ſtraight ſet free,

Sect.

Section XXXI.

WHen a prime Herald, after silence made,
Thus in the Emperours Name, and Senate, said;
This Slave by Heavens especial favour blest,
Straight by their Order here must be releast;
They also him a Golden Talent give,
And that at *Rome* as freeborn, he may live;
The *Lyon* him the Emperour doth present.
Joyful applauses scale the Firmament:
But when *Androcleus* them his story told,
Showers from the Galleries Silver, Jems, and Gold,
Rain'd on his Head, and pour'd into his Hands.
Thus freed from cruel Death and servile Bonds,
He from the *Theater* in Triumph led,
His Friend releast whilst thus the People said,
As they in busy throngs about them prest:
The Man and *Lyon*! see, the Host and Guest!
The Senates Gift, and what Spectators gave,
Turn'd to a Wealthy Citizen a Slave;
Recovering soon his Fathers Morgag'd State,
His Houses, Jewels, and embezel'd Plate.
Andreas now *Maria* did Espouse,
And solemn Nuptials kept in his own House:
Fair Issue had, in Reputation dwelt,
Nor storms of Persecution ever felt;
Till Emperours themselves pluck'd Idols down,
And got for Piety and Zeal, Renown:
But of the *Lyon* after what become,
Most Writers are defective, some quite dumb;

Yet

Yet, one saies, he resum'd his shape agen,
From Ruling Beasts, became a King of Men
By Christian Prayers; and how the Senate had
An Order for his Restauration made,
By which he his *Egyptian* Realm regain'd,
And many years in Peace and Plenty Raign'd:
If so or not, I shall no more insist,
Thus far I Dreamt, Dream out the rest that list.

THE EPHESIAN MATRON: OR VVidows Tears.

Section I.

AT (a) *Ephesus*, of old so much Renown'd,
Whose lofty Tow'rs (b) *Diana's* Temple crown'd,
To whom (when leaving Mansions of the Gods,
In that (c) Worlds Wonder setling her aboads)
Chast votresses with Vows and Offerings came,
Loves power despising, and the *Cyprian* Dame;
The Cold Infection through the City spreads,
No Girls of Pleasure, scapes, nor sportive Beds;
Beauty, and lusty Youth, at *Cupids* Shaft
If pointed not, forsooth, with Marriage, laught;
Whilst great at *Ephesus*, (d) *Diana's* Name
Kept chast Court-Madams, Chast the City Dame.
'Mongst these Exemplars a fair Lady dwelt,
With whom kind Fates auspiciously had delt,
She and her Spouse, so eminent a Pair,
That all the City their admirers were.

The first Author of this story was the most witty *Petronius* in his *Satyricon*, and from him many others have made use of it, and amongst them *Johannes Salisbericensis Policrat. lib* 8. cites one *Flavianus*, who affirms it really hapned at *Ephesus*, and that the Woman suffered the deserved punishment of her impiety and Adultery.

a Ephesus by *Pliny* is called one of the Eyes of *Asia*, taking *Miletus* for the other, likely, those two being by *Strabo* reputed the best and noblest Cities of *Asia*, and *Ephesus* the chiefest place of Trade.

b The Temple of *Diana*, saith *Solinus*, was built by the *Amazons*, so magnificently, that *Xerxes* burning all other the Temples of *Asia*, spared this; and by *Pliny* is esteemed the true wonder of Magnificence.

c Commonly reckon'd as one of the 7. Wonders of the world; the other six were, the Walls of *Babylon*; the Statue of *Jupiter Olympius*; the Pyramids of *Egypt*; the *Colossus* of the Sun at *Rhodes*; the Sepulcher of *Mausolus*; and the Palace of *Cyrus*; the stones of which were cemented together with Gold; or as more usually the *Pharos* at *Alexandria*.

d See the latter part of the Nineteenth Chapter of the *Acts* of the Apostles, where besides other instances of the greatness of her Name there, 'tis said *v.* 34. that there was a cry of the whole Multitude as of one voice for two hours, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians*.

When ſeven fill'd Circles brought their Holiday,
The laſt of ſeven in perpetual *May*,
On which they yearly kept the Wedding Feaſt,
Their Friends, and Kindred ſtill invited Gueſts.
They in their Garden walking arm in arm,
The Spring in all her Gaiety and warm;
Changing his Note, he in a ſadder Tone
Than ever they Diſcours'd in, thus begun:
My onely Happineſs; my deareſt Wife;
More lov'd than Day, than Joys of Health or Life!
Who would not leave the hopes of Heav'n to be
As you and I, ſo bleſt on Earth as we?
Since our ſeventh Stage ſo happily we reach
Without one Cloud, the ſmalleſt flaw or breach;
More than the Gods can boaſt, though ſtyl'd the Bleſt,
Them anxious Fears and Jealouſies moleſt,
That ſome ſuppoſe the Stars are all but Spies,
And Conſtellations, Guards with watching Eyes.
But now ſad Fancies harbour in my breaſt,
And Melancholly, ne'r before a gueſt:
Why vex I thus my ſelf with idle Fear?
Startle at that I ne'r ſhall ſee nor hear?
I'll tell thee Love, my happineſs is ſuch,
That the felicity I Princes grutch;
Though Fate did as your Servant, me imploy,
Thou art too good for any to injoy;
I fear that you and I e'r long muſt part,
Something I feel ſits heavy at my heart;
To Dye not grieves me, but to leave thee here,
What ſignifies *Elizium*, thou not there?
For your own ſake then live a ſingle life,
And let my Duſt be proud you were my Wife;
Though Stories I ſuſpect, and idle Talk,
That in the Night our troubled Spirits walk,
Which

Which if they ſhould, my angry Ghoſt, I fear,
Thee from th' imbraces of a King would tear;
Take this my laſt Will, which doth thee declare
My ſole Executrix, and onely Heir:
Nor are you bound by loſs of part to be
My Relict, no, Dear! I have left you Free:
But as my laſt Requeſt, I onely ſue,
As you my Wife are, be my Widow too.
She weeping, ready to make large Replyes,
And Proteſtations; Oh I 'm ſick! he cryes;
A dire Diſtemper ſhoots through every part,
My Head, my Back, my Stomach, ah my Heart!
Over my Eyes Nights ſable Curtains ſpread;
Deareſt farewel; keep Chaſt our Marriage-bed.
She skreeking out, ſtraight Friends about them ſwarm
Finding the dead and living arm in arm:
The ſad news flyes, invited Gueſts depart,
And leave high Treatments with a heavy heart.

Section II.

THis dire Disaster routing such a Feast,
A Face of sorrow, not to be expreſt
Fill'd the sad house, thence carried up and down
By woful Friends returning, through the Town;
Such were his Merits, so concern'd they were,
Who not for him contributed a Tear?
But she sate mourning in a dismal Room,
Dark as that Night shuts up the Day of Doom;
When ore Sun, Moon, and Stars, no hope of dawn,
Foul *Chaos* hath eternal Curtains drawn;
Whilst for his Funerals they seek what ere
For shew and pompous Sorrow fitting were;
First into Blacks they *Tyrian* Scarlets dy'd,
From *Ægypt*, and *Arabia*, provide,
To make the Corps Pomander, Nard, and Spice,
And odoriferous Gums, at any price;
Which done, when Tears a short cessation gave,
She dreſt th' (e) embalmed Corps in garments brave;
Then his pale Cheeks with tinct'ring vermil dyes,
Currals his Lips, sets Jewels ore his Eyes,
And on a Pillow, as his Marriage Bed,
Curling his tresses, boulsters up his Head.
Her Friends mean while got Consecrated ground
Without the City, trench'd and pal'd in round;
Amidst dig'd deep, then arch'd a (f) gloomy Vault,
Which Sun, nor Stars, nor Winds could ere assault;
And ore, a (g) Lodge with all Convenience made,
Where her old Servant, if they could perswade
There to (h) attend their Lady, as at home,
Where she, truce took with Sorrow, up might come
And

e That the Greeks, contrary to the Custome of the *Romans*, preferved their dead bodys, is warranted by *Petronius*, in this Story of the *Ephesian* Lady, and maintained by some modern Authours.

f The many eminent Sepulchres of this fashion yet extant, would sufficiently evince, if Authors were silent, that they were in use.

g That this was a Custome, we have an Inscription to prove. *M. AURELIUS ROMANUS & Antistia chrestima uxor ejus fecerunt sibi Libertis suis posterisque eorum Monumentum cum Aedificio super posito, &c.*

h See the story of *Telephron*, in *Apulein's* golden *Asse*, whereby it is intimated, that dead bodys were watched, to preserve them from attempts of Witches.

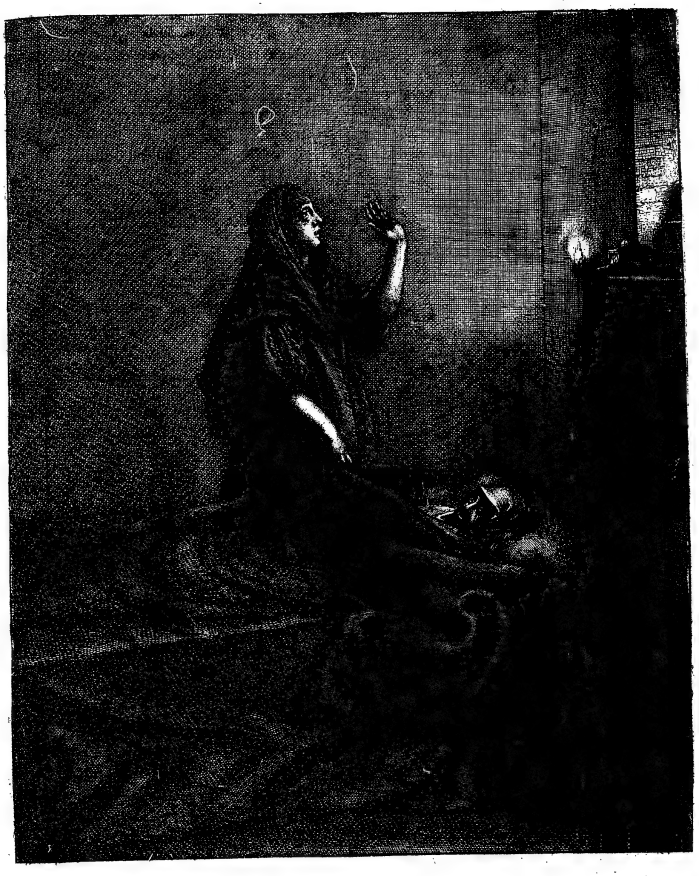
Ha. Sect: 2

And leave ſometimes the Hearſe, the better ſo
To ſpin out grief, and proſecute long Woe;
For ſhe reſolv'd one year ne'r to adjourn,
But in the Tomb ore her dead Husband mourn.
  And now Solemnities expected come,
The Corps to follow to its lateſt Home;
All march as they by Heralds ordered were,
The Magiſtrates, and the whole Senate there;
After the Hearſe ſhe comes with skreeks and cryes,
Forc'd Tears from Kindred, Friends, nay Strangers eyes,
Senſe of her loſſe now more than ere ſhe felt,
Curſing the Stars, ſo hardly with her dealt:
  But as the Corps deſcended to the Vault,
Her tender boſome giving an aſſault,
Taring her Hair, ſhe leaps into the Cave,
And there reſolv'd to dig her ſelf a Grave;
Shrieks from beneath, above a general Cry
Like Thunder, volleys through the echoing sky;
  Thence all diſpiercing, to their homes retreat.
And leave the Mourner in a doleful ſeat.

Section III.

AFter the noyſing Concourſe were return'd,
Both ſad beholders,& their friends that mourn'd;
When conquering Night, Days ſtandard down (had hurl'd,
And drove the Sun into another World;
Then ſetled in her ſolitary Vault,
New muſtered Sorrows her afreſh aſſault,
The Herſe before her, and a glimmering Lamp,
Infolded arms, the ſad Cave cold and damp;
She Triumphs in her Grief, her Woes ſeem brave,
With Miſery ſurrounded, and the Grave,
The Novelty of ſuch a diſmal place,
Put Majeſty in Melancholies Face;
Then kneeling by the Coarſe, in ſuch a ſhade,
She ſmiling at her new Condition, ſaid:
How bleſt am I that ſhall within this Cell,
With thee a year, perhaps for ever, dwell?
Thus ſaid ſhe weeping, and unveils his Face;
Which when ſhe had beheld a little ſpace
She ſtood, her Hands and Eyes erected, calm;
As if ſome God had given her healing Balm;
With a full Deluge then, and ſighs more loud,
Thus raves ſhe, thund'ring from the broken Cloud:
Ah that when firſt I came into this World,
A ſtorm had me on barren Mountains hurl'd,
There to have ſtarv'd, or been to Beaſts a prey,
Or made my Cradle in the ſwallowing Sea;
Then I had never ſeen this woful hour,
And thee, cut off, lye like a faded Flower;
Cold as a Rock waſh'd at the Mountains feet,
Nothing of what thou wert, but only ſweet;
Speak then, my Dear; come, riſe, and let us walk,
Of Love, ah me! and former Pleaſures talk;

In



In ſuch a place we never were before,
Rocks all above, an adamantine Flore;
Here comes no Sun, no South-winds ſultry breath,
Theſe are the pleaſant ſhades of quiet Death;
How couldſt thou Die, that alwaies hadſt thy health?
Friends, and fair Houſes, happineſs and Wealth;
What ere for uſe or pleaſure, in this life;
Nay more than all, had'ſt Me, thy loving Wife:
  What, will you ſpeak no more now you are dead?
Them your laſt words, *Keep Chaſt our Marriage-Bed?*
To be Exemplar, therefore here I ſtay,
Elſe I with thee had gone that woful day;
And now I long to ſeek thee under-ground,
'Mongſt Regions ne'r by lying Mortals found,
Then we'll not part till you are ſoundly chid;
What Follys, ah! my raving Fancy feed?
Lye ſtill in peace, thy Spirit never fear
Me, rageing, from a ſecond Spouſe, ſhould teare;
Should *Jove* himſelf deſcending from the sky
Nuptials propoſe, and lay his *Juno* by;
Thunder in one, Heav'ns Crown in th'other hand,
I'll bid him fire, and though a God, withſtand;
Here in this boſom dead thou ſhalt ſurvive,
Or elſe let Earth firſt ſwallow me alive;
Let me with changing thoughts ſink down to Hell,
And there 'mongſt Fiends in endleſs tortures dwell.
  Thus ran ſhe all the keys of ſorrow ore,
Till ſhe could Weep, nor Sigh, nor ſay no more;
  When *Somnus* gliding ſoftly from the Pole,
Smooth'd the ſwoln Paſſions of her troubled ſoul,
Sprinckling her Temples with *Lethæan* drops,
Infus'd a golden Dream, all Joyes and Hopes;
Down in her Chair cloſe by the Herſe ſhe ſate,
And Woes, as if they never were, forgot.

Sect.

Section IV.

THe night that rose with Constellations crown'd
Her purple Robe with seed-Pearls broider'd round,
Suddainly, *Boreas* huk'd, in sullen Clouds,
And all her great and lesser Glories shrouds;
With Rain, Hail, Snow, drawn up in three Brigades,
He the fair issue of the Spring invades
Large sheets of snow, in Pennance hides all ore,
The like not seen in many years before;
The Morning past, on the adjacent Plains
A Malefactor they had hung in Chains;
The Martiall, there a place of Eminence,
Left that his Friends should steal (i) the Corps from (thence,
On pain of Death, attended by Command,
This foul Night hapning, long he kept his stand,
Till numbness seiz'd his bosome, lifes warm hold,
At last he shrinks ore-power'd with eager Cold.
When thus he said; How shall I live till Day?
Who in this storm the Corps can hence convey?
I for past service better may deserve,
I'll rather suffer, than stay here and starve;
But whither shall I fly? where shelter find?
For there's no running, though before the Wind;
The Gates are shut, all miserable dark,
No glimpse appearing, nor the smallest spark:
When like a Gloworm through th' opacous Night,
He from the Lodge perceives a glimmering Light;
Thither he hasts, there he his life must save,
His last redemption in a dead mans Grave;
When knocking gently thus he shivering spake;
Ah! save a Life, if ere, now pitty take;

My

(i) The *Romans* for Example sake, denyed Burial to notorious Malefactors, and therefore set guards to watch their dead bodys: Yet *Augustus* writes in his Life, that he never refused them to their kindred or Friends; whence perhaps *Joseph* of *Arimathea* obtained the Body of *Christ*.

My spirits fail, quite almost out of breath,
Else on your Threshold I shall freeze to death.
The Maid reply'd; No more I pray Sir knock,
So late I dare not for the World unlock,
My Lady to disturb, who this foul night
Took first possession of her dire Delight:
Who trembling said; Pitty, without reply,
Oh take me in, or else I here shall dye:
Your Lady Mourns, her sorrow will be more
To find one dead to morrow, at her Dore.

Section V.

WHispers & growling tempests, like a bell,
Alaram'd vaults of the resounding Cell;
Waking the Mourner from a pleasing (Dream,
A second Spouse, new Marriages the Theam.

She thought her Husband rising from the Dead,
Shrowded all ore, Pale, standing by her Bed,
Told her his Pass to Bliss would not be sign'd,
Till he revok'd what her he last injoyn'd;
Bid her forsake that melancholly Tomb,
Make for another Lord and Children, Room
(Deny'd them seven glad years by spightful Fate,)
That should inherit their improv'd Estate;
The Shade with tears imploring earnest, seem'd,
That he from suffering so may be redeem'd:
Awak'd, she felt all swelling Passions calm,
Her breast as if some God had thrown in Balm,
And at the Lodge she heard a Man complain.
Soft thoughts her tender bosome entertain;
Lest he might suffer, or be ruin'd quite,
In such condition in that woful Night.

She calls her Maid, commands straight let him in,
Not those to help in want, what greater sin?
Let him sit there and shelter from the storm,
Stir up the Fire, that he himself may warm;
She who compassion took on him before,
Commission'd thus, glad opens soon the Dore;
A goodly person, almost starv'd with Cold,
Entring in Arms, amaz'd her to behold;
Then by the Fire a Chair for him she sets,
And with a Manchet and a Bottle treats;
Her Mistris to accustom'd grief returns,
And like sad *Philomel* her losses mourns;

Her

The Sector

Her Neſt new ranſack'd by a prying Swain;
  Whilſt thus old leſſons ſhe runs ore in vain,
Her wandring Fancy hankers oft, and ſtops
At her late golden Dream, ſo full of Hopes;
And ſomething whiſpers ſtill, that Stranger ſee
Thus weather-beaten, whatſoere he be;
When haſting down, her Servant thus began:
  Oh Madam! Madam! here's the braveſt Man
Ere Eyes beheld! tall, ſtraight, and ſhoulders broad,
Who looks, recovering ſpirits, like a God;
Quick burns the Fire, and you muſt needs be cold,
This Perſon of ſome quality, behold,
A Wonder ſee! Come up, dear Madam, come!
Take truce with Tears, and leave this dampie Tomb,
Your ſelf refreſh, your Cheeks look pale and lank,
I ſcarce remember when you Eat or Drank;
  Sparks long in Ember ſleeping, ſhe awakes,
Soon ſhe reſolves, as ſoon the Cell forſakes,
Following the light, trips ſoftly up the Stairs
And him ſurpriz'd there ſitting, unawares;
Up ſtarts he, and a while did gazing ſtand,
Then in moſt humble poſture, kiſt her hand;
  And thus begun: Bleſt Lady, may the Gods
Bring Comfort to theſe ſorrowful Abodes,
And you for Hoſpitality repay,
What beſt may pleaſe you, and with leaſt delay;
That me in ſuch Neceſſity reliev'd,
And from inevitable Death repriev'd,
If ere you need a Heart, a Sword, or Hand,
And Life you granted, th' are at your Command.

Section VI.

WHen thus ſhe modeſtly with caſt down Eyes,
In a ſad Tone ſuting her Dreſs, replys;
Condemn'd to Solitude, and little Room,
My firſt night in my hapleſs Husbands Tomb,
Though drown'd in Woes, though buried in a Grave,
I'm glad, Sir, ſuch Relief for you I have.
This ſaid, the Table her old Servant ſpread,
Set a cold Bak'd-meat on, brings Wine and Bread;
Down oppoſite in proſpect full, they ſate,
Where on ſtoln glances Love might hang his Bait;
She now refreſh'd, though cloſe dreſt, all in black,
Did with a budding Bluſh her Gueſt attack;
Her Mourning ſeem'd a foyl, a ſable ground,
That beſt ſets off the ſparkling Diamond;
And now and then, a ſhort ſurvey ſhe ſtole,
Which made no ſmall impreſſion in her Soul;
So much his *Miene* and Perſon her ſurpriz'd,
That ſhe with irkſome Sorrow leſs advis'd;
But what moſt rais'd in her a fair eſteem,
She thought that ſhe had ſeen him in her Dream
Soon as her Husband's Shadow did depart,
Warm Comfort ſhooting firſt into her heart;
A while both ſate nor interchang'd a word,
And active *Cupid*, flames new kindled, ſtirr'd:
At laſt ſhe boldly makes the firſt attack,
And calling for a glaſs of Wine, thus ſpake:
Paying the Gods libation on the Board.
It ſeems, Sir, that your Buſineſs is the Sword,
And my dear Husband of the Civil Liſt,
Though much eſteem'd, perhaps you eare hath miſt;
Seven

Sect 6

Seven years we liv'd in a continual Calm,
Each Word we chang'd to other, healing Balm;
And though he left me all his fair Estate,
Yet I my Life, and all lifes comforts hate;
I but this Duty to his Memory pay,
Only twelve months with him intomb'd, to stay,
Yet may his Ghost more satisfaction give,
The Year expir'd, to bide here whilst I live;
Be pleas'd Sir (Women questions love to ask,
If I implore not an unpleasing task)
In compleat Arms, what business of the State,
Or your own private, kept you out so late?
And how you lighted on this woful Cell,
Where I, surrounded with my sorrows, dwell?
Your Wife, Sir, if y' are Maried, you this night
Being thus abroad, puts in no small affright.

Section VII.

SInce Madam, you have put me to a task,
A little farther I'll your patience ask;
That if not irksome, I may render you
Of my whole Life, a brief account, and true:
In (k) *Thrace* I boast my Birth, a Martial soyl,
Whose hardy Race, Love, stubborn War, and Toyl;
My Father well extracted, dwelt in Arms (Farms;
Whilst Young and Strong, grown old, in purchas'd
Breeding me up, as soon as I could go,
To throw a Spear, and draw a little Bow,
And me with Arms, a Childish Corslet stor'd,
A nimble Target, and no pondrous Sword;
My brows did with a crested Cask impale,
Which wag'd each step, and wav'd with every gale,
Soon bravely I, in stead of wanton toys,
A Captain, led a Regiment of Boys;
Prom thence preferr'd to be *Lycurgus* Page:
He in his Wars me after did ingage;
Where by my Sword I purchas'd some small Fame,
And recommended to this City, came
With Letters from the King, here to instruct,
And then their raw *Militia* Conduct;
Seven years the Martial's Office I injoy'd,
And Chief Commander oft have been employ'd;
A beauteous Virgin then I did Espouse,
Children we had, and kept a noble House;
Now I observe, you strangely me surprize!
Such Cheeks she had, such Lips as yours, such Eyes;
And like You and your Husband, day and night
We in high pleasures spent, and full Delight;

(k) The greatest, most Northerly, and least fruitful part of *Greece*, inhabited by a hardy Prince, a Warlike and populous Nation.

But

But the last great Contagion swept away
Her, and my Children, in one woful day:
What me so late detain'd, and in this storm,
Madam, I shall as briefly now inform;
A Villain, one the most unparalell'd,
That in the highest Wickedness excell'd,
For an unheard of Fact, an odious Crime,
Diana's Priestess in Devotion-time,
The Wooden Goddess looking on the while,
Did in her Penetralia Defile;
For which condemn'd to suffer torturing pains,
And after that to hang and rot in Chains;
Fearing this night his friends might steal the Coarse,
Blot out the Obliquie with suddain force,
The Senate me Commanded there to stay,
And with a party guard the Corps till Day;
Therefore I Arm'd, expecting we should fight,
But little dreamt of such a bitter Night;
Whence by foul weather driven, and the Cold,
I by your light found shelter in this hold:
Thus your Commands, I Madam, have obey'd,
And of my Life a short relation made,
Which here must end if you should cruel prove,
Despair makes slight wounds mortal, given by Love:
But I in high Distemper feaver'd sit,
The Cold was nothing to my burning Fit;
Shot from your Eye here sticks the fierie Dart
Will turn to Cinders soon, this bleeding Heart;
'Tis Madam, in your pow'r since I'm your slave,
Cruel to kill Me, else in pity save.

Sect.

Section VIII.

BUt whilst he told his Tale the Woman slept,
And *Venus* Vigils, not *Dianas* kept;
She with a Bottle by her self had slunk,
And twelve go-downs on Reputation, drunk.
When from the Board she rising with a Frown,
As if her Rage could ne'r be Conjur'd down;
Rolling her Eyes, high swoln her panting breast,
Her deep conceiv'd Displeasure thus expreſt.
Art thou that Fury Lust, sent hot from Hell,
To tempt me in my solitary Cell?
One of those Monsters which in Humane shapes,
Commit dire Murthers, and unbridled Rapes?
That such a brazen Front hath, to presume
To hint thus Folly in my Husbands Tomb;
Of such an Impudence, who ever heard!
This for my tender Pitty, this Reward;
I took him in, his Life he sayes, I sav'd,
Oh Heavens, how ill have I my self behav'd!
Beyond Chast bounds, to give the smallest hope,
I at first sight, with one in Arms durst cope.
This said, she stalks about; her bosom stung,
Lov's Juncto's there, far differing from her Tongue;
He following close, with melting words perswades,
And her with all Loves Elements invades,
Begging her Favour not to be so rash,
To judge the motion a Gallanting Flash;
Who Dye would for her Honour on the Spot,
He meant chast love, Marriage, that Gordian knot;
Whilst he his cause thus pleads, out forth she breaks,
And seeming not to mind him, louder speaks.

Go

Go to your buſineſs, to your Gibbet-task,
And counſel of your hang'd Companion ask,
How to out act him, and poſſeſſe his room,
He in the Temple, you but in a Tomb;
So both together ſink from Church and Cell,
To be gaz'd on as Miracles in Hell:
O chaſt *Diana*, now, or ne'r, be kind!
Strike this thy bold Prophaner dead, or blind;
Or ſtake him on ſome barren Mountain ſtraight,
For Rain, and Hail, and mouthing Winds to bait;
Her Knife then drawing, ſaid, look to your Throat,
'Twere good to bleed ſuch a libidinous Goat;
Keep where you are; if once you ſtir a foot
To follow me, be ſure kind Sir, I'll do't.
This ſaid, a ſmile amidſt her frowns ſhe blends,
And turning to her Husbands Herſe, deſcends;
A while he muſing with himſelf advis'd,
Then boldly ſaid, all Danger be deſpis'd.
I'll do't! a ſingle Woman, and one Dead,
Rare Sport, and new! a Monumental Bed!
This ſaid, he eager, ſtraight reprints her ſteps,
And like a Lyon after down he leaps.

Section IX.

MEan while did *Venus* and her Son descend
The Worlds continuation to attend;
Who first joyn'd atoms, *Chaos* did dispe e;
Raising the Wondrous Structure, *Universe*;
Lovers to couple, Chastity supplant,
Lest pregnant breasts convert to Adamant.
When she to *Cupid* said, My dearest Son,
Well thou hast plaid thy part, the great Work's done;
Diana's Temple (l) burns, I needs must smile,
The (m) Wooden Goddess looking on the while,
Had she not Marble been, a senseless Log,
The sight had set her Goddesseship a gog:
But wher's she now? a (n) Conqu'ror bringing forth?
An *Alexander* to subdue the Earth.
No Mother, *Cupid* said, the news abroad,
Is That this Morning she to (o) *Paphos* Road,
There to revenge her Cause, our Dames convert,
That they your Rites and Temple may desert;
But better she had gone to chase the Stag,
And Transformation of (p) *Acteon* brag;
Some of her green-sick Train with wasts so lank,
Ere they return, shall burgeon in the flank:
By this our Work is finish'd in the Tomb,
From whence we never yet brought Conquest home;
I with my fanning Wings blew out the Lamp,
Whilst he beat up all quarters of her Camp.
Then thus she said; Bid *Boreas* send a blast
May in the Grove the Corps suspended cast;
Thanks for his Storm, so well and timely came,
And *Somnus*, for the Widows pleasing Dream;

Say

l Herostratus, not long after *Xerxes* had spared it, at the same time that *Alexander* the Great was born at *Pella*, set fire to it with his own hand, as himself confest, only to get a Name, and perpetuate his Memory, which he failed not of, though *Aulus Gellius* by a general Assembly of all *Asia*, it was Decreed his Name should never be mentioned.

m Pliny lib. 16. c. 40. saith, 'twas doubted what the Statue of *Diana* at *Ephesus* was made off, some affirming it was made of Ebony, but *Mutianus* thrice Consul who had latest seen it, writes it was of a Vine stock, and was never changed, though the Temple had been seven times repaired.

n Cicero commends *Tiron's* Wit, for that speaking of *Alexander's* being born the same night that *Diana's* Temple was burnt, he said 'twas no wonder, she being from home at the bringing *Olympias* his Mother to Bed, Midwifery being one among other of her employments.

o Paphos did so particularly belong to *Venus*, that it was counted her home; as by that of *Virgil, Æneid. 1.*

Ipsa Paphon sublimis adit, sedesq; receptat
Læta suas. ——

The pleasing Goddess back to Paphos flies,
Her own dear seats, —

And (as *Tacitus, Hist. lib. 2.*) was the place where she first came on shore from the Sea, from whence she sprung.

p Ovid. Met. lib. 3.

Mac Sweeny

Say that I'll lend a Lady shall next night,
Him more than ever any did, delight;
Dispatch with speed, I'll tarry your return,
To *Paphos* gone and let her Temple burn;
The fire that we have kindled in that Pile,
Perhaps may shrink the wonder to an Isle;
A populous City; and a frequent Court;
Chast Madams all; no waggerie; no sport;
Here Wives for propagation will, or so,
After like Beasts, the Males no more will know:
These our late Conquests once divulg'd by Fame,
Down Continence, and up goes *Venus* Name;
They ore the Monument for me shall build
A Temple, and erect my Conquering shield;
Diana's Fane and wealthy Shrine destroy'd,
Her Virgins courting then to be enjoy'd;
Ephesus shall like other Cities look,
No green-sick Damsels veil'd with Stole, and Heucke,
But Beautys in their Hair, dreſt fresh and trim,
He making court to her, and she to him.
Whilst thus she spake, *Cupid* on wings displai'd,
Gently alighting, to his Mother said;
Boreas your will hath done, but layes a claim
On your late promise, a fair *Paphian* Dame;
That him grown old, might comfort on her lap,
Who forc'd to forage, lately got a Clap;
And well recover'd, vows no more to roame,
But keep contented with your gift at home.
I will, said she, straight send him one that shall
Keep warm his Bed, and well become his Hall.
This said, she *Cupid* gives especial charge,
And takes her own Commission out at large.

Section X.

MEan while the Knight & Lady underground,
Take up all differences,and ſoon compound;
Ceremonious rites as ſuperſtitious, wav'd,
And like a Wedded pair themſelves behav'd;
Huddl'd up Promiſes and haſty Vows,
Then one another kindly did Eſpouſe:
No place convenient for Loves ſweet commerce,
Her ſelf ſhe ſettles on her Husbands Herſe:
While thus they buſy were, the mouthing ſtorm
Grew ſilent, and the Sky ſerene and warm;
The Danger then came freſh into his head,
And bold adventure, when to her he ſaid:
I beg your leave ſome buſineſs to diſpatch,
My charge to viſit, and relieve the Watch;
Then I'll return, and farther homage pay,
Nor ſhall one minute laviſh in delay:
Him mixing tears a thouſand times ſhe kiſt;
And ſoftly opening the Lodge dore,diſmiſt.
Her drowſie Woman though not ſlept ſo faſt
But ſhe heard ſtir about a meaſuring caſt,
Knowing the party gone, up ſtraight ſhe gets,
And thus upon her muſing Miſtreſs ſets.
Oh Madam,I the pleaſant's Dream have had!
Methought in Marriage garments you were clad,
Going to Church with a brave ſecond Mate,
With Friends attended, in all Pomp and State;
And that this melancholly place forſook,
You never in your life did better look;
Faith Madam, leave theſe ſad and dampy Rooms,
Or tarry till ſome Fiend to tempt you, comes;

Who

Who like a Satyre or *Hyena* dwells
In Charnel-houſes, and ſuch dusky Cells;
Were I as you, before I'd tarry here,
Keep ſuch a puther ore a Dead-mans Beare,
I'd Wed a Bear, or with a Bore would lye,
And ſuckle Pigs up in a naſty Stye:
Madam, I know what's what, and would adviſe,
And take my counſel Lady, if y' are wiſe;
To morrow morning whilſt the work is warm,
Walk to the Temple with him arm in arm;
Abroad each where both Court and City Dame,
Slight cenſure,Goſſips prate, and gagling Fame,
All ply their works as varying fancy leads,
Shame not in ſtreets forbids them open Beds,
But that ſtill thoſe that do the Match ſurvey,
Would,finding fault, teach Gameſters how to play.
Then ſhe reply'd, Thou my old Servant art,
Be careful leſt my Reputation ſmart;
We muſt tread wary through this winding Maze,
And I for ever will thy Fortune raiſe.
This her ſo kind expreſſion pleas'd her well,
But more to leave that melancholly Cell;
Then up ſhe ſtirs the Fire, the Candle tops,
Both full of various Fancys,Fears,and Hopes.

Sect.

Section XI.

WHen at the Door they heard the party tap,
Who entring, ſtraight his face (like a Map
Of dire miſchance, a diſmal Horriſcope;
Not any aſpect of the ſmalleſt hope!
When thus he ſaid; I, who this horrid Night,
Did with the Gods and Lords of Tempeſts fight;
Stood like a Cedar 'gainſt all Winds that blow,
My Shoulders like a Mountain, hid in Snow;
Scarce warm by this your charitable Fire,
Obtaining Favours what I could deſire;
Am fall'n from all, from ſuch a Heav'n of bliſs,
To utter Ruin in a deep Abyſſe!
My Office, no contemptible Eſtate,
And Life, which but for you, I ſhould not rate,
Are all ſnatch'd from me like a golden Dream,
Which, were not you concern'd, I ſhould contemn;
For if the kindneſs that you ſhew, you have,
You'll grieve to hear that I'm deny'd a Grave:
The Corps his Kindred in my abſence ſtole,
And I muſt Dye; but what more racks my Soul,
I nothing to your merits can bequeath,
The Senates Sword once drawn, they never ſheath;
My forfeit Life not all the World can ſave,
My Place, and all, falls theirs, what ere I have;
Relations for my Office ſoon will ſue,
Being of Profit, and of Honour too:
What will not be by Friends and Bribes procur'd,
Ah that I had that bitter Storm indur'd,
There ſtood a frozen Statue wanting breath,
Than ſuffer ſuch an ignominious Death;

Not

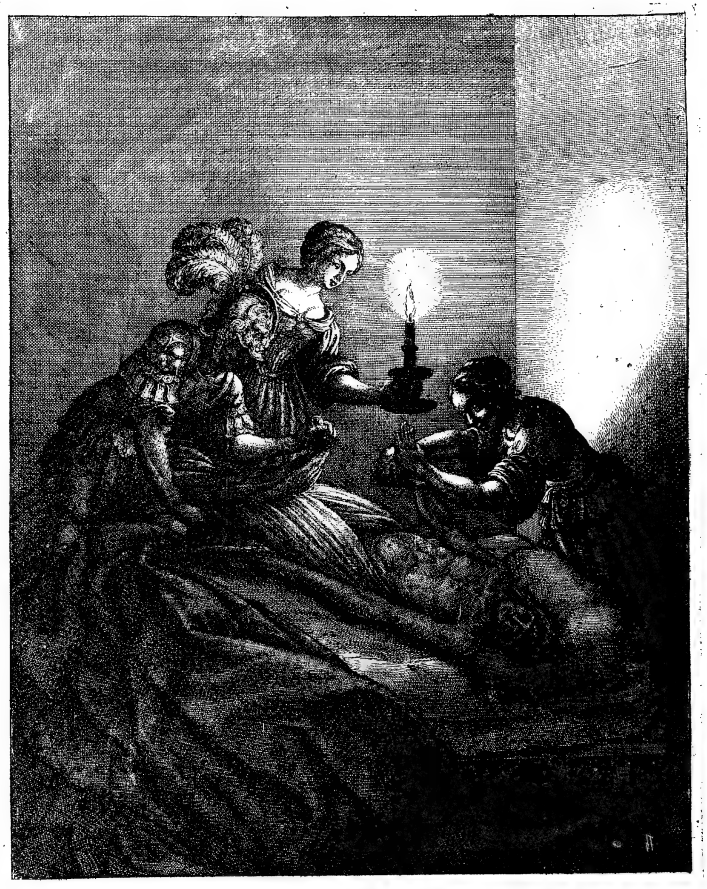
Not only Dye, I muſt ſupply his room,
And fleeting Air ſuſpended, me intomb;
For ever, deareſt Madam, now farewel,
When after Ages ſhall my Story tell,
The varied Joyes and Woes of one ſhort night,
Will ſay, croſs Fortune ſhew'd her utmoſt ſpight.
Then ſhe, whilſt tears diſtill'd in pearlie drops,
No way to ſcape, no eye of Help, no hopes,
Then you ſhall ſee what for your ſake I'll do,
I'll ſave you, and untwine this knotty Clew;
Let us not trifling, precious minutes ſpend,
But down with me into the Vault deſcend:
Firſt, of our tender Sex I pardon ask,
A Woman muſt performe no Womans task,
But to a Wolf transformed, rob the Grave,
Who would not? ſuch a Life as yours to ſave?
Her Maid and he, much wondring what ſhe meant,
Down with her to the gloomy Arches went.

Sect.

Section XII.

NO ſooner entred, ſhe without remorce, (Coarſe,
Rends off the Sear-cloth from her Husband's
And laid the body out both ſweet and hard,
Preſerv'd with Spices and perfuming Nard:
Then thus to him in Deſperation ſpake.
From me your Cure, this dreadful cordial take,
Which Fortunes forfeit, and your Life regains,
Supply with it the Malefactors Chains.
Then he reply'd; So fair a Corps as this,
No where disfigur'd, not reſembles his;
The Change will be perſpicuouſly too plain,
And this your condeſcention prove in vain;
Sentenc'd by Law, his Right hand off was lopt,
His Noſe ſlit, Lips cut off, his Ears cloſe cropt.
Then ſhe reply'd, What I preſent thus, take,
What maims you pleaſe, and mutilations make;
You that in Wars and bloody works have been,
Mow'd down like ſtanding Corn, whole Squadrons ſeen,
And no ſmall part in ſuch dire buſineſs ſhar'd,
To mangle one defunct will not be hard.
When thus he ſigh'd; Though Soldiers rugged are,
They with the Dead keep truce, and never War;
I who ſo oft in many a bloody Strife,
Have lopt off Legs and Arms, Life after Life;
And from the Battel come beſmear'd all ore
With Enemies, and my own recent Gore;
For all the World, which leſs I prize than you,
I could no harme to one reſiſtleſs doe.
When like a *Bacchanal*, ſhe thus replyes;
Had *Argus* like this Corps, a hundred Eyes,

As



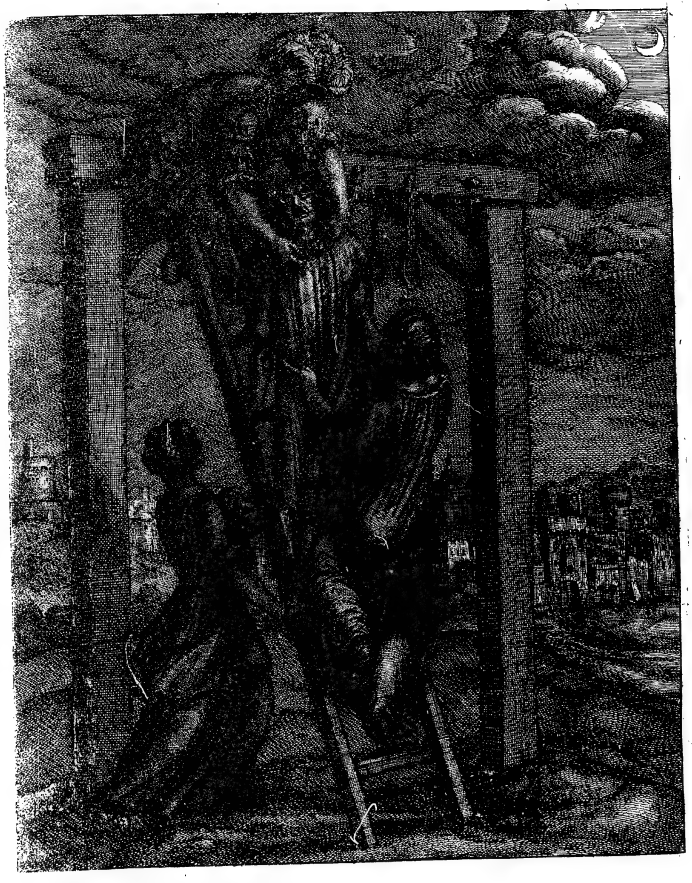
Mr. Sacheverell

As many Ears as Fame, as many Hands
As once *Briareus* had at his commands,
Off they ſhould all, my ſelf then mangle too,
And though ſo late acquainted, all for you.
This ſaid, ſhe ſtrips her Arms, her Breaſt unlac'd,
Her ſelf in poſture for the buſineſs caſt;
Her Knife, the edge obtuſe, ſhe nimbly whets,
Thus arm'd, upon her Husband's Body ſets:
And firſt his Hand, which ſhe ſo oft had kiſt,
Without compunction, ſever'd from the Wriſt;
His Ears cropt off, his right Eye out ſhe teares,
Where once ſmall *Cupids* danc'd in Chryſtal Sphears;
His Noſtrils ſlits, his Lips where oft ſhe ſipt
Balm mixt with dew of Roſes, off ſhe whipt;
When thus ſhe ſaid, If this Sir, will not ſerve,
Say where you pleaſe, and I ſhall farther Carve.
Then he reply'd, No more, the Body ſpare,
The Work is finiſh'd muſt conclude my Care.
All three, this ſaid, ready aſſiſtance gave,
To drag the Corps from Sanctuary in the Grave.

Section XIII.

THus quick dispatch with many hands they made,
And to the fatal Tree the Corps convay'd;
Good at a dead lift still, his loving Spouse
Hands him up to his open window'd House;
In State the Body on her shoulders sits,
Whilst he his Collar on of Esses fits;
And several iron tackle buckles fast,
And hoop'd a brazen Belt about his Waste;
Puts on a Truss of steel, and all his Trim,
That thence he might not drop down limb by limb;
But so compacted well together hold
Many years bleaching, both in Heat and Cold.
The good Work done, the Mistress and her Maid
Back to the Lodge with speed themselves convey'd,
And he himself in former station plac'd,
The Fright and trouble ore, and Danger past.
When to himself he said; I am destroy'd
If I this wicked Monster not avoyd,
Whose memory I loath, and mention, more
Than Filth engendring on a Common-shore;
Her first high impudence, and Sea of Lust!
That Prophanation of her Husbands Dust!
But since she Scenes hath acted to such height
Would amaze Wonder, Terrors self affright!
I stood like Marble, when the Corps, long dead,
A-fresh as she prepar'd for mangling, bled:
'Tis true, she's Wealthy, Young enough, and Fair,
Those Queens of Pleasure; so the *Syrens* are,
That Singing sate all day on gilded Thrones,
Built up of Skeletons and Dead Mens bones;

Her

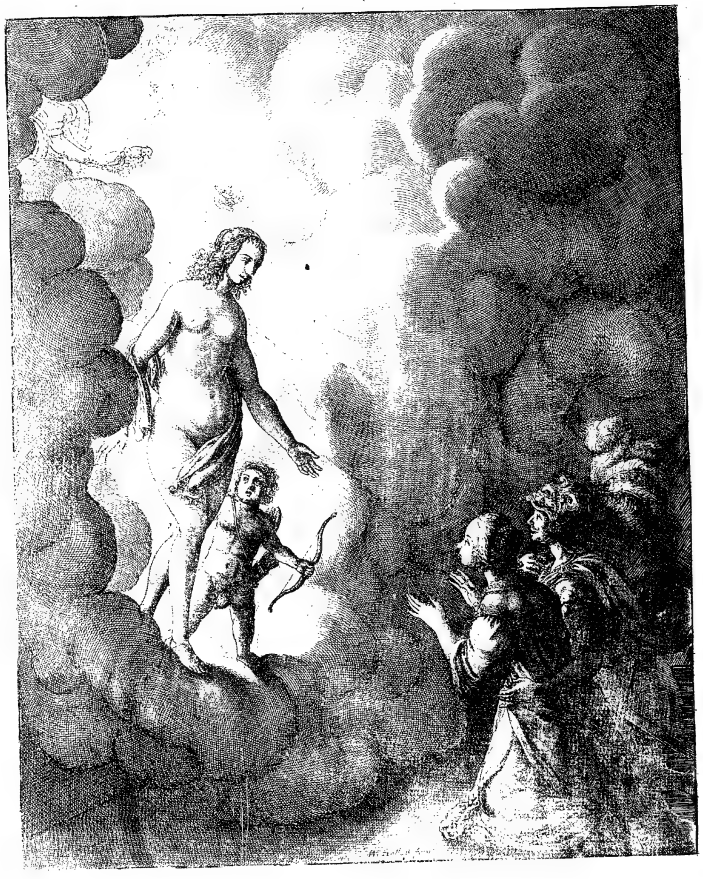


Ma: Sect: 13

Her Marry? ſooner I'll betroth a Mare,
And Monſters get, a *Centaur* make my Heir:
But ah! in her Concealment lyes my Fate,
Love ſlighted, ſoon reverſing, turns to Hate;
They'l themſelves Ruin, nay, the World unhinge,
What will not frantick Women for Revenge?
I now for preſent ſafety muſt adviſe,
Had ſhe a hundred Lives the Strumpet Dyes;
The only way my Life and State to ſave,
That Bawd and her to bury in one Grave;
With the ſame knife when ſhe fan'd War proclaim'd,
With which the Corps ſhe mangled ſo, and maim'd,
I'll kill them both: ſo well I'll play my part,
That they that find it ſticking in her Heart,
Her Woman dead, when on the Corps they ſit,
Shall call't ſelf Murther in her frantick fit;
And who'l tax me, that never heard her Name,
Till by my Gates her Husband's Funerals came?
I promis'd to be there in half an hour,
And Balm muſt find in one ſhort Bloody ſhower.
This ſaid, he to the Lodge in ſecret ſtole,
Swoln Paſſions raging in his troubled Soul.

Section XIV.

VVIng'd Mischief flies, soon at the door he knocks,
Her ready Maid waiting, as soon unlocks;
Who entring, finds the Lodge, so dull of late,
Made for Addresses, now a Room of State;
More Lights, and greater Boards with Damask spread,
Vulcan Triumphing on a Golden Bed;
The Flore and VVindows rub'd, all neatly dreſt,
To entertain a kind, not cruel Gueſt:
VVondring at ſuch a Change in ſo ſhort ſpace,
No mark nor ſign of the old ſullen face,
He ſoftly ſaid; behold a handſome Stage,
VVhere might *Alcides* or *Oreſtes* Rage.
Not long he gaz'd about, when forth ſhe came
Dreſt up in glory, a moſt beauteous Dame;
Cloſe Mourning's off, that ſullen Curtain drawn,
She entred ſhining like a golden Dawn,
VVith ſuch a Majeſty, ſo comely *Mien*,
She ſeem'd a Goddeſs, or at leaſt a Queen!
Stuck thick with Jewels which the Stars out-vi'd,
Dim'd by her brighter Eyes in all their pride;
Her boſome open, where in vales of Snow
Sate *Cupid* lurking, with no idle Bow;
A heaven of Beauty, ſet off in her Hair,
By Time unblemiſh'd yet, or Wintry Care.
Thus like a Bride on her ſeventh Marriage feaſt,
She was in this moſt gorgeous manner dreſt;
But at the ſuddain change, off them ſhe tore,
Lying in Sack-cloth on the duſty Flore,
Which her old Servant up by chance had laid,
And thither 'mongſt ſome other Weeds convey'd;
Then



Then little dreaming ere th' enſuing Morn
In Bridal weeds ſhe would her ſelf adorn;
Down falls he on his knees, as ſhe had been
Juno, *Minerva*, or the *Paphian* Queen!
On her he gaz'd, but not one word could ſpeak,
But ſigh'd, and wiſh'd ſhe would Compaſſion take;
His ore-charg'd boſome ready to unclog,
All his foul Treaſon there to diſembogue;
Had for intended Murther, Pardon crav'd,
She wondring why himſelf he thus behav'd,
Kindly ſaluting, rais'd up by the Hand,
Thus putting routed Reaſon to a ſtand.
Why look you troubled thus? why Sir, ſo ſad?
I hope all buſineſs ſtill goes well, abroad;
I fitting thought this Treatment to prepare,
You to refreſh, wearied with Grief and Care;
Part of the Night, long yet ere Day, to paſs
With a cold Morſel, and a ſeaſoning Glaſs.
So down they ſate, rich Wine and Beauty warms,
Grown briſk, he takes his Heaven in his arms,
Admiring how ſuch Plots he could deviſe,
Treaſon contrive againſt her conquering Eyes; (Arch,
Earth's proud Commander, Hell's, and Heav'ns bright
Shackled, by *Loves* Triumphant Chariot, march.

Section XV.

VVHilst thus in joyful Vigils past the Night,
And *Cupid's* Revels acted to the (height;
Diana sent one of her Virgin-Train
To spoyl their sport, and damp Love's jolly vein;
A Water puts she in their Wine unseen,
Which many Ages had a Dy'mond been
In Earth's hard bosome, fix'd in lasting Cold,
A Star in dust, made never to grow old;
Free both from Fire and Steel, all force what ere,
Which will dissolve in juice of Maiden-hair.
This mix'd with *Bacchus*, sweets of *Cupid's* sowres,
And *Salamander* like, Love-flames devours;
Who were before so fond, lov'd ne'r so much,
Not one another will indure to touch;
In high distemper of this chilling Plague,
The Male a Fiend, the Female seems a Hagg.
Not soon the Poyson wrought, nor very sharp,
But by degrees they Cavil first, and Carp,
Next louder jangle, like disordred bells,
At last the baneful operation swells,
And bitter Thoughts stand ready out to burst,
When his Distraction thus brake prison first.
Fly Vizards off, all Women I detest!
For thy sake, VVitch, who rather art a Beast;
VVho hast a Heart so Salvage, blood so hot,
The Mongrell of a Tyger and a Goat;
Or by a *Harpy* and *Hyena* bred,
That VVept'st so late, now Triumph'st ore the Dead;
How

How thy Eyes sink, thy Cheeks so painted, fall!
Oh how those Curls, *Medusa's* Serpents crawl!
That hast this Night spent with so little shame,
Committing Crimes that Fiends would blush to name!
Who thy dear Spowse didst as thy Pillow use,
His Monument converting to a Stewes!
Oh Heav'ns! slitting his Nose, on me she smil'd!
What Cave? what Hell, a Monster shews so vild?
So fierce, so shameless, such a Sea of Lust,
With which, then hot, she warm'd her Husband's Dust!
And in this Gayetie she makes her brag,
That forth her Spowse did to the Gallows drag;
A great and fair Example; brazen face,
(q) Thou hadst been fitter to supply his place;
That mad'st the Noose, and lifted up the Coarse
Without reluctance, or the least Remorce;
Why Rant I thus 'gainst what she means to boast?
I'll Sacrifice her to her Husband's Ghost,
Or could I possible, send quick to Hell,
Where Soul and Body might in Tortures dwell.

q This in *Petronius*, who is the first Author of this Story, and from him others relate it was the advice of *Lycas*, when he heard the story; and by *Flavianus*, as he is quoted by *Jo. Saliberensis*, *lib.* 8. *Polierat.* who affirms it, *Fab.* 13. to be a true Story, as it appears was Executed on her, she having suffered the deserved Punishment of her Paricides, Impiety, and Adultery.

Sect.

Section XVI.

BY this in her the dire Infection works,
And like a Fury conſcious Fancy jerks,
Her ſelf ſhe hates, loaths him, and all her faults,
Her Breaſt in uprore with ſuch wild aſſaults,
From the Board ſtarting, Sorrow, Rage, and Shame,
Her boſom ſwells, her Eyes like Beacons flame;
Then him peruſing with diſdainfull look,
Wondring ſo much that ſhe could be miſtook:
Burſting with Poyſon and Contemning Pride,
Thus like a Fury thundring, ſhe reply'd.
You ſpeak to purpoſe, bravely Sir, and well;
But I'll now ring you ſuch another Peal:
Ingrateful wretch, haſt thou forgotten quite
That twice I ſav'd thy Life this very Night?
Firſt in my boſom, Serpent, ſtarv'd with Cold,
Scarce warm, thou took'ſt poſſeſſion of the Hold;
No other means, next to redeem thy Life
I put off Woman, left to be a Wife;
And ſpitt'ſt thou now thy Poyſon againſt me,
That my ſelf Ruin'd in Preſerving thee?
And doſt thou me from my own Table ſpurn?
A Monſter call? nay, I'll a Fury turn!
Revenge, ah ſweet Revenge, I'll thee engage,
And open all the flood-gates of my Rage;
Thou for thy Gibbet-bird, and my ſad Rape,
Hadſt thou a thouſand Lives ne'r hope to ſcape;
Friends will ſtand by me when I Truth inform,
Thou Conjur'ſt, but I'll raiſe the greateſt Storm;
What I decree would'ſt thou with Tears implore,
Would Sands out number on the *Lybian* ſhore,
Shall

Shall never be revok'd, thou ſoon ſhalt know
How high an injur'd Womans Rage may grow.
Theſe words the Poyſon wrought to ſuch a height,
All former Projects were forgotten quite;
Slighting his ſafety, riſing from the Board,
He with a dreadful Count'nance draws his Sword,
Then Raging ſaid; Thy Soul to Heaven bequeath,
Pray if thou canſt, thou haſt not long to breath.
Then ſhe reply'd, laying her boſom bare,
Villain, this breaſt, too kind to thee, not ſpare;
Ungrateful Wretch, ſo long, why doſt not ſtrike?
Or Heaven or Hell, ſhall do for me the like.

Section XVII.

WHen on a ſuddain they rare Muſick heare,
Vocal, and Inſtrumental, drawing neer;
The Fire grows dim, the Tapers loſe their light,
As a new Sun had ſhot through gloomy Night,
Roofs open fly, and let in purple Dawn;
With ſilver Doves, a golden Chariot drawn,
They ſaw from Heav'n deſcend, and ſeats of Joy
Venus, and ſtanding at her feet, the Boy;
The Lodge ſtraight widens like a Prince's Hall,
He drops his Sword, and down they proſtrate fall,
To them then praying, they from their Carroch
Lightning with Heav'nly Majeſty approach;
When *Venus* to her Votaries thus ſaid;
This grand Diſturbance hath *Diana* made,
Which here I end for ever, thus attone,
Free by the Virtue of my Powerful *Zone*;
Right Reaſon now return'd, will ſoon inform
What ſlender quarrel rais'd this dreadful Storm;
What ſhe, ore-power'd by Love, hath done for you,
A thouſand ſtories ſtrangely will out-do;
With a dead Husband to make bold, what harm?
Many have kill'd them in their boſoms warm;
Upon the Corps! Gameſters when they are in,
Make living Spowſes bolſters to their Sin;
They Sorcery conſult, Steel, Aconite,
And all to change the Pleaſure of a Night;
Sometimes they make me Chaſe, then Bluſh and Laugh,
To ſee with what dexterity they graff;
This *Epheſus*, Dame *Chaſtity* makes Dull,
The World each where, is with ſuch Stories full:
But

But to the buſineſs; Whatloere ſhe did,
We Authours are of what your Fates Decreed;
Play to your beſt advantage this fair Game,
Stop vulgar Eares, and Mouths of pratling Fame;
His parts your Husband's Body hath reſum'd,
And lies in Sear-cloth whole again, intomb'd:
Your Malefactor you in Chains ſhall find,
Thank me at *Paphos* the next favouring Wind.
Venus this ſaid, her Chariot aſcends,
And *Cupid* with his Queriſters attends.
They thus conjoyn'd liv'd long a happy life,
From publick troubles free, and private ſtrife;
Fair Iſſue had, whilſt (r) *Cynthia's* Power went down,
And (s) *Cytherea's* Faction Rul'd the Town:
When they without offence grown very old,
At their own Table oft this Story told.

r *Cynthus* is a Mountain in the Iſland *Delos*, where *Latona* was delivered of *Apollo* and *Diana*, whence he is often called *Cynthius*, and ſhe *Cynthia*.

s *Cythera* is an Iſland lying between *Peloponneſus* and *Creta*, where *Venus* (as is by moſt delivered, contrary to *Tacitus*) firſt arrived from Sea in a Shell, and thence called *Cytherea*.

FINIS.